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Second Part of

KING HENRY VI.

Act 3. Scene 2.

Queen Margaret and Suffolk.

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THE PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

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KING HENRY VI

SECOND PART

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INTRODUCTION.

THE *Second Part of King Henry VI.* carries on the course of history from the marriage of Henry VI. with Margaret of Anjou, in the year 1445, to the victory of the Duke of York at the first battle of St. Albans, on the 23rd of May, 1455. It covers, therefore, a period of ten years, and its purpose is to tell a tale of the development of civil war to the first shock of arms, the beginning of bloodshed. In the long war that followed the first battle of St. Albans, at which this play ends, there were twelve pitched battles, with a slaughter of the greater part of the nobility of England, including eighty princes of the blood.

The Second Part of King Henry VI., ascribed to Shakespeare, is simply a poet's transcript of the play published in 1594 as "*The First Part of the Contention betwixt the two famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the death of the good Duke Humphrey: And the banishment and death of the Duke of Suffolke, and the Tragicall end of the proud Cardinall of Winchester, with the notable Rebellion of Iacke Cade: And the Duke of Yorke's first claime vnto the Crowne.* London: Printed by Thomas Creed, for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shop vnder Saint Peters Church in Cornhill." Of this edition of 1594 there was a reprint in 1600, with some corrections and some errors of carelessness, including the omission of about two dozen words. Of each of these editions

there is a copy in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. There is also in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, an incomplete copy of another edition of 1600, printed, like the two already named, for Thomas Millington, with a few trifling variations.

There is reason to think that Robert Greene had a hand in the writing of these Civil War plays in their earliest form. Marlowe and others may have worked with him upon them. Anything said upon that head must include reference to the next following play; the convenient place, therefore, for a note upon this subject will be in the Introduction to the *Third Part of King Henry VI.* Whether the play known as the *First Part of the Contention* appears in its earliest form in the earliest edition known to us, that of 1594, admits also of question. It may be argued that it is a result of Shakespeare's first handling of an original now lost; and that he went over it a second time for fuller development into the play now known to us as the *Second Part of King Henry VI.* Argument to this effect has most weight when applied to passages in the next following play. The consideration of it is for that reason deferred.

Allowance is to be made for the fact that the text of the old play in the quarto of 1594 may be corrupted in other ways than by occasional misprints of a word which we find rightly given in the *Second Part of King Henry VI.* We may have in the *Second Part of King Henry VI.* restorations also in some cases of a text which is not given in the quarto as it was first written, but is there mutilated by abridgment.

Fair allowance may be made for all such side considerations, including the possibility—I do not say the

probability—that there may be something of Shakespeare in the old play of the *First Part of the Contention*. But to any one who closely compares that old play with the version of it ascribed to Shakespeare as his *Second Part of King Henry VI.*, one fact, I think, must become apparent. With the old play before him Shakespeare copied it, revising as he went. He varied words, restored lost music to many lines, transposed passages, in every case with a distinct gain of dramatic power, and added lines of his own, sometimes long passages, where there are situations worth fuller poetical treatment than they had received. Some shorter additions are no doubt mere restorations of the old text when there are errors of omission in the quarto of 1594; but the new elaborations speak for and explain themselves.

It is difficult to feel the current of poetical invention while we are turning critically from one play to another for comparison of texts. I have given, therefore, in this edition, the old play of the *First Part of the Contention* as it has come down to us, that it may be read as an independent work. In the printing of the *Second Part of Henry VI.* I have then underlined the passages which are not to be found in the old play after giving for a few pages such note of the variations of word and order as may be sufficient to point out their character. What further note the reader may desire to take he can at leisure make for himself, since the two plays are before him for comparison. But although a mass of minute verbal annotation would interfere with the right reading of the play as a dramatic poem, the underlining of the added passages may be found to give fresh interest to the reading

of the play by silent indication of the touch of Shakespeare's hand. The process of revision will be shown in the same way by giving the full text of the old *True Tragedy of Richard III.*, which is the *Second Part of the Contention*, and underlining Shakespeare's additions to it in the *Third Part of Henry VI.*

Shakespeare was not the only dramatist in Elizabeth's reign who could write vigorous lines of dramatic poetry. It does not at all follow that in an old play to which Shakespeare may have contributed, all the best lines were of his writing. It was not by the mere writing of good verses that Shakespeare grew to be the master-poet of the world; and when he revised these plays on the most desolating of our English civil wars, he had not reached the fulness of his power. He was simply helping to lay stress upon the miseries of civil war, at a time when many Englishmen began to dread that there might be civil war again, arising out of rival claims to the throne after the death of Queen Elizabeth.

It was in 1595 that Samuel Daniel published "The First Fowre Books of the Civille Warres betweene the Two Houses of Lancaster and Yorke;" it was in 1596 that Drayton began to describe in heroic verse "The Lamentable Civell Warres of Edward the Second and the Barrons." Thomas Lodge made also in those days a play upon the Civil Wars of Marius and Sylla; and Shakespeare afterwards maintained an undernote that expressed miseries of civil war throughout his plays of *Richard II.* and *King Henry IV.*

The *Second Part of King Henry VI.* begins with the king aged twenty-three; Suffolk, who has made truce with France, raised to a Dukedom; and Margaret

of Anjou received as Queen in England—a marriage declared fatal to England by Humphrey Duke of Gloster, the king's uncle and Lord Protector. The Duke of York and his friends, the Earls of Salisbury and Warwick, join in strong condemnation of the marriage. The scene then goes on to show the bitter feuds among the English nobles. Cardinal Beaufort hates Humphrey Duke of Gloster. The Dukes of Buckingham and Somerset will join with Beaufort and with Suffolk against Gloster, but each is then shown to be moved by selfish ambition. The scene ends with the ambition of the Duke of York, who—when Henry is in the arms of his "dear-bought queen," and "Humphrey with the peers be fallen at jars"—will "raise aloft the milk-white rose,"

> "And in my standard bear the arms of York,
> To grapple with the House of Lancaster;
> And, force perforce, I 'll make him yield the crown
> Whose bookish rule hath pulled fair England down."

Here is a clear and firm opening of the subject, and in the original construction of the play its aim, as warning of the ills of Civil War, was never, in any scene, lost sight of.

The second scene shows the loyalty and kindliness of the Duke of Gloster, and the weak ambition of his wife, for whose attainture Suffolk is practising in hope that "her attainture will be Humphrey's fall." The third scene shows the Duke of Gloster's popularity; the relations between Suffolk and Queen Margaret; their league against the Protector; the pious weakness of the king; Court feuds and factions which attack both the Duke of Gloster and the Duke of York. In

the fourth scene, the Act closes with the arrest of the Duchess of Gloster for the use of witchcraft, as a thrust at the Protector by the Duke of York.

The Second Act continues the conspiring for the overthrow of Gloster's influence. The Duke of York to his friends Salisbury and Warwick details his claim to the crown, but counsels secrecy—

> "Do you as I do, in these dangerous days,
> Wink at the Duke of Suffolk's insolence,
> At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
> At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,
> Till they have snared the Shepherd of the Flock,
> That virtuous prince, the good Duke Humphrey:
> 'Tis that they seek, and they in seeking that
> Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy."

The rest of the Act sets forth—with the duel between Horner and Peter upon question of the Duke of York's loyalty to the Crown—the condemnation and penance of Gloster's wife, Eleanor Cobham, and the summons of the Lord Protector to a parliament called without his consent or knowledge.

The Third Act shows Humphrey of Gloster attacked in the Parliament by the false accusation of his enemies; the weak king yielding to his arrest, and his being given into the custody of Cardinal Beaufort; and his enemies, the Cardinal, Suffolk, and Queen Margaret—the Duke of York abetting—then devise his murder. At the same time the troubles in Ireland cause York to be sent thither as Regent with command of troops. The Protector murdered; sedition stirred up in England by the Duke of York, through the headstrong Kentish man, Jack Cade, whom he has seduced to his purpose, and taught to personate a Mortimer as claimant of the

throne; York can bring his troops to England, as if needed for the quelling of disorder, to

> "reap the harvest which that rascal sowed:
> For Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
> And Henry put apart, the next for me."

The Act ends with the murder of Humphrey Duke of Gloster; the suspicion of the king and people; tumults of nobles and commons; the banishment of Suffolk, and the death of the Cardinal in torments of remorse.

The Fourth Act then sets forth the killing of the Duke of Suffolk, captured at sea; and the Jack Cade rebellion, to the death of Cade.

The Fifth Act begins with the return of York from Ireland at the head of his troops—

> "From Ireland thus comes York, to claim his right
> And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head" –

and ends with a scene of civil war at the first battle of St. Albans—the killing of old Clifford in battle by the Duke of York, and the son's heart turned to stone at sight of his dead father—

> "York not our old men spares;
> No more will I their babes."

The course of events has let slip the dogs of war, the first blood is drawn, the cruelty of civil war has laid its curse upon the land, and the play ends when it has reached that point towards which its whole action has been steadily directed. The plot is not of Shakespeare's framing, but the playwright by whom it was arranged worked as an artist, with a clear sense of what he was about, and in his arrangement of its parts he never lost sense of the unity of its design.

Shakespeare himself in his own later work, while painting wrongs and miseries of civil war, would not have been content to make the producing of such a picture the sole motive of his work. He would have arranged all his lines from a point of sight in some one simple truth of life, alike true yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow; some elementary principle that is, as much as his life-blood, possession alike of the ploughman and the king. It is true that behind the picture of the cruelty of civil war there lies a showing of the source of discord in self-seeking that, like Beaufort's, has put Self in the place of God, and like York's, when he assents to the murder of Gloster, has sacrificed to earthly gain man's Duty to his Neighbour. In the relations between Suffolk and Queen Margaret we see also the selfish satisfaction of the lower passions as the source of discord. But when we come to the close of this series of plays in *King Richard III.*, which is more absolutely work of Shakespeare's fashioning, we shall see how such incidental truth becomes essential; the whole play being so shaped as to set one great and simple truth of life at the heart of the story.

H. M.

SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.
HUMPHREY, *Duke of Gloster, his Uncle.*
CARDINAL BEAUFORT, *Bishop of Winchester, great-uncle to the King.*
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *Duke of York.*
EDWARD *and* RICHARD, *his Sons.*

Of the King's Party.
- DUKE OF SOMERSET,
- DUKE OF SUFFOLK,
- DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM,
- LORD CLIFFORD,
- YOUNG CLIFFORD, *his Son.*

Of the York Faction.
- EARL OF SALISBURY,
- EARL OF WARWICK,

LORD SCALES, *Governor of the Tower.*
LORD SAY.
SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD, *and* WILLIAM STAFFORD, *his Brother.*
SIR JOHN STANLEY.
WALTER WHITMORE.
A Sea Captain, Master, and Master's-Mate.
Two Gentlemen, Prisoners with Suffolk.
VAUX.
JOHN HUME, *and* JOHN SOUTHWELL, *Priests.*
ROGER BOLINGBROKE, *a Conjurer. A Spirit raised by him.*
THOMAS HORNER, *an Armourer.*
PETER, *his Man.*
Clerk of Chatham.
Mayor of Saint Albans.
SAUNDER SIMPCOX, *an Impostor.*
JACK CADE.
GEORGE BEVIS, JOHN HOLLAND, DICK *the Butcher,* SMITH *the Weaver,* MICHAEL, *&c., Cade's Followers.*
ALEXANDER IDEN, *a Kentish Gentleman.*
Two Murderers.

MARGARET, *Queen to King Henry.*
ELEANOR, *Duchess of Gloster.*
MARGERY JOURDAIN, *a Witch.*
Wife to Simpcox.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Herald; Petitioners, Aldermen, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers; Citizens, Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, &c.

SCENE—In various parts of England.

ACT I.

Scene I.—London. A Room of State in the Palace.

Flourish of trumpets: then hautboys. Enter, on one side, King Henry, *Duke of* Gloster, Salisbury, Warwick, *and Cardinal* Beaufort; *on the other, Queen* Margaret, *led in by* Suffolk; York, Somerset, Buckingham, *and others, following.*

Suf. As by your high imperial majesty[1]
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As procurator to your excellence,
To marry Princess Margaret for your grace;
So, in the famous ancient[2] city, Tours,
In presence of the Kings of France and Sicil,
The Dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne, and Alençon,
Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty[3] reverend bishops,
I have performed[4] my task, and was espoused:
And humbly now upon[5] my bended knee,[6]

[1] Majesty's command.
[2] ancient famous.
[3] then the.
[4] did perform.
[5] now most humbly on.
[6] knees.

In sight of England and her lordly[1] peers,
Deliver up my title in the queen
To your most gracious hands,[2] that are the substance
Of that great shadow I did represent;
The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,
The fairest queen that ever king received.[3]

K. Hen. Suffolk, arise.—Welcome, Queen Margaret:
I can express no kinder sign of love
Than[4] this kind kiss.—O Lord! that lends me life,[5]
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness;
For thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,[6]
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Q. Mar. Great King of England, and my gracious lord,
The mutual conference that my mind hath had
By day, by night, waking, and in my dreams,

[1] royal.
[2] Unto your gracious excellence.
[3] possessed.
[4] Welcome, Queen Margaret, to English Henry's Court.
The greatest shew of kindness yet we can bestow
Is——
[5] O, gracious God of Heaven.
[6] For in this beauteous face thou hast bestowed
A world of pleasures to my perplexed soul.

In courtly company, or at my beads,
With you mine alderliefest sovereign,
Makes me the bolder to salute my king
With ruder terms, and as my wit affords,
And over-joy of heart doth minister.

K. Hen. Her sight did ravish, but her grace in speech,[1]
Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,
Makes me from wondering fall to weeping joys;
Such is the fulness of my heart's content.
Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

All. Long live Queen Margaret, England's happiness!

Q. Mar. We thank you all. [*Flourish.*

Suf. My lord Protector, so it please your grace,
Here are the articles of contracted[2] peace,
Between our sovereign, and the French king Charles,
For eighteen months concluded by consent.[3]

Glo. [*Reads.*] "Imprimis, It is agreed between the French king, Charles, and William de la Poole, Marquess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry King of England, that the said Henry shall espouse[4] the

[1] Her looks did wound, but now her speech doth pierce.
[2] confirmed of.
[3] Till term of eighteen months be full expired.
[4] wed and espouse.

Lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier King of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem; and crown her Queen of England ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing.[1]—Item,—That the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine[2] shall be released and delivered to the king her father"—

[*Duke* HUMPHREY *lets the paper fall.*

K. Hen. Uncle, how now?[3]

Glo. Pardon me, gracious lord;
Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart,
And dimmed mine eyes, that I can read no further.

K. Hen. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

Win. "Item,—It is further agreed between them,—that the duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered over to the king her father; and she sent over of the King of England's own proper cost and charges, without having any dowry."

K. Hen. They please us well.—Lord marquess, kneel down:

[1] ere the 30 of the next month.

[2] Item, It is further agreed between them, that the Duchies of Anjou and of Maine——

[3] How now, uncle, what's the matter that you stay so suddenly?
Humph. Pardon, my lord; a sudden qualm came over my heart,
Which dims mine eyes that I can read no more.

We here create thee the first Duke of Suffolk,
And girt thee with the sword.—Cousin of York,
We here discharge your grace from being regent
I' the parts of France, till term of eighteen months
Be full expired.—Thanks, uncle Winchester,
Gloster, York, Buckingham, Somerset,
Salisbury, and Warwick ;
We thank you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely queen.
Come, let us in ; and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be performed.

[*Exeunt* KING, QUEEN, *and* SUFFOLK.

Glo. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,
To you Duke Humphrey must unload[1] his grief,
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,[2]
His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?
Did he so often lodge in open field,
In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?[3]
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,[4]
To keep by policy what Henry got?[5]
Have you, ourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,

[1] unfold. [2] toil himself.
[3] And waste his subjects for to conquer France.
[4] spend his time. [5] in awe that stout unruly realm.

Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,
Received deep scars in France and Normandy?
Or hath mine uncle Beaufort, and myself,[1]
With all the learned council of the realm,
Studied so long, sat in the council-house
Early and late, debating to and fro
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe?
And hath his highness in his infancy
Been crowned in Paris, in despite of foes?
And shall these labours, and these honours, die?
Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
Your deeds of war, and all our counsel, die?
O peers of England! shameful is this league;
Fatal this marriage; cancelling your fame,
Blotting your names from books of memory,
Razing the characters of your renown,
Defacing monuments of conquered France,
Undoing all, as all had never been![2]

Car. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse,
This peroration with such circumstance?

[1] And have not I and mine uncle Beaufort here
Done all we could to keep that land in peace?

[2] Ah, Lords, fatal is this marriage, cancelling our states,
Reversing monuments of conquered France,
Undoing all, as none had ne'er been done.

For France, 't is ours; and we will keep it still.

Glo. Ay, uncle; we will keep it, if we can;
But now it is impossible we should.
Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast,
Hath given the duchy of Anjou, and Maine,
Unto the poor King Reignier, whose large style
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

Sal. Now, by the death of Him that died for all,
These counties were the keys of Normandy.—
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?[1]

War. For grief, that they are past recovery;
For, were there hope to conquer them again,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:
And are the cities, that I got with wounds,
Delivered up again with peaceful words?
Mort Dieu!

York. For Suffolk's duke, may he be suffocate,
That dims the honour of this warlike isle!
France should have torn and rent my very heart,
Before I would have yielded to this league.
I never read but England's kings have had
Large sums of gold, and dowries, with their wives;

[1] Transposed from a later part of the scene in the old play.

And our King Henry gives away his own,
To match with her that brings no vantages.

Glo. A proper jest, and never heard before,
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth,
For costs and charges in transporting her!
She should have stayed in France, and starved in
France,
Before—

Car. My Lord of Gloster, now you grow too hot.
It was the pleasure of my lord the king.[1]

Glo. My Lord of Winchester, I know your mind:
'T is not my speeches that you do mislike,[2]
But 't is my presence that doth trouble ye.
Rancour will out: proud prelate, in thy face
I see thy fury. If I longer stay,
We shall begin our ancient bickerings.—
Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,
I prophesied, France will be lost ere long. [*Exit.*

Car. So, there goes our Protector in a rage.
'T is known to you he is mine enemy;[3]

[1] Why how now, cousin Gloucester, what needs this?
As if our king were bound unto your will, &c.

[2] Nay, my lord, 't is not my words that trouble you,
But my presence, proud prelate as thou art:
But I 'll begone, and give thee leave to speak.
Farewell, my lords, and say, &c.

[3] My lords, you know he 's my great enemy.

Nay, more, an enemy unto you all,
And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.
Consider, lords, he is the next of blood,
And heir-apparent to the English crown:
Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,
There 's reason he should be displeased at it.
Look to it, lords: let not his smoothing words
Bewitch your hearts; be wise, and circumspect.
What though the common people favour him,[1]
Calling him "Humphrey, the good Duke of Gloster;"
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice—
"Jesu maintain your royal excellence!"
With—"God preserve the good Duke Humphrey!"
I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
He will be found a dangerous Protector.

Buck. Why should he then protect our sovereign,
He being of age to govern of himself?—
Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,
And all together, with the Duke of Suffolk,

[1] For well you see, if he but walk the street,
The common people swarm about him straight,
Crying, "Jesu bless your royal excellence!"
With—"God preserve the good Duke Humphrey!"

We 'll quickly hoise[1] Duke Humphrey from his seat.

Car. This weighty business will not brook delay;
I 'll to the Duke of Suffolk presently.[2] [*Exit.*

Som. Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's pride,
And greatness of his place, be grief to us,
Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal.
His insolence is more intolerable
Than all the princes' in the land beside:
If Gloster be displaced, he 'll be Protector.

Buck. Or thou, or I, Somerset, will be Protector,
Despite Duke Humphrey, or the cardinal.[3]

[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM *and* SOMERSET.

Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows him.[4]
While these do labour for[5] their own preferment,
Behoves it us to labour for the realm.[6]
I never saw but Humphrey, Duke of Gloster,
Did bear him like a noble gentleman.
Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal,

[1] heave.

[2] But I will after him, and if I can,
I 'll lay a plot to heave him from his seat.

[3] Content. Come, then, let us about it straight,
For either thou or I will be Protector.

[4] after. [5] seek . . . thus.

[6] My lords, let us seek for our country's good.

More like a soldier[1] than a man o' the church,
As stout and proud, as he were lord of all,
Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself
Unlike the ruler of a commonweal.—
Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age,
Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy housekeeping,
Hath won the greatest favour of the commons,[2]
Excepting none but good Duke Humphrey;
And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,
In bringing them to civil discipline,
Thy late exploits, done in the heart of France,
When thou wert regent for our sovereign,
Have made thee feared and honoured of the people.[3]—
Join we together, for the public good,
In what we can, to bridle and suppress
The pride of Suffolk, and the cardinal,
With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition;
And, as we may, cherish Duke Humphrey's deeds,
While they do tend the profit of the land.

War. So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,
And common profit of his country.

York. [*Aside.*] And so says York, for he hath greatest cause.

[1] ruffian.
[2] Hath won thee credit among the common sort.
[3] Hath won thee immortal praise in England.

Sal. Then let's make haste away, and look unto the main.

War. Unto the main! O father, Maine is lost;
That Maine, which by main force Warwick did win,
And would have kept, so long as breath did last:
Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant Maine,
Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

[*Exeunt* WARWICK *and* SALISBURY.

York. Anjou and Maine are given to the French;
Paris is lost: the state of Normandy
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone.
Suffolk concluded on the articles,
The peers agreed, and Henry was well pleased,
To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.
I cannot blame them all: what is 't to them?
'T is thine they give away, and not their own.
Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage,
And purchase friends, and give to courtesans,
Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone;
Whileas the silly owner of the goods
Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands,
And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,
While all is shared, and all is borne away,
Ready to starve, and dare not touch his own:

So York must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
While his own lands are bargained for, and sold.
Methinks, the realms of England, France, and Ireland,
Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood,
As did the fatal brand Althæa burned,
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.
Anjou and Maine, both given unto the French!
Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile England's soil.
A day will come when York shall claim his own;
And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts,
And make a show of love to proud Duke Humphrey,
And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,
For that 's the golden mark I seek to hit.
Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whose church-like humours fit not for a crown.
Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve:
Watch thou, and wake, when others be asleep,
To pry into the secrets of the state,
Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,
With his new bride, and England's dear-bought queen,
And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars:

Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfumed,
And in my standard bear the arms of York,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster;
And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown,
Whose bookish rule hath pulled fair England down.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—London. A Room in the Duke of GLOSTER'S House.

Enter GLOSTER *and the* DUCHESS.

Duch. Why droops my lord, like over-ripened corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?
Why doth the great Duke Humphrey knit his brows,
As frowning at the favours of the world?
Why are thine eyes fixed to the sullen earth,
Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?
What seest thou there? King Henry's diadem,
Enchased with all the honours of the world?
If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
Until thy head be circled with the same.
Put forth thy hand; reach at the glorious gold.—

What, is 't too short? I 'll lengthen it with mine;
And, having both together heaved it up,
We 'll both together lift our heads to heaven,
And never more abase our sight so low,
As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.[1]

Glo. O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,
Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts:[2]
And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,
Be my last breathing in this mortal world.
My troublous dream this night doth make me sad.

Duch. What dreamed my lord? tell me, and I 'll requite it
With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.[3]

Glo. Methought, this staff, mine office-badge in court,
Was broke in twain: by whom, I have forgot,

[1] What seest thou, Duke Humphrey? King Henry's crown?
Reach at it, and if thine arm be too short,
Mine shall lengthen it.

[2] My lovely Nell, far be it from my heart
To think of treason 'gainst my sovereign lord.
But I was troubled with a dream to-night,
And God I pray it do betide no ill.

[3] What dreamt my lord? Good Humphrey, tell it me,
And I 'll interpret it, and when that 's done
I 'll tell thee then what I did dream to-night.

But, as I think, 't was by the cardinal;
And on the pieces of the broken wand
Were placed the heads of Edmund Duke of Somerset,
And William de la Poole, first Duke of Suffolk.[1]
This was my dream: what it doth bode, God knows.

Duch. Tut! this was nothing but an argument,
That he that breaks a stick of Gloster's grove,
Shall lose his head for his presumption.
But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke:[2]
Methought, I sat in seat of majesty,
In the cathedral church of Westminster,
And in that chair where kings and queens are crowned;
Where Henry, and Dame Margaret, kneeled to me,
And on my head did set the diadem.

Glo. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright.
Presumptuous dame! ill-nurtured Eleanor!
Art thou not second woman in the realm,
And the Protector's wife, beloved of him?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,

[1] Was broke in two, and on the ends were placed
The heads of the Cardinal of Winchester
And William, &c.

[2] But now, my lord, I 'll tell you what I dreamt.

Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
To tumble down thy husband, and thyself,
From top of honour to disgrace's feet?
Away from me, and let me hear no more.

Duch. What, what, my lord! are you so choleric
With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?
Next time I'll keep my dreams unto myself,
And not be checked.

Glo. Nay, be not angry, I am pleased again.[1]

Enter a Messenger.

Mess My lord protector, 't is his highness' pleasure,
You do prepare to ride unto Saint Albans,
Whereas the king and queen do mean to hawk.

Glo. I go.—Come, Nell; thou wilt ride with us?

Duch. Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently.

[*Exeunt* GLOSTER *and Messenger.*

Follow I must; I cannot go before,
While Gloster bears this base and humble mind.
Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,

[1] Nay, Nell, I'll give no credit to a dream,
But I'd have thee to think on no such things.

And smooth my way upon their headless necks:
And, being a woman, I will not be slack
To play my part in Fortune's pageant.[1]
Where are you there? Sir John! nay, fear not, man,
We are alone: here 's none but thee, and I.

Enter JOHN HUME.

Hume. Jesus preserve your royal majesty.

Duch. What say'st thou? majesty! I am but grace.

Hume. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's advice,
Your grace's title shall be multiplied.

Duch. What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet conferred
With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch,
And Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?
And will they undertake to do me good?

Hume. This they have promiséd,—to show your highness
A spirit raised from depth of under-ground,
That shall make answer to such questions,

[1] But ere it be long, I 'll go before them all,
Despite of all who seek to cross me thus.
Who is within there?

As by your grace shall be propounded him.

Duch. It is enough: I 'll think upon the questions.

When from Saint Albans we do make return,
We 'll see these things effected to the full.
Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man,
With thy confederates in this weighty cause. [*Exit.*

Hume. Hume must make merry with the duchess' gold:
Marry, and shall.[1] But how now, Sir John Hume?
Seal up your lips, and give no words but—mum:
The business asketh silent secrecy.
Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch:
Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.
Yet have I gold, flies from another coast:
I dare not say, from the rich cardinal,
And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolk;
Yet I do find it so: for, to be plain,
They, knowing Dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,
Have hired me to undermine the duchess,
And buz these conjurations in her brain.
They say, a crafty knave does need no broker;
Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker.

[1] From this point underlining is used only to mark positive additions to the text or material changes in the course of the re-writing.

Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near
To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.
Well, so it stands; and thus, I fear, at last,
Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wrack,
And her attainture will be Humphrey's fall.
Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter PETER, *and others, with petitions.*

1 *Pet.* My masters, let 's stand close: my lord Protector will come this way by-and-by, and then we may deliver our supplications in the quill.

2 *Pet.* Marry, the Lord protect him, for he 's a good man! Jesu bless him!

Enter SUFFOLK *and Queen* MARGARET.

1 *Pet.* Here 'a comes, methinks, and the queen with him. I 'll be the first, sure.

2 *Pet.* Come back, fool! this is the Duke of Suffolk, and not my lord Protector.

Suf. How now, fellow? wouldst anything with me?[1]

1 *Pet.* I pray, my lord, pardon me: I took ye for my lord Protector.

[1] *Queen.* Now, good fellows, whom would you speak withal?

Q. Mar. "To my lord Protector!" are your supplications to his lordship? Let me see them. What is thine?

1 *Pet.* Mine is, an 't please your grace, against John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping my house, and lands, and wife, and all, from me.

Suf. Thy wife too? that is some wrong indeed.—What 's yours?—What 's here! [*Reads.*] "Against the Duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melford."—How now, sir knave?

2 *Pet.* Alas! sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.[1]

Peter. [*Presenting his petition.*] Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying, that the Duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

Q. Mar. What say'st thou? did the Duke of York say he was rightful heir to the crown?

Pet. That my master was? No, forsooth: my master said, that he was; and that the king was an usurper.

Suf. Who is there?

Enter Servants.

Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a

[1] Placed in the old play after the arrest of Peter.

pursuivant presently.—We 'll hear more of your matter before the king.

[*Exeunt Servants with* PETER.

Q. Mar. And as for you, that love to be protected
Under the wings of our Protector's grace,
Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.

[*Tears the petition.*

Away, base cullions!—Suffolk, let them go.

All. Come, let 's be gone. [*Exeunt Petitioners.*

Q. Mar. My Lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,
Is this the fashion in the court of England?
Is this the government of Britain's isle,
And this the royalty of Albion's king?
What! shall King Henry be a pupil still,
Under the surly Gloster's governance?
Am I a queen in title and in style,
And must be made a subject to a duke?
I tell thee, Poole, when in the city Tours
Thou rann'st a tilt in honour of my love,
And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France,
I thought King Henry had resembled thee,
In courage, courtship, and proportion:
But all his mind is bent to holiness,
To number *Ave-Maries* on his beads;
His champions are the prophets and apostles;

His weapons, holy saws of sacred writ;
His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves
Are brazen images of canónised saints.
I would, the college of the cardinals
Would choose him pope, and carry him to Rome,
And set the triple crown upon his head:
That were a state fit for his holiness.

Suf. Madam, be patient; as I was cause
Your highness came to England, so will I
In England work your grace's full content.

Q. Mar. Beside the haughty Protector, have we Beaufort,
The imperious churchman, Somerset, Buckingham,
And grumbling York: and not the least of these
But can do more in England than the king.

Suf And he of these that can do most of all,
Cannot do more in England than the Nevils:
Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers.

Q. Mar. Not all these lords do vex me half so much,
As that proud dame, the lord Protector's wife:
She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
More like an empress than Duke Humphrey's wife.
Strangers in court do take her for the queen:
She bears a duke's revenues on her back,

And in her heart she scorns our poverty.
Shall I not live to be avenged on her?
Contemptuous base-born callat as she is,
She vaunted 'mongst her minions t' other day,
The very train of her worst wearing-gown
Was better worth than all my father's lands,
Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.

Suf. Madam, myself have limed a bush for her;
And placed a quire of such enticing birds,
That she will light to listen to the lays,
And never mount to trouble you again.
So, let her rest, and, madam, list to me;
For I am bold to counsel you in this.
Although we fancy not the cardinal,
Yet must we join with him, and with the lords,
Till we have brought Duke Humphrey in disgrace.
As for the Duke of York, this late complaint
Will make but little for his benefit:
So, one by one, we 'll weed them all at last,
And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

Enter King HENRY, YORK, *and* SOMERSET; *Duke and Duchess of* GLOSTER, *Cardinal* BEAUFORT, BUCKINGHAM, SALISBURY, *and* WARWICK.

K. Hen. For my part, noble lords, I care not which;

Or Somerset, or York, all's one to me.

York. If York have ill demeaned himself in France,

Then let him be denayed the regentship.

Som. If Somerset be unworthy of the place,

Let York be regent; I will yield to him.

War. Whether your grace be worthy, yea or no,

Dispute not that: York is the worthier.

Car. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.

War. The cardinal's not my better in the field.

Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.

War. Warwick may live to be the best of all.

Sal. Peace, son!—and show some reason, Buckingham,

Why Somerset should be preferred in this.

Q. Mar. Because the king, forsooth, will have it so.[1]

Glo. Madam, the king is old enough himself

To give his censure. These are no women's matters.

Q. Mar. If he be old enough, what needs your grace

To be Protector of his excellence?

Glo. Madam, I am Protector of the realm,

[1] *Queen.* My lord, in mine opinion it were best
That Somerset be Regent over France.

And at his pleasure will resign my place.

Suf. Resign it then, and leave thine insolence.
Since thou wert king,—as who is king but thou?—
The commonwealth hath daily run to wrack;
The Dauphin hath prevailed beyond the seas;
And all the peers and nobles of the realm
Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.

Car. The commons hast thou racked; the clergy's bags
Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

Som. Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's attire,
Have cost a mass of public treasury.

Buck. Thy cruelty in execution
Upon offenders hath exceeded law,
And left thee to the mercy of the law.

Q. Mar. Thy sale of offices, and towns in France,
If they were known, as the suspect is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.

[*Exit* GLOSTER. *The* QUEEN *drops her fan.*
Give me my fan: what, minion! can you not?

[*Giving the* DUCHESS *a box on the ear.*
I cry you mercy, madam: was it you?

Duch. Was 't I? yea, I it was, proud Frenchwoman:
Could I come near your beauty with my nails,

I'd set my ten commandments in your face.

K. Hen. Sweet aunt, be quiet: 't was against her will.

Duch. Against her will! Good king, look to 't in time;

She 'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby:
Though in this place most master wear no breeches,
She shall not strike Dame Eleanor unrevenged.

[*Exit.*

Buck. Lord Cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,
And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds:
She 's tickled now; her fume needs no spurs,
She 'll gallop far enough to her destruction. [*Exit.*

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Now, lords, my choler being overblown
With walking once about the quadrangle,
I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.
As for your spiteful false objections,
Prove them, and I lie open to the law;
But God in mercy so deal with my soul,
As I in duty love my king and country.
But, to the matter that we have in hand.—
I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man
To be your regent in the realm of France.

Suf. Before we make election, give me leave

To show some reason, of no little force,
That York is most unmeet of any man.

York. I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet:
First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride;
Next, if I be appointed for the place,
My lord of Somerset will keep me here,
Without discharge, money, or furniture,
Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands.
Last time I danced attendance on his will
Till Paris was besieged, famished, and lost.

War. That can I witness: and a fouler fact
Did never traitor in the land commit.

Suf. Peace, headstrong Warwick!

War. Image of pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter Servants of SUFFOLK, *bringing in* HORNER *and* PETER.

Suf. Because here is a man accused of treason:
Pray God, the Duke of York excuse himself!

York. Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?

K. Hen. What mean'st thou, Suffolk? Tell me, what are these?

Suf. Please it your majesty, this is the man
That doth accuse his master of high treason.
His words were these:—That Richard, Duke of York,

Was rightful heir unto the English crown,
And that your majesty was an usurper.

K. Hen. Say, man, were these thy words?

Hor. An 't shall please your majesty, I never said nor thought any such matter. God is my witness, I am falsely accused by the villain.

Pet. By these ten bones, my lords, he did speak them to me in the garret one night, as we were scouring my Lord of York's armour.

York. Base dunghill villain, and mechanical,
I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech.—
I do beseech your royal majesty,
Let him have all the rigour of the law.

Hor. Alas! my lord, hang me, if ever I spake the words. My accuser is my prentice; and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees, he would be even with me. I have good witness of this: therefore, I beseech your majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.

K. Hen. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?

Glo. This doom, my lord, if I may judge:
Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,
Because in York this breeds suspicion;
And let these have a day appointed them
For single combat in convenient place;

For he hath witness of his servant's malice.
This is the law, and this Duke Humphrey's doom.

Som. I humbly thank your royal majesty.

Hor. And I accept the combat willingly.

Pet. Alas! my lord, I cannot fight: for God's sake, pity my case! the spite of man prevaileth against me. O Lord, have mercy upon me! I shall never be able to fight a blow. O Lord, my heart!

Glo. Sirrah, or you must fight or else be hanged.

K. Hen. Away with them to prison; and the day
Of combat shall be the last of the next month.—
Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—The Same. The Duke of Gloster's Garden.

Enter Margery Jourdain, John Hume, John Southwell, *and* Bolingbroke.

Hume. Come, my masters; the duchess, I tell you, expects performance of your promises.

Boling. Master Hume, we are therefore provided. Will her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms?

Hume. Ay; what else? fear you not her courage.

Boling. I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible spirit: but it shall be convenient, Master Hume, that you be by her aloft, while we be busy below; and so, I pray you, go in God's name, and leave us. [*Exit* HUME.] Mother Jourdain, be you prostrate, and grovel on the earth:—John Southwell, read you, and let us to our work.

Enter DUCHESS *above.*

Duch.[1] Well said, my masters, and welcome all. To this gear; the sooner, the better.

Boling. Patience, good lady; wizards know their times.

Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,
The time of night when Troy was set on fire;
The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl,
And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves,
That time best fits the work we have in hand.
Madam, sit you, and fear not: whom we raise,
We will make fast within a hallowed verge.

[*Here they perform the ceremonies belonging, and make the circle;* BOLINGBROKE, *or* SOUTHWELL, *reads,* Conjuro te, &c. *It thunders and lightens terribly; then the Spirit riseth.*

[1] 'Here, Sir John, take this scroll,' &c.

Spir. Adsum.

M. Jourd. Asmath!

By the eternal God, whose name and power
Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;
For till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence.

Spir. Ask what thou wilt.—That I had said and done!

Boling. First, of the king. What shall of him become?

Spir. The Duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;
But him outlive, and die a violent death.

[*As the Spirit speaks,* SOUTHWELL *writes the answer.*

Boling. What fates await the Duke of Suffolk?

Spir. By Water shall he die, and take his end.

Boling. What shall befall the Duke of Somerset?

Spir. Let him shun castles:
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,
Than where castles mounted stand.
Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

Boling. Descend to darkness and the burning lake:
False fiend, avoid!

[*Thunder and lightning. Spirit descends.*

Enter YORK *and* BUCKINGHAM, *hastily, with their Guards.*

York. Lay hands upon these traitors, and their trash.
Beldam, I think, we watched you at an inch.
What! madam, are you there? the king and commonweal
Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains:
My lord Protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well guerdoned for these good deserts.

Duch. Not half so bad as thine to England's king,
Injurious duke, that threat'st where is no cause.

Buck. True, madam, none at all. What call you this? [*Showing her the papers.*
Away with them! let them be clapped up close,
And kept asunder.—You, madam, shall with us:
Stafford, take her to thee.—

[*Exit* DUCHESS *from above.*
We 'll see your trinkets here all forthcoming;
All, away! [*Exeunt Guards, with* SOUTHWELL, BOLINGBROKE, *&c.*

York. Lord Buckingham, methinks, you watched her well:
A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!
Now, pray, my lord, let 's see the devil's writ.

What have we here?
[*Reads.*] "The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;
But him outlive, and die a violent death."
Why, this is just,
Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.
Well, to the rest:
"Tell me, what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolk?—
By Water shall he die, and take his end.—
What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?—
Let him shun castles:
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,
Than where castles mounted stand."
Come, come, my lords;
These oracles are hardly attained,
And hardly understood.
The king is now in progress towards Saint Albans;
With him the husband of this lovely lady:
Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them;
A sorry breakfast for my lord Protector.

Buck. Your grace shall give me leave, my Lord of York,
To be the post, in hope of his reward.

York. At your pleasure, my good lord.—
Who's within there, ho!

Enter a Servant.

Invite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
To sup with me to-morrow night.—Away!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Scene I.—Saint Albans.

Enter King Henry, *Queen* Margaret, Gloster, *Cardinal, and* Suffolk, *with Falconers hollaing.*

Q. Mar. Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook,
I saw not better sport these seven years' day:
Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high,
And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.

K. Hen. But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,
And what a pitch she flew above the rest!—
To see how God in all his creatures works!
Yes, man and birds are fain of climbing high.

Suf. No marvel, an it like your majesty,
My lord Protector's hawks do tower so well:
They know their master loves to be aloft,
And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.

Glo. My lord, 't is but a base ignoble mind,
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.
Car. I thought as much: he'd be above the clouds.
Glo. Ay, my lord cardinal: how think you by that?
Were it not good your grace could fly to heaven?
K. Hen. The treasury of everlasting joy.
Car. Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and thoughts
Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart:
Pernicious Protector, dangerous peer,
That smooth'st it so with king and commonweal.
Glo. What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown peremptory?
Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?
Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice;
With such holiness can you do it?
Suf. No malice, sir; no more than well becomes
So good a quarrel, and so bad a peer.
Glo. As who, my lord?
Suf. Why, as you, my lord;
An 't like your lordly lord-protectorship.
Glo. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.
Q. Mar. And thy ambition, Gloster.
K. Hen. I prythee, peace,

Good queen; and whet not on these furious peers,
For blesséd are the peacemakers on earth.

Car. Let me be blesséd for the peace I make
Against this proud Protector with my sword.

Glo. [*Aside to the Cardinal.*] 'Faith, holy uncle,
'would 't were come to that!

Car. [*Aside.*] Marry, when thou dar'st.

Glo. [*Aside.*] Make up no factious numbers for the matter;
In thine own person answer thy abuse.

Car. [*Aside.*] Ay, where thou dar'st not peep: an if thou dar'st,
This evening on the east side of the grove.

K. Hen. How now, my lords!

Car. Believe me, cousin Gloster,
Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,
We had had more sport.—[*Aside to* GLOSTER.] Come with thy two-hand sword.

Glo. True, uncle.

Car. [*Aside.*] Are you advised?—the east side of the grove.

Glo. [*Aside.*] Cardinal, I am with you.

K. Hen. Why, how now, uncle Gloster!

Glo. Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord.—
[*Aside.*] Now, by God's mother, priest, I 'll shave your crown

For this, or all my fence shall fail.

Car. [*Aside.*] *Medice, teipsum—*

Protector, see to 't well, protect yourself.

K. Hen. The winds grow high; so do your stomachs, lords.

How irksome is this music to my heart!

When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?

I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

Enter one, crying, "A miracle!"

Glo. What means this noise?

Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?

One. A miracle! a miracle!

Suf. Come to the king, and tell him what miracle.

One. Forsooth, a blind man, at Saint Alban's shrine,

Within this half hour hath received his sight;

A man that ne'er saw in his life before.

K. Hen. Now, God be praised, that to believing souls

Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

Enter the Mayor of Saint Albans and his Brethren; and SIMPCOX, *borne between two persons in a chair; his Wife and a great multitude following.*

Car. Here come the townsmen in procession,

To present your highness with the man.

K. Hen. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
Although by 's sight his sin be multiplied.

Glo. Stand by, my masters ; bring him near the king :
His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

K. Hen. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,
That we for thee may glorify the Lord.
What ! hast thou been long blind, and now restored ?

Simp. Born blind, an 't please your grace.

Wife. Ay, indeed, was he.

Suf. What woman is this ?

Wife. His wife, an 't like your worship.

Glo. Hadst thou been his mother, thou couldst have better told.

K. Hen. Where wert thou born ?

Simp. At Berwick in the north, an 't like your grace.

K. Hen. Poor soul ! God's goodness hath been great to thee :
Let never day nor night unhallowed pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Q. Mar. Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by chance,

Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?

Simp. God knows, of pure devotion; being called
A hundred times, and oft'ner, in my sleep,
By good Saint Alban; who said,—"Simpcox, come;
Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee."

Wife. Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft
Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

Car. What! art thou lame?

Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!

Suf. How cam'st thou so?

Simp. A fall off a tree.

Wife. A plum-tree, master.

Glo. How long hast thou been blind?

Simp. O, born so, master.

Glo. What! and wouldst climb a tree?

Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

Wife. Too true; and bought his climbing very dear.

Glo. 'Mass, thou lov'dst plums well, that wouldst venture so.

Simp. Alas, master, my wife desired some damsons,
And made me climb with danger of my life.

Glo. A subtle knave; but yet it shall not serve.—

Let me see thine eyes:—wink now;—now open them.—
In my opinion yet thou seest not well.

Simp. Yes, master, clear as day; I thank God, and Saint Alban.

Glo. Say'st thou me so? What colour is this cloak of?

Simp. Red, master; red as blood.

Glo. Why, that 's well said. What colour is my gown of?

Simp. Black, forsooth; coal-black as jet.

K. Hen. Why then, thou know'st what colour jet is of?

Suf. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.

Glo. But cloaks, and gowns, before this day a many.

Wife. Never, before this day, in all his life.

Glo. Tell me, sirrah, what 's my name?

Simp. Alas! master, I know not.

Glo. What 's his name?

Simp. I know not.

Glo. Nor his?

Simp. No, indeed, master.

Glo. What 's thine own name?

Simp. Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you, master.

Glo. Then, Saunder, sit there, the lyingest knave in Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind, thou mightst as well have known all our names, as thus to name the several colours we do wear. Sight may distinguish of colours; but suddenly to nominate them all, it is impossible.—My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle: and would ye not think his cunning to be great, that could restore this cripple to his legs again?

Simp. O master, that you could!

Glo. My masters of Saint Albans, have you not beadles in your town, and things called whips?

May. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.

Glo. Then send for one presently.

May. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.

[*Exit an Attendant.*

Glo. Now fetch me a stool hither by-and-by. [*A stool brought out.*] Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool, and run away.

Simp. Alas! master, I am not able to stand alone:
You go about to torture me in vain.

Re-enter Attendant, and a Beadle with a whip.

Glo. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs.

Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

Bead. I will, my lord.—Come on, sirrah; off with your doublet quickly.

Simp. Alas! master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.

[*After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool, and runs away; and the People follow and cry, "A miracle!"*

K. Hen. O God! seest thou this, and bearest so long?

Q. Mar. It made me laugh to see the villain run.

Glo. Follow the knave, and take this drab away.

Wife. Alas! sir, we did it for pure need.

Glo. Let them be whipped through every market-town, till they come to Berwick, from whence they came. [*Exeunt Mayor, Beadle, Wife, &c.*

Car. Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.

Suf. True; made the lame to leap, and fly away.

Glo. But you have done more miracles than I; You made in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

K. Hen. What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.
A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent,
Under the countenance and confederacy
Of Lady Eleanor, the Protector's wife,
The ringleader and head of all this rout,
Have practised dangerously against your state,
Dealing with witches, and with conjurers,
Whom we have apprehended in the fact;
Raising up wicked spirits from under-ground,
Demanding of King Henry's life and death,
And other of your highness' privy council,
As more at large your grace shall understand.

Car. And so, my lord Protector, by this means
Your lady is forthcoming yet at London.
This news, I think, hath turned your weapon's edge;
'T is like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.

Glo. Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart.
Sorrow and grief have vanquished all my powers;
And, vanquished as I am, I yield to thee,
Or to the meanest groom.

K. Hen. O God! what mischiefs work the wicked ones;
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby.

Q. Mar. Gloster, see here the tainture of thy nest;

And look thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

Glo. Madam, for myself, to Heaven I do appeal,
How I have loved my king, and commonweal;
And, for my wife, I know not how it stands.
Sorry I am to hear what I have heard;
Noble she is, but if she have forgot
Honour, and virtue, and conversed with such
As, like to pitch, defile nobility,
I banish her my bed and company,
And give her, as a prey, to law, and shame,
That hath dishonoured Gloster's honest name.

K. Hen. Well, for this night, we will repose us here:
To-morrow toward London, back again,
To look into this business thoroughly,
And call these foul offenders to their answers;
And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—London. The Duke of YORK's Garden.

Enter YORK, SALISBURY, *and* WARWICK.

York. Now, my good Lords of Salisbury and Warwick,

Our simple supper ended, give me leave,
In this close walk, to satisfy myself,
In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is infallible, to England's crown.[1]

Sal. My lord, I long to hear it at full.

War. Sweet York, begin; and if thy claim be good,
The Nevils are thy subjects to command.

York. Then thus:—
Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons:
The first, Edward the Black Prince, Prince of Wales;
The second, William of Hatfield;[2] and the third,
Lionel, Duke of Clarence; next to whom
Was John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster.
The fifth was Edmund Langley, Duke of York;[3]
The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloster;
William of Windsor was the seventh and last.
Edward, the Black Prince, died before his father,
And left behind him Richard, his only son;[4]

[1] My Lords, our simple supper ended, thus,
Let me reveal unto your honours here
The right and title of the house of York
To England's Crown by lineal descent.

[2] 'The second was Edmund of Langley.'

[3] 'The fifth was Roger Mortimer, Earl of March.'

[4] The telling of the claim of York is rearranged and improved.

Who, after Edward the Third's death, reigned as king,
Till Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster,
The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
Crowned by the name of Henry the Fourth,
Seized on the realm ; deposed the rightful king ;
Sent his poor queen to France from whence she came,
And him to Pomfret ; where, as all you know,
Harmless Richard was murdered traitorously.

War. Father, the duke hath told the truth ;
Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.

York. Which now they hold by force, and not by right ;
For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead,
The issue of the next son should have reigned.

Sal. But William of Hatfield died without an heir.

York. The third son, Duke of Clarence, from whose line
I claim the crown, had issue—Philippe, a daughter,
Who married Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March ;
Edmund had issue—Roger, Earl of March ;
Roger had issue—Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.

Sal. This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,
As I have read, laid claim unto the crown ;

And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,
Who kept him in captivity till he died.
But to the rest.

York. His eldest sister, Anne,
My mother, being heir unto the crown,
Married Richard, Earl of Cambridge, who was son
To Edmund Langley, Edward the Third's fifth son.
By her I claim the kingdom: she was heir
To Roger, Earl of March, who was the son
Of Edmund Mortimer, who married Philippe
Sole daughter unto Lionel, Duke of Clarence:
So, if the issue of the elder son
Succeed before the younger, I am king.

War. What plain proceeding is more plain than this?
Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,
The fourth son; York claims it from the third.
Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign:
It fails not yet, but flourishes in thee,
And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.
Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together
And, in this private plot, be we the first,
That shall salute our rightful sovereign
With honour of his birthright to the crown.

Both. Long live our sovereign Richard, England's king!

York. We thank you, lords! But I am not your king,
Till I be crowned, and that my sword be stained
With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster;
And that 's not suddenly to be performed,
But with advice, and silent secrecy.
Do you, as I do, in these dangerous days,
Wink at the Duke of Suffolk's insolence,
At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,
Till they have snared the shepherd of the flock,
That virtuous prince, the good Duke Humphrey.
'T is that they seek: and they, in seeking that,
Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.

Sal. My lord, break we off: we know your mind at full.

War. My heart assures me, that the Earl of Warwick
Shall one day make the Duke of York a king.

York. And, Nevil, this I do assure myself:
Richard shall live to make the Earl of Warwick
The greatest man in England but the king.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—London. A Hall of Justice.

Trumpets sounded. Enter King HENRY, *Queen* MARGARET, GLOSTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, *and* SALISBURY; *the Duchess of* GLOSTER, MARGERY JOURDAIN, SOUTHWELL, HUME, *and* BOLINGBROKE, *under guard.*

K. Hen. Stand forth, Dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloster's wife.
In sight of God, and us, your guilt is great:
Receive the sentence of the law, for sins
Such as by God's book are adjudged to death.—
[*To* JOURDAIN, *&c.*] You four, from hence to prison back again;
From thence, unto the place of execution:
The witch in Smithfield shall be burned to ashes,
And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.—
You, madam, for you are more nobly born,
Despoiléd of your honour in your life,
Shall, after three days' open penance done,
Live in your country here in banishment,
With Sir John Stanley in the Isle of Man.

Duch. Welcome is banishment; welcome were my death.

Glo. Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath judgéd thee:

I cannot justify whom the law condemns.—

[*Exeunt the* DUCHESS *and the other Prisoners, guarded.*

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
Ah, Humphrey! this dishonour in thine age
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground.—
I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go;
Sorrow would solace, and mine age would ease.

K. Hen. Stay, Humphrey, Duke of Gloster.
Ere thou go,
Give up thy staff: Henry will to himself
Protector be; and God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet.
And go in peace, Humphrey; no less beloved,
Than when thou wert Protector to thy king.

Q. Mar. I see no reason why a king of years
Should be to be protected like a child.—
God and King Henry govern England's helm!—
Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.

Glo. My staff?—here, noble Henry, is my staff:
As willingly do I the same resign,
As e'er thy father Henry made it mine;
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it,
As others would ambitiously receive it.
Farewell, good king: when I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne. [*Exit.*

Q. Mar. Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret queen;
And Humphrey, Duke of Gloster, scarce himself,
That bears so shrewd a maim: two pulls at once,—
His lady banished, and a limb lopped off;
This staff of honour raught:—there let it stand,
Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.

Suf. Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his sprays;
Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.

York. Lords, let him go.—Please it your majesty,
This is the day appointed for the combat;
And ready are the appellant and defendant,
The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,
So please your highness to behold the fight.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord; for purposely therefore
Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried.

K. Hen. O' God's name, see the lists and all things fit:
Here let them end it, and God defend the right![1]

York. I never saw a fellow worse bested,
Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,
The servant of this armourer, my lords.

[1] Then call them forth that they may try their rights.

Enter, on one side, HORNER, *and his Neighbours, drinking to him so much that he is drunk; and he enters bearing his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it; a drum before him: at the other side,* PETER, *with a drum and a similar staff; accompanied by Prentices drinking to him.*

1 *Neigh.* Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a cup of sack. And fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough.

2 *Neigh.* And here, neighbour, here 's a cup of charneco.

3 *Neigh.* And here 's a pot of good double beer, neighbour: drink, and fear not your man.

Hor. Let it come, i' faith, and I 'll pledge you all; and a fig for Peter!

1 *Pren.* Here, Peter, I drink to thee; and be not afraid.

2 *Pren.* Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master: fight for credit of the prentices.

Peter. I thank you all: drink, and pray for me, I pray you; for, I think, I have taken my last draught in this world.—Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee my apron; and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer:—and here, Tom, take all the money

that I have.—O Lord, bless me! I pray God, for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already.

Sal. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows.—Sirrah, what 's thy name?

Peter. Peter, forsooth.

Sal. Peter! what more?

Peter. Thump.

Sal. Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.

Hor. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave, and myself an honest man: and touching the Duke of York, I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the queen: and therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow.

York. Despatch: this knave's tongue begins to double. Sound, trumpets, alarum to the combatants.

[*Alarum. They fight, and* PETER *strikes down his Master.*

Hor. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason. [*Dies.*

York. Take away his weapon.—Fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way.

Peter. O God! have I overcome mine enemies

in this presence? O Peter! thou hast prevailed in right.[1]

K. Hen. Go, take hence that traitor from our sight;
For, by his death, we do perceive his guilt.
And God in justice hath revealed to us
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow
Which he had thought to have murdered wrongfully.—
Come, fellow; follow us for thy reward. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—London. A Street.

Enter GLOSTER *and Servants, in mourning cloaks.*

Glo. Thus, sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud;
And after summer evermore succeeds
Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold:
So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.—
Sirs, what's o'clock?

Serv. Ten, my lord.

Glo. Ten is the hour that was appointed me
To watch the coming of my punished duchess:
Uneath may she endure the flinty streets,

[1] *Peter.* O God, I give thee praise.

To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook
The abject people, gazing on thy face,
With envious looks, laughing at thy shame,
That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels,
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.
But soft! I think, she comes; and I 'll prepare
My tear-stained eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the Duchess of GLOSTER, *in a white sheet with papers pinned upon her back, her feet bare, and a taper burning in her hand; Sir* JOHN STANLEY, *a Sheriff, and Officers.*

Serv. So please your grace, we 'll take her from the sheriff.

Glo. No, stir not, for your lives: let her pass by.

Duch. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?
Now thou dost penance too. Look, how they gaze:
See, how the giddy multitude do point,
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee.
Ah, Gloster, hide thee from their hateful looks,
And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,
And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine.

Glo. Be patient, gentle Nell: forget this grief.

Duch. Ah, Gloster, teach me to forget myself;
For, whilst I think I am thy married wife,
And thou a prince, Protector of this land,
Methinks, I should not thus be led along,
Mailed up in shame, with papers on my back,
And followed with a rabble, that rejoice
To see my tears, and hear my deep-fet groans.
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet;
And when I start, the envious people laugh,
And bid me be adviséd how I tread.
Ah, Humphrey! can I bear this shameful yoke?
Trow'st thou, that e'er I 'll look upon the world,
Or count them happy that enjoy the sun?
No; dark shall be my light, and night my day:
To think upon my pomp shall be my hell.
Sometime I 'll say, I am Duke Humphrey's wife,
And he a prince, and ruler of the land;
Yet so he ruled, and such a prince he was,
As he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn duchess,
Was made a wonder, and a pointing-stock,
To every idle rascal follower.
But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame;
Nor stir at nothing, till the axe of death
Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will:
For Suffolk,—he that can do all in all

With her that hateth thee, and hates us all,—
And York, and impious Beaufort, that false priest,
Have all limed bushes to betray thy wings;
And, fly thou how thou canst, they 'll tangle thee.
But fear not thou, until thy foot be snared,
Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

Glo. Ah, Nell! forbear: thou aimest all awry;
I must offend before I be attainted;
And had I twenty times so many foes,
And each of them had twenty times their power,
All these could not procure me any scath,
So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.
Wouldst have me rescue thee from this reproach?
Why, yet thy scandal were not wiped away,
But I in danger for the breach of law.
Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell;
I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience:
These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your grace to his majesty's parliament, holden at Bury the first of this next month.

Glo. And my consent ne'er asked herein before? This is close dealing.—Well, I will be there.

[*Exit Herald.*

My Nell, I take my leave:—and, master sheriff,
Let not her penance exceed the king's commission.

Sher. An't please your grace, here my commission stays,
And Sir John Stanley is appointed now
To take her with him to the Isle of Man.

Glo. Must you, Sir John, protect my lady here?

Stan. So am I given in charge, may't please your grace.

Glo. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray
You use her well. The world may laugh again;
And I may live to do you kindness, if
You do it her: and so, Sir John, farewell.

Duch. What, gone, my lord, and bid me not farewell?

Glo. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.

[*Exeunt* GLOSTER *and Servants.*

Duch. Art thou gone too? All comfort go with thee,
For none abides with me: my joy is death,—
Death, at whose name I oft have been afeared,
Because I wished this world's eternity.—
Stanley, I pr'ythee, go, and take me hence;
I care not whither, for I beg no favour,
Only convey me where thou art commanded.

Stan. Why, madam, that is to the Isle of Man;

There to be used according to your state.

Duch. That 's bad enough, for I am but reproach :
And shall I then be used reproachfully ?

Stan. Like to a duchess, and Duke Humphrey's lady :
According to that state you shall be used.

Duch. Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare,
Although thou hast been conduct of my shame.

Sher. It is my office ; and, madam, pardon me.

Duch. Ay, ay, farewell : thy office is discharged.—
Come, Stanley, shall we go ?

Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,
And go we to attire you for our journey.

Duch. My shame will not be shifted with my sheet :
No ; it will hang upon my richest robes,
And show itself, attire me how I can.
Go, lead the way : I long to see my prison.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Scene I.—The Abbey at Bury.

A Sennet. Enter to the Parliament, King Henry, *Queen* Margaret, *Cardinal* Beaufort, Suffolk, York, Buckingham, *and others.*

K. Hen. I muse, my Lord of Gloster is not come:
'T is not his wont to be the hindmost man,
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.

Q. Mar. Can you not see? or will you not observe
The strangeness of his altered countenance?
With what a majesty he bears himself;
How insolent of late he is become,
How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himself?
We know the time, since he was mild and affable;
And if we did but glance a far-off look,
Immediately he was upon his knee,
That all the court admired him for submission:
But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,
When every one will give the time of day,
He knits his brow, and shows an angry eye,[1]
And passeth by with stiff unbowéd knee,
Disdaining duty that to us belongs.
Small curs are not regarded when they grin,

[1] And he will neither move nor speak to us.

But great men tremble when the lion roars;
And Humphrey is no little man in England.
First, note, that he is near you in descent,
And should you fall, he is the next will mount.
Me seemeth then, it is no policy,
Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,
And his advantage following your decease,
That he should come about your royal person
Or be admitted to your highness' council.
By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts,
And, when he please to make commotion,
'T is to be feared they all will follow him.
Now 't is the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;
Suffer them now, and they 'll o'ergrow the garden,
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
The reverent care I bear unto my lord
Made me collect these dangers in the duke.
If it be fond, call it a woman's fear;
Which fear if better reasons can supplant,
I will subscribe and say, I wronged the duke.
My Lord of Suffolk,—Buckingham and York,—
Reprove my allegation, if you can,
Or else conclude my words effectual

Suf. Well hath your highness seen into this duke;

And had I first been put to speak my mind,

I think, I should have told your grace's tale.
The duchess, by his subornation,
Upon my life, began her devilish practices:
Or if he were not privy to those faults,
Yet, by reputing of his high descent,
(As next the king he was successive heir,)
And such high vaunts of his nobility,
Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess
By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.
Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep,
And in his simple show he harbours treason.
The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb:
No, no, my sovereign; Gloster is a man
Unsounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

Car. Did he not, contrary to form of law,
Devise strange deaths for small offences done?

York. And did he not, in his protectorship,
Levy great sums of money through the realm
For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it?
By means whereof the towns each day revolted.

Buck. Tut! these are petty faults to faults unknown
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke Humphrey.

K. Hen. My lords, at once: the care you have of us,

To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
Is worthy praise; but shall I speak my conscience?
Our kinsman Gloster is as innocent
From meaning treason to our royal person,
As is the sucking lamb, or harmless dove.
The duke is virtuous, mild, and too well given,
To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

Q. Mar. Ah! what 's more dangerous than this fond affiance?
Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrowed,
For he 's disposéd as the hateful raven.
Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,
For he 's inclined as is the ravenous wolf.
Who cannot steal a shape, that means deceit?
Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudful man.

Enter SOMERSET.

Som. All health unto my gracious sovereign!

K. Hen. Welcome, Lord Somerset. What news from France?

Som. That all your interest in those territories
Is utterly bereft you: all is lost.

K. Hen. Cold news, Lord Somerset; but God's will be done.

York. [*Aside.*] Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,
As firmly as I hope for fertile England.
Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
And caterpillars eat my leaves away;
But I will remedy this gear ere long,
Or sell my title for a glorious grave.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. All happiness unto my lord the king!
Pardon, my liege, that I have stayed so long.

Suf. Nay, Gloster, know, that thou art come too soon,
Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art.
I do arrest thee of high treason here.

Glo. Well, Suffolk's duke, thou shalt not see me blush,
Nor change my countenance for this arrest:
A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.
The purest spring is not so free from mud,
As I am clear from treason to my sovereign.
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?

York. 'T is thought, my lord, that you took bribes of France,
And, being Protector, stayed the soldiers' pay;
By means whereof his highness hath lost France.

Glo. Is it but thought so? What are they that think it?
I never robbed the soldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.
So help me God, as I have watched the night,
Ay, night by night, in studying good for England!
That doit that e'er I wrested from the king,
Or any groat I hoarded to my use,
Be brought against me at my trial-day!
No; many a pound of mine own proper store,
Because I would not tax the needy commons,
Have I disburséd to the garrisons,
And never asked for restitution.

Car. It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.

Glo. I say no more than truth, so help me God!

York. In your protectorship you did devise
Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,
That England was defamed by tyranny.

Glo. Why, 't is well known, that whiles I was Protector,
Pity was all the fault that was in me;
For I should melt at an offender's tears,
And lowly words were ransom for their fault.
Unless it were a bloody murderer,
Or foul felonious thief that fleeced poor passengers,
I never gave them condign punishment.

Murder, indeed, that bloody sin, I tortured
Above the felon, or what trespass else.

Suf. My lord, these faults are easy, quickly answered;
But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.
I do arrest you in his highness' name;
And here commit you to my lord cardinal
To keep, until your further time of trial.

K. Hen. My Lord of Gloster, 't is my special hope,
That you will clear yourself from all suspect;
My conscience tells me you are innocent.

Glo. Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous.
Virtue is choked with foul ambition,
And charity chased hence by rancour's hand;
Foul subornation is predominant,
And equity exiled your highness' land.
I know, their complot is to have my life;
And if my death might make this island happy,
And prove the period of their tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingness;
But mine is made the prologue to their play;
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,

And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate;[1]
Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his tongue
The envious load that lies upon his heart;
And doggéd York, that reaches at the moon,
Whose overweening arm I have plucked back,
By false accuse doth level at my life:
And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head,
And with your best endeavour have stirred up
My liefest liege to be mine enemy.
Ay, all of you have laid your heads together;
Myself had notice of your cónventicles;
And all to make away my guiltless life.
I shall not want false witness to condemn me,
Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt;
The ancient proverb will be well effected,—
A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.

Car. My liege, his railing is intolerable.
If those that care to keep your royal person
From treason's secret knife, and traitors' rage,
Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
And the offender granted scope of speech,
'T will make them cool in zeal unto your grace.

Suf. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here
With ignominious words, though clerkly couched,

[1] Suffolk's hateful tongue blabs his heart's malice.

As if she had subornéd some to swear
False allegations to o'erthrow his state?

Q. Mar. But I can give the loser leave to chide.

Glo. Far truer spoke, than meant: I lose, indeed;
Beshrew the winners, for they played me false!
And well such losers may have leave to speak.

Buck. He'll wrest the sense, and hold us here all day.—
Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner.

Car. Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him sure.

Glo. Ah, thus King Henry throws away his crutch,
Before his legs be firm to bear his body:
Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.
Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!
For, good King Henry, thy decay I fear.

[*Exeunt Attendants with* GLOSTER.

K. Hen. My lords, what to your wisdoms seemeth best,
Do, or undo, as if ourself were here.

Q. Mar. What! will your highness leave the parliament?

K. Hen. Ay, Margaret, my heart is drowned
with grief,
Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes;
My body round engirt with misery,
For what 's more miserable than discontent?—
Ah, uncle Humphrey! in thy face I see
The map of honour, truth, and loyalty;
And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come,
That e'er I proved thee false, or feared thy faith.
What low'ring star now envies thy estate,
That these great lords, and Margaret our queen,
Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?
Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong;
And as the butcher takes away the calf,
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,
Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house;
Even so, remorseless, have they borne him hence;
And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmless young one went,
And can do nought but wail her darling's loss;
Even so myself bewails good Gloster's case,
With sad unhelpful tears; and with dimmed
eyes
Look after him, and cannot do him good;
So mighty are his vowéd enemies.
His fortunes I will weep; and, 'twixt each groan,

Say—'Who's a traitor? Gloster he is none.'[1]

[*Exit.*

Q. Mar. Fair lords, cold snow melts with the sun's hot beams.
Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
Too full of foolish pity; and Gloster's show
Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers;
Or as the snake, rolled in a flowering bank,
With shining checkered slough, doth sting a child
That for the beauty thinks it excellent.
Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I
(And yet herein I judge mine own wit good),
This Gloster should be quickly rid the world,
To rid us from the fear we have of him.[2]

Car. That he should die is worthy policy,
But yet we want a colour for his death.
'T is meet he be condemned by course of law.

Suf. But, in my mind that were no policy:
The king will labour still to save his life;

[1] The original from which this speech has been developed is in three lines:—

Ay, Margaret. My heart is killed with grief,
Where I may sit, and sigh in endless moan,
For who 's a traitor, Gloster he is none.

[2] In mine opinion it were good he died,
For safety of our King and Commonwealth.

The commons haply rise to save his life;
And yet we have but trivial argument,
More than distrust, that shows him worthy death.

York. So that, by this, you would not have him die.

Suf. Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I.

York. 'T is York that hath more reason for his death.—

But, my lord cardinal, and you, my Lord of Suffolk,
Say, as you think, and speak it from your souls,
Were 't not all one, an empty eagle were set
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
As place Duke Humphrey for the king's protector?

Q. Mar. So the poor chicken should be sure of death.

Suf. Madam, 't is true: and were 't not madness then,
To make the fox surveyor of the fold?
Who, being accused a crafty murderer,
His guilt should be but idly posted over,
Because his purpose is not executed.
No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
By nature proved an enemy to the flock,
Before his chaps be stained with crimson blood,
As Humphrey proved by reasons to my liege.
And do not stand on quillets, how to slay him:

Be it by gins, by snares, by subtilty,
Sleeping, or waking, 't is no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit
Which mates him first, that first intends deceit.

Q. Mar. Thrice-noble Suffolk, 't is resolutely spoke.

Suf. Not resolute, except so much were done,
For things are often spoke, and seldom meant;
But, that my heart accordeth with my tongue,—
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,—
Say but the word, and I will be his priest.

Car. But I would have him dead, my Lord of Suffolk,
Ere you can take due orders for a priest.
Say, you consent, and censure well the deed,
And I 'll provide his executioner;
I tender so the safety of my liege.

Suf. Here is my hand; the deed is worthy doing.

Q. Mar. And so say I.

York. And I; and now we three have spoken it,
It skills not greatly who impugns our doom. [1]

[1] In the old play, after the image of the Fox and Lamb, there is only this:

Car. Then let him die before the commons know,
For fear that they do rise in arms for him.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Great lords, from Ireland am I come amain,
To signify that rebels there are up,
And put the Englishmen unto the sword.
Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,
Before the wound do grow incurable;
For, being green, there is great hope of help.

Car. A breach that craves a quick expedient stop!
What counsel give you in this weighty cause?

York. That Somerset be sent as regent thither.
'T is meet, that lucky ruler be employed;
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.

Som. If York, with all his far-fet policy,
Had been the regent there instead of me,
He never would have stayed in France so long.

York. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done.
I rather would have lost my life betimes,
Than bring a burden of dishonour home,
By staying there so long, till all were lost.
Show me one scar charactered on thy skin:
Men's flesh preserved so whole do seldom win.

York. Then do it suddenly, my lords.
Suf. Let that be my Lord Cardinal's charge and mine.
Car. Agreed, for he's already kept within my house.

Q. Mar. Nay then, this spark will prove a raging fire,
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with.—
No more, good York ;—sweet Somerset, be still :—
Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,
Might happily have proved far worse than his.

York. What, worse than nought? nay, then a shame take all!

Som. And, in the number, thee, that wishest shame.

Car. My Lord of York, try what your fortune is.
The uncivil kerns of Ireland are in arms,
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen :
To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
Collected choicely, from each county some,
And try your hap against the Irishmen?

York. I will, my lord, so please his majesty.

Suf. Why, our authority is his consent,
And what we do establish, he confirms :
Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.

York. I am content. Provide me soldiers, lords,
Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.

Suf. A charge, Lord York, that I will see performed.
But now return we to the false Duke Humphrey.

Car. No more of him ; for I will deal with him,

That henceforth he shall trouble us no more:
And so break off; the day is almost spent.
Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event. [1]

York. My Lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days
At Bristol I expect my soldiers,
For there I 'll ship them all for Ireland.

Suf. I 'll see it truly done, my Lord of York.

[*Exeunt all but* YORK.

York. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,
And change misdoubt to resolution:
Be that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art
Resign to death; it is not worth the enjoying.
Let pale-faced fear keep with the mean-born man,
And find no harbour in a royal heart.
Faster than spring-time showers comes thought on thought,
And not a thought but thinks on dignity.
My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.
Well, nobles, well; 't is politicly done,
To send me packing with an host of men:

[1] This is in place of the Queen's.
"Suffolk, remember what you have to do.
And you, Lord Cardinal, concerning Duke Humphrey
'T were good that you did see to it in time.
Come, let us go, that it may be performed."

I fear me, you but warm the starvéd snake.
Who, cherished in your breasts, will sting your hearts.
'T was men I lacked, and you will give them me:
I take it kindly; yet, be well assured,
You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.
Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,
I will stir up in England some black storm,
Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven, or hell;
And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage,
Until the golden circuit on my head,
Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.
And, for a minister of my intent,
I have seduced a headstrong Kentishman,
John Cade of Ashford,
To make commotion, as full well he can,
Under the title of John Mortimer.
In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade
Oppose himself against a troop of kerns;
And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts
Were almost like a sharp-quilled porpentine:
And, in the end being rescued, I have seen
Him caper upright, like a wild Morisco,
Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.
Full often, like a shag-haired crafty kern,

Hath he conversèd with the enemy,
And undiscovered come to me again,
And given me notice of their villainies.
This devil here shall be my substitute;
For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble:
By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,
How they affect the house and claim of York.
Say, he be taken, racked, and torturèd,
I know, no pain they can inflict upon him
Will make him say, I moved him to those arms.
Say, that he thrive, as 't is great like he will,
Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength,
And reap the harvest which that rascal sowed;
For, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
And Henry put apart, the next for me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Bury. A Room in the Palace.

Enter certain Murderers, hastily.

1 *Mur.* Run to my Lord of Suffolk; let him know,
We have despatched the duke, as he commanded.

2 *Mur.* O that it were to do!—What have we done?

Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

1 *Mur.* Here comes my lord.

Enter SUFFOLK.

Suf. Now, sirs, have you despatched this thing?

1 *Mur.* Ay, my good lord, he 's dead.

Suf. Why, that 's well said. Go, get you to my house;

I will reward you for this venturous deed.
The king and all the peers are here at hand.
Have you laid fair the bed? Is all things well,
According as I gave directions?

1 *Mur.* 'T is, my good lord.

Suf. Away, be gone. [*Exeunt Murderers.*

Sound Trumpets. Enter King HENRY, *Queen* MARGARET, *Cardinal* BEAUFORT, SOMERSET, *Lords, and others.*

K. Hen. Go, call our uncle to our presence straight:

Say, we intend to try his grace to-day,
If he be guilty, as 't is published.

Suf. I 'll call him presently, my noble lord.

[*Exit.*

K. Hen. Lords, take your places; and, I pray you all,

Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloster,
Than from true evidence, of good esteem,
He be approved in practice culpable.

Q. Mar. God forbid any malice should prevail,
That faultless may condemn a nobleman!
Pray God, he may acquit him of suspicion!

K. Hen. I thank thee, Meg; these words content me much.

Re-enter SUFFOLK.

How now? why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?
Where is our uncle? what 's the matter, Suffolk?

Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloster is dead.

Q. Mar. Marry, God forfend!

Car. God's secret judgment!—I did dream tonight,
The duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.

[*The* KING *swoons.*

Q. Mar. How fares my lord?—Help, lords! the king is dead.

Som. Rear up his body: wring him by the nose.

Q. Mar. Run, go, help, help!—O Henry, ope thine eyes!

Suf. He doth revive again.—Madam, be patient.

K. Hen. O heavenly God!

Q. Mar. How fares my gracious lord?

Suf. Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry, comfort!

K. Hen. What! doth my Lord of Suffolk comfort me?

Came he right now to sing a raven's note,
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers,
And thinks he that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
Can chase away the first conceivéd sound?
Hide not thy poison with such sugared words;
Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say:
Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!
Upon thy eye-balls murderous tyranny
Sits in grim majesty to fright the world.
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding.
Yet do not go away:—come, basilisk,
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight;
For in the shade of death I shall find joy,
In life but double death, now Gloster's dead.

Q. Mar. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolk thus?

Although the duke was enemy to him,
Yet he, most Christian-like, laments his death:
And for myself, foe as he was to me,

Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans
Or blood-consuming sighs, recall his life,
I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,
And all to have the noble duke alive.
What know I how the world may deem of me?
For it is known, we were but hollow friends;
It may be judged, I made the duke away:
So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,
And princes' courts be filled with my reproach.
This get I by his death. Ah me, unhappy!
To be a queen, and crowned with infamy!

K. Hen. Ah, woe is me for Gloster, wretched man!

Q. Mar. Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.

What, dost thou turn away, and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome leper; look on me.
What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?
Be poisonous too, and kill thy forlorn queen.
Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster's tomb?
Why, then Dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy:
Erect his statua, and worship it,
And make my image but an ale-house sign.
Was I for this nigh wracked upon the sea,
And twice by awkward wind from England's bank

Drove back again unto my native clime?
What boded this, but well-forewarning wind
Did seem to say,—Seek not a scorpion's nest,
Nor set no footing on this unkind shore?
What did I then, but cursed the gentle gusts,
And he that loosed them from their brazen caves;
And bid them blow towards England's blessed shore,
Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock.
Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,
But left that hateful office unto thee:
The pretty-vaulting sea refused to drown me,
Knowing that thou wouldst have me drowned on shore
With tears as salt as sea through thy unkindness:
The splitting rocks cowered in the sinking sands
And would not dash me with their ragged sides,
Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
Might in thy palace perish Margaret.
As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,
When from the shore the tempest beat us back,
I stood upon the hatches in the storm;
And when the dusky sky began to rob
My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,
I took a costly jewel from my neck,—
A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,—

And threw it towards thy land. The sea received it,
And so I wished thy body might my heart:
And even with this I lost fair England's view,
And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart:
And called them blind and dusky spectacles,
For losing ken of Albion's wishéd coast.
How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue
(The agent of thy foul inconstancy),
To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did,
When he to madding Dido would unfold
His father's acts, commenced in burning Troy!
Am I not witched like her? or thou not false like him?
Ah me! I can no more. Die, Margaret,
For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.

Noise within. Enter WARWICK *and* SALISBURY. *The Commons press to the door.*

War. It is reported, mighty sovereign,
That good Duke Humphrey traitorously is murdered
By Suffolk and the Cardinal Beaufort's means. [1]

[1] These three opening lines are formed from the closing line of the speech which stands thus in the old play:—

My Lord, the Commons, like an angry hive of bees,
Run up and down, caring not whom they sting

The commons, like an angry hive of bees,
That want their leader, scatter up and down,
And care not whom they sting in his revenge.
Myself have calmed their spleenful mutiny,
Until they hear the order of his death.

K. Hen. That he is dead, good Warwick, 't is too true;
But how he died, God knows, not Henry.
Enter his chamber, view his breathless corse,
And comment then upon his sudden death.

War. That I shall do, my liege.—Stay, Salisbury,
With the rude multitude, till I return.

[WARWICK *goes into an inner room, and* SALISBURY *retires.*

K. Hen. O Thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts!
My thoughts that labour to persuade my soul
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life.
If my suspect be false, forgive me, God,
For judgment only doth belong to Thee.
Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears,
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,

For good Duke Humphrey's death, whom they report
To be murthered by Suffolk and the Cardinal here.

And with my finger, feel his hand unfeeling;
But all in vain are these mean obsequies,
And to survey his dead and earthy image,
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

The doors of an inner chamber are thrown open, and GLOSTER *is discovered dead in his bed; and* WARWICK *and others standing by it.*

War. Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.

K. Hen. That is to see how deep my grave is made;
For with his soul fled all my worldly solace,
For seeing him, I see my life in death.

War. As surely as my soul intends to live
With that dread King, that took our state upon Him
To free us from His Father's wrathful curse,
I do believe that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice-famèd duke.

Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!
What instance gives Lord Warwick for his vow?

War. See, how the blood is settled in his face.
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless,

Being all descended to the labouring heart;
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;
Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
To blush and beautify the cheek again.
But see, his face is black, and full of blood;
His eye-balls further out than when he lived,
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man:
His hair upreared, his nostrils stretched with struggling;
His hands abroad displayed, as one that grasped
And tugged for life, and was by strength subdued.
Look, on the sheets, his hair, you see, is sticking;
His well-proportioned beard made rough and rugged
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodged.
It cannot be but he was murdered here;
The least of all these signs were probable.

Suf.[1] Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to death?
Myself and Beaufort had him in protection,
And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.

War. But both of you were vowed Duke Humphrey's foes,

[1] *Queen.* Suffolk and the Cardinal had him in charge,
And they, I trust, sir, are no murtherers.

And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep:
'T is like you would not feast him like a friend,
And 't is well seen he found an enemy.

Q. Mar. Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen
As guilty of Duke Humphrey's timeless death.

War. Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect 't was he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

Q. Mar. Are you the butcher, Suffolk? where 's your knife?
Is Beaufort termed a kite? where are his talons?

Suf. I wear no knife, to slaughter sleeping men;
But here 's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scouréd in his rancorous heart
That slanders me with murder's crimson badge.—
Say, if thou dar'st, proud Lord of Warwickshire,
That I am faulty in Duke Humphrey's death.

[*Exeunt Cardinal*, SOMERSET, *and others.*

War. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?

Q. Mar. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.

War. Madam, be still, with reverence may I say;
For every word you speak in his behalf
Is slander to your royal dignity.

Suf. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour,
If ever lady wronged her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some stern untutored churl, and noble stock
Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou art,
And never of the Nevils' noble race.

War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,
And I should ob the deathsman of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,
I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passéd speech,
And say, it was thy mother that thou meant'st;
That thou thyself was born in bastardy:
And, after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,
Pernicious bloodsucker of sleeping men.

Suf. Thou shalt be waking while I shed thy blood,

If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.

War. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence.
Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,
And do some service to Duke Humphrey's ghost.

Exeunt SUFFOLK *and* WARWICK.

K. Hen. What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

[*A noise within.*

Q. Mar. What noise is this?

Re-enter SUFFOLK *and* WARWICK, *with their weapons drawn.*

K. Hen. Why, how now, lords? your wrathful weapons drawn
Here in our presence? dare you be so bold?—
Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

Suf. The traitorous Warwick, with the men of Bury,
Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

Noise of a crowd within. *Re-enter* SALISBURY.

Sal. [*Speaking to those within.*] Sirs, stand apart; the king shall know your mind. —

Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,
Unless false Suffolk straight be done to death,
Or banishéd fair England's territories,
They will by violence tear him from your palace,
And torture him with grievous lingering death.
They say, by him the good Duke Humphrey died;
They say, in him they fear your highness' death;[2]
And mere instinct of love, and loyalty,
Free from a stubborn opposite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking,
Makes them thus forward in his banishment.[3]
They say, in care of your most royal person,
That, if your highness should intend to sleep,
And charge, that no man should disturb your rest,
In pain of your dislike, or pain of death,
Yet, notwithstanding such a strait edict,
Were there a serpent seen, with forkéd tongue,
That slily glided towards your majesty,
It were but necessary, you were waked;
Lest, being suffered in that harmful slumber,
The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal:
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,

[1] That they will err from your highness' person.
[2] They say by him they fear the ruin of the realm.
[3] And therefore if you love your subjects' weal
They wish you to banish him from forth the land.

That they will guard you, whe'r you will or no,
From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is;
With whose envenoméd and fatal sting,
Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons. [*Within.*] An answer from the king, my Lord of Salisbury!

Suf. 'T is like, the commons, rude unpolished hinds,
Could send such message to their sover'gn!
But you, my lord, were glad to be employed,
To show how quaint an orator you are:
But all the honour Salisbury hath won,
Is, that he was the lord ambassador
Sent from a sort of tinkers to the king.

Commons. [*Within.*] An answer from the king, or we will all break in!

K. Hen. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,
I thank them for their tender loving care;
And had I not been cited so by them,
Yet did I purpose as they do entreat:
For sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means:
And therefore, by His Majesty I swear,
Whose far unworthy deputy I am,

He shall not breathe infection in this air
But three days longer, on the pain of death.

[*Exit* SALISBURY.

Q. Mar. O Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk.

K. Hen. Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk.
No more, I say; if thou dost plead for him,
Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
Had I but said, I would have kept my word;
But when I swear, it is irrevocable.—[1]
If after three days' space thou here be'st found
On any ground that I am ruler of,
The world shall not be ransom for thy life.—
Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me;
I have great matters to impart to thee.

[*Exeunt King* HENRY, WARWICK, *Lords*, &c.

Q. Mar. Mischance and sorrow[2] go along with you!
Heart's discontent, and sour affliction,
Be playfellows to keep you company!
There's two of you; the devil make a third,
And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!

Suf. Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,
And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

[1] If I say, I may relent; but if I swear, it is irrevocable.
[2] Hell-fire and vengeance——

Q. Mar. Fie, coward woman, and soft-hearted wretch!

Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy?

Suf. A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse them!

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,
I would invent as bitter-searching terms,
As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,
Delivered strongly through my fixéd teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-faced Envy in her loathsome cave.
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;
My hair be fixed on end, as one distract;
Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:
And even now my burdened heart would break,
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!
Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress trees!
Their chiefest prospect murdering basilisks!
Their softest touch as smart as lizards' stings!
Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss,
And boding screech-owls make the concert full!
All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—

Q. Mar. Enough, sweet Suffolk: thou torment'st thyself;

And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst glass,
Or like an overchargéd gun, recoil,
And turn the force of them upon thyself.

Suf. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?
Now, by the ground that I am banished from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain top,
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
And think it but a minute spent in sport.

Q. Mar. O! let me entreat thee, cease. Give me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
To wash away my woful monuments.
O! could this kiss be printed in thy hand,
That thou mightst think upon these by the seal,
Through whom a thousand sighs are breathed for thee.
So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
'T is but surmised whilst thou art standing by,
As one that surfeits, thinking on a want.
I will repeal thee, or, be well assured,
Adventure to be banishéd myself;
And banishéd I am, if but from thee.
Go, speak not to me; even now be gone.—

O, go not yet.—Even thus two friends condemned
Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
Loather a hundred times to part than die.
Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee!

Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banishéd,
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.
'T is not the land I care for, wert thou thence;
A wilderness is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:
For where thou art, there is the world itself,
With every several pleasure in the world,
And where thou art not, desolation.
I can no more.—Live thou to joy thy life;
Myself no joy in nought, but that thou liv'st.

Enter VAUX.

Q. Mar. Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news, pr'ythee?

Vaux. To signify unto his majesty,
That Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death;
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air,
Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
Sometime he talks as if Duke Humphrey's ghost
Were by his side; sometime he calls the king,
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,

The secrets of his overchargéd soul:
And I am sent to tell his majesty,
That even now he cries aloud for him.

Q. Mar. Go, tell this heavy message to the king.
[*Exit* VAUX.

Ah me! what is this world? what news are these?
But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,
Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?
Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
And with the southern clouds contend in tears?
Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrows.
Now, get thee hence: the king, thou know'st, is coming;
If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot live;
And in thy sight to die, what were it else
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe,
Dying with mother's dug between its lips;
Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad,
And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,
To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth:
So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul,
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
And then it lived in sweet Elysium.

To die by thee, were but to die in jest;
From thee to die, were torture more than death.
O, let me stay, befall what may befall.

Q. Mar. Away! though parting be a fretful corsive,
It is appliéd to a deathful wound.
To France, sweet Suffolk: let me hear from thee;
For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
I'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.

Suf. I go.

Q. Mar. And take my heart with thee.

Suf. A jewel, locked into the wofull'st cask
That ever did contain a thing of worth.
Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we:
This way fall I to death.

Q. Mar. This way for me.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III.—London. Cardinal BEAUFORT'S Bedchamber.

Enter King HENRY, SALISBURY, WARWICK, *and others. The Cardinal in bed; Attendants with him.*

K. Hen. How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.

Car. If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's
treasure,
Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

K. Hen. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is seen so terrible![1]

War. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

Car. Bring me unto my trial when you will.
Died he not in his bed? where should he die?
Can I make men live, whe'r they will or no?—
O! torture me no more, I will confess —
Alive again? then show me where he is:
I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.—
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.—
Comb down his hair: look! look! it stands upright,
Like lime-twigs set to catch my wingéd soul. —
Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

K. Hen. O Thou eternal Mover of the heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
O, beat away the busy meddling fiend,
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
And from his bosom purge this black despair.

[1] Oh, see, my lord of Salisbury, how he is troubled.
Lord Cardinal, remember Christ must save thy soul.

War. See, how the pangs of death do make him grin.[1]

Sal. Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.

K. Hen. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be.

Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.—
He dies, and makes no sign. O God, forgive him!

War. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

K. Hen. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.—

Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close,
And let us all to meditation.[2] [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Kent. The Sea-shore near Dover.

Firing heard at sea. Then enter from a boat, a Captain, a Master, a Master's Mate, WALTER WHITMORE, *and others; with them* SUFFOLK, *disguised, and other Gentlemen, prisoners.*

Cap. The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day

[1] —— doth gripe his heart.

[2] Go take him hence, and see his funerals be performed.

Is crept into the bosom of the sea,
And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades
That drag the tragic melancholy night;
Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings
Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.
Therefore, bring forth the soldiers of our prize;
For, whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,
Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,
Or with their blood stain this discoloured shore.—
Master, this prisoner freely give I thee;—
And thou that art his mate, make boot of this;—
The other [*pointing to* SUFFOLK], Walter Whitmore, is thy share.

1 *Gent.* What is my ransom, master? let me know.

Mast. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

Mate. And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.

Cap. What! think you much to pay two thousand crowns,
And bear the name and port of gentlemen?
Cut both the villains' throats!—for die you shall:
The lives of those which we have lost in fight,
Be counterpoised with such a petty sum!

1 *Gent.* I'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my life.

2 *Gent.* And so will I, and write home for it straight.[1]

Whit. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard.
[*To* SUFFOLK] And, therefore, to revenge it shalt thou die;
And so should these, if I might have my will.

Cap. Be not so rash: take ransom; let him live.

Suf. Look on my George: I am a gentleman.
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.

Whit. And so am I; my name is Walter Whitmore.
How now? why start'st thou? what! doth death affright?

Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.
A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And told me that by *Water* I should die:
Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded;
Thy name is *Gaultier*, being rightly sounded.

[1] This insertion replaces the single line,

"Then save our lives, it shall be paid."

There is also a judicious transposition, for in the older play the question of the other prisoners interrupts the dialogue between Suffolk and Walter Whitmore.

Whit. *Gaultier*, or *Walter*, which it is, I care not;
Never yet did base dishonour blur our name,
But with our sword we wiped away the blot:
Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,
Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defaced,
And I proclaimed a coward through the world![1]

[*Lays hold on* SUFFOLK.

Suf. Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner is a prince,
The Duke of Suffolk, William de la Poole.

Whit. The Duke of Suffolk muffled up in rags!

Suf. Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke:
Jove sometime went disguised, and why not I?

Cap. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.

Suf. Obscure and lowly swain, King Henry's blood,
The honourable blood of Lancaster,
Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.
Hast thou not kissed thy hand, and held my stirrup?
Bare headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule,
And thought thee happy when I shook my head?
How often hast thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my trencher, kneeled down at the board,
When I have feasted with Queen Margaret?

[1] Then cast me headlong down into the sea.

Remember it, and let it make thee crestfall'n;
Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride.
How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood,
And duly waited for my coming forth?
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.

Whit. Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?

Cap. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

Suf. Base slave, thy words are blunt, and so art thou.

Cap. Convey him hence, and on our long-boat's side
Strike off his head.

Suf. Thou dar'st not for thy own.

Cap. Yes, Poole.

Suf. Poole?

Cap. Poole? Sir Poole? lord?
Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt
Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.
Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
For swallowing the treasure of the realm:
Thy lips, that kissed the queen, shall sweep the ground;
And thou, that smil'dst at good Duke Humphrey's death,

Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,[1]
Who in contempt shall hiss at thee again :
And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
For daring to affy a mighty lord
Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.
By devilish policy art thou grown great,
And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorged
With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.
By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France ;
The false revolting Normans thorough thee
Disdain to call us lord ; and Picardy
Hath slain their governors, surprised our forts,
And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,
Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,
As hating thee, are rising up in arms :
And now the house of York—thrust from the crown,
By shameful murder of a guiltless king,
And lofty proud encroaching tyranny—
Burns with revenging fire ; whose hopeful colours
Advance our half-faced sun, striving to shine,
Under the which is writ—*Invitis nubibus.*
The commons, here in Kent, are up in arms ;

[1] Shalt live no longer to infect the earth.

And, to conclude, reproach and beggary
Is crept into the palace of our king,
And all by thee.—Away!—Convey him hence.

Suf. O, that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder
Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges!
Small things make base men proud: this villain here,
Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more
Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate.
Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob beehives.
It is impossible, that I should die
By such a lowly vassal as thyself.
Thy words move rage, and not remorse, in me:
I go of message from the queen to France;
I charge thee, waft me safely cross the Channel.

Cap. Walter!—

Whit. Come, Suffolk; I must waft thee to thy death.

Suf. *Gelidus timor occupat artus:*—it is thee I fear.

Whit. Thou shalt have cause to fear, before I leave thee.

What! are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?

1 *Gent.* My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair.

Suf. Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,

Used to command, untaught to plead for favour.
Far be it we should honour such as these
With humble suit: no, rather let my head
Stoop to the block than these knees bow to any,
Save to the God of heaven, and to my king:
And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,
Than stand uncovered to the vulgar groom.
True nobility is exempt from fear:
More can I bear than you dare execute.

Cap. Hale him away, and let him talk no more.

Suf. Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can,
That this my death may never be forgot.—
Great men oft die by vile Bezonians.
A Roman sworder and banditto slave
Murdered sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand
Stabbed Julius Cæsar; savage islanders
Pompey the Great; and Suffolk dies by pirates.

[*Exit* SUFFOLK, *with* WHITMORE *and others.*

Cap. And as for these whose ransom we have set,
It is our pleasure one of them depart:
Therefore, come you with us, and let him go.

[*Exeunt all but the First Gentleman.*

Re-enter WHITMORE, *with* SUFFOLK'S *body.*

Whit. There let his head and lifeless body lie,
Until the queen, his mistress, bury it. [*Exit.*

1 *Gent.* O barbarous and bloody spectacle!
His body will I bear unto the king:
If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;
So will the queen, that living held him dear.

[*Exit, with the body.*

Scene II.—Blackheath.

Enter George Bevis *and* John Holland.

Geo. Come, and get thee a sword, though made of a lath: they have been up these two days.

John. They have the more need to sleep now then.

Geo. I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier means to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon it.

John. So he had need, for 't is threadbare. Well, I say, it was never merry world in England, since gentlemen came up.

Geo. O miserable age! Virtue is not regarded in handicraftsmen.

John. The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

Geo. Nay, more; the king's council are no good workmen.

John. True; and yet it is said, Labour in thy

vocation: which is as much to say as,—let the magistrates be labouring men; and therefore should we be magistrates.

Geo. Thou hast hit it; for there 's no better sign of a brave mind than a hard hand.

John. I see them! I see them! There 's Best's son, the tanner of Wingham,—

Geo. He shall have the skins of our enemies to make dog's-leather of.

John. And Dick the butcher,—

Geo. Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

John. And Smith the weaver,[1]—

Geo. *Argo*, their thread of life is spun.

John. Come, come; let 's fall in with them.

Drum. *Enter* CADE, DICK *the Butcher*, SMITH *the Weaver, and others in great number.*

Cade. We[2] John Cade, so termed of our supposed father,—

Dick. [*Aside.*] Or rather, of stealing a cade of herrings.[3]

Cade. For our enemies shall fall before us, in-

[1] Robin the sadler.

[2] 'I' and 'my' changed to 'we' and 'our;' 'our supposed father' for 'my valiancie.'

[3] Sprats.

spired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes,—Command silence.

Dick. Silence!

Cade. My father was a Mortimer,—

Dick. [*Aside.*] He was an honest man, and a good bricklayer.

Cade. My mother a Plantagenet,[1]—

Dick. [*Aside.*] I knew her well; she was a midwife.

Cade. My wife descended of the Lacies,—

Dick [*Aside.*] She was, indeed, a pedlar's daughter, and sold many laces.

Smith. [*Aside.*] But, now of late, not able to travel with her furred pack, she washes bucks here at home.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable house.

Dick. [*Aside.*] Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable, and there was he born, under a hedge; for his father had never a house, but the cage.

Cade. Valiant I am.

Smith. [*Aside.*] 'A must needs, for beggary is valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. [*Aside.*] No question of that, for I have seen him whipped three market-days together.

[1] My mother came of the Brases.

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Smith. [*Aside.*] He need not fear the sword, for his coat is of proof.

Dick. [*Aside.*] But, methinks, he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i' the hand for stealing of sheep.

Cade. Be brave then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be in England seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny; the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer. All the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass. And, when I am king (as king I will be),—

All. God save your majesty!

Cade. I thank you, good people:—there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

Dick. The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some

say, the bee stings; but I say, 't is the bee's wax, for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since.[1] How now, who 's there?

Enter some, bringing in the Clerk of Chatham.

Smith. The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read, and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous!

Smith. We took him setting of boys' copies.

Cade. Here 's a villain!

Smith. H' as a book in his pocket, with red letters in 't.

Cade. Nay, then he is a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations, and write court-hand.

Cade. I am sorry for 't: the man is a proper man, of mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die.—Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee. What is thy name?

Clerk. Emmanuel.

Dick. They use to write it on the top of letters.—'T will go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone.—Dost thou use to write thy name, or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?

[1] Transposed from a later part of the scene.

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up, that I can write my name.

All. He hath confessed: away with him! he 's a villain and a traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I say: hang him with his pen and ink-horn about his neck.

[*Exeunt some with the Clerk.*

Enter MICHAEL.

Mich. Where 's our general?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly! Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

Cade. Stand, villain, stand, or I 'll fell thee down. He shall be encountered with a man as good as himself: he is but a knight, is 'a?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently. [*Kneels.*]—Rise up Sir John Mortimer. Now have at him.

Enter Sir HUMPHREY STAFFORD, *and* WILLIAM *his Brother, with drum and Forces.*

Staf. Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,
Marked for the gallows, lay your weapons down:

Home to your cottages, forsake this groom,
The king is merciful, if you revolt.

W. Staf. But angry, wrathful, and inclined to blood,
If you go forward: therefore yield, or die.

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not:
It is to you, good people, that I speak,
O'er whom in time to come I hope to reign;
For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

Staf. Villain! thy father was a plasterer;
And thou thyself a shearman, art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a gardener.

W. Staf. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this:—Edmund[1] Mortimer, Earl of March,
Married the Duke of Clarence' daughter, did he not?

Staf. Ay, sir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

W. Staf. That 's false.

Cade. Ay, there 's the question; but I say, 't is true.
The elder of them, being put to nurse,
Was by a beggar-woman stol'n away;

[1] Roger.

And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a bricklayer when he came to age.
His son am I: deny it, if you can.

Dick. Nay, 't is too true; therefore, he shall be king.

Smith. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it: therefore, deny it not.

Staf. And will you credit this base drudge's words,
That speaks he knows not what?

All. Ay, marry, will we; therefore get ye gone.

W. Staf. Jack Cade, the Duke of York hath taught you this.

Cade. [*Aside.*] He lies, for I invented it myself. —Go to, sirrah: tell the king from me, that for his father's sake, Henry the Fifth, in whose time boys went to span-counter for French crowns, I am content he shall reign; but I'll be protector over him.

Dick. And, furthermore, we'll have the Lord Say's head, for selling the dukedom of Maine.

Cade. And good reason; for thereby is England maimed, and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you that that Lord Say hath gelded the commonwealth,

and made it an eunuch; and more than that, he can speak French, and therefore he is a traitor.

Staf. O gross and miserable ignorance!

Cade. Nay, answer, if you can: the Frenchmen are our enemies; go to then, I ask but this: can he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy be a good counsellor, or no?

All. No, no; and therefore we'll have his head.

W. Staf. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail,
Assail them with the army of the king.

Staf. Herald, away; and, throughout every town,
Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade;
That those which fly before the battle ends,
May, even in their wives' and children's sight,
Be hanged up for example at their doors.—
And you that be the king's friends, follow me.

[*Exeunt the two* STAFFORDS *and Forces.*

Cade. And you that love the commons, follow me.—
Now show yourselves men: 't is for liberty.
We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:
Spare none but such as go in clouted shoon,
For they are thrifty honest men, and such
As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

Dick. They are all in order, and march toward us.

Cade. But then are we in order, when we are most out of order. Come: march! forward!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Another Part of Blackheath.

Alarums. The two parties enter, and fight, and both the STAFFORDS *are slain.*

Cade. Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?

Dick. Here, sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou behavedst thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house: therefore thus will I reward thee,—the Lent shall be as long again as it is; and thou shalt have a license to kill for a hundred lacking one.

Dick. I desire no more.

Cade. And, to speak truth, thou deservest no less. This monument of the victory will I bear; and the bodies shall be dragged at my horse' heels, till I do come to London, where we will have the mayor's sword borne before us.

Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the gaols, and let out the prisoners.

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come; let's march towards London. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, *reading a supplication; the Duke of* BUCKINGHAM, *and Lord* SAY, *with him: at a distance, Queen* MARGARET, *mourning over* SUFFOLK'S *head.*

Q. Mar. Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind,
And makes it fearful and degenerate;
Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep.
But who can cease to weep, and look on this?
Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast;
But where's the body that I should embrace?

Buck. What answer makes your grace to the rebels' supplication?

K. Hen. I'll send some holy bishop to entreat:
For God forbid, so many simple souls
Should perish by the sword! And I myself,
Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,
Will parley with Jack Cade, their general.—
But stay, I'll read it over once again.

Q. Mar. Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face
Ruled like a wandering planet over me,
And could it not enforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the same?

K. Hen. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy head.

Say. Ay, but I hope, your highness shall have his.

K. Hen. How now, madam?
Still lamenting, and mourning for Suffolk's death?
I fear me, love, if that I had been dead,
Thou wouldest not have mourned so much for me.

Q. Mar. No, my love; I should not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

K. Hen. How now! what news? why com'st thou in such haste?

Mess. The rebels are in Southwark. Fly, my lord!
Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord Mortimer,
Descended from the Duke of Clarence' house,
And calls your grace usurper openly,
And vows to crown himself in Westminster.
His army is a ragged multitude

Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless:
Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death
Hath given them heart and courage to proceed.
All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
They call false caterpillars, and intend their death.

K. Hen. O graceless men! they know not what they do.

Buck. My gracious lord, retire to Killingworth,
Until a power be raised to put them down.

Q. Mar. Ah! were the Duke of Suffolk now alive,
These Kentish rebels would be soon appeased.

K. Hen. Lord Say, the traitors hate thee,
Therefore away with us to Killingworth.

Say. So might your grace's person be in danger.
The sight of me is odious in their eyes[1];
And therefore in this city will I stay,
And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

2 *Mess.* Jack Cade hath gotten London Bridge;
The citizens fly and forsake their houses;
The rascal people, thirsting after prey,
Join with the traitor; and they jointly swear,
To spoil the city, and your royal court.

[1] My innocence, my lord, shall plead for me.

Buck. Then linger not, my lord: away, take horse.

K. Hen. Come, Margaret: God, our hope, will succour us.

Q. Mar. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceased.

K. Hen. [*To Lord* Say.] Farewell, my lord: trust not the Kentish rebels.

Buck. Trust nobody, for fear you be betrayed.

Say. The trust I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.—The Same. The Tower.

Enter Lord Scales, *and others, walking on the walls. Then enter certain Citizens, below.*

Scales. How now! is Jack Cade slain?

1 *Cit.* No, my lord, nor likely to be slain; for they have won the bridge, killing all those that withstand them. The lord mayor craves aid of your honour from the Tower, to defend the city from the rebels.

Scales. Such aid as I can spare, you shall command;
But I am troubled here with them myself:

The rebels have essayed to win the Tower.
But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,
And thither I will send you Matthew Gough.
Fight for your king, your country, and your lives;
And so farewell, for I must hence again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—The Same. Cannon Street.

Enter JACK CADE *and his Followers. He strikes his staff on London Stone.*

Cade. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London Stone, I charge and command, that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now, henceforward, it shall be treason for any that calls me other than Lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier, running.

Sold. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

Cade. Knock him down there. [*They kill him.*

Smith. If this fellow be wise, he 'll never call you Jack Cade more: I think, he hath a very fair warning.

Dick. My lord, there 's an army gathered together in Smithfield.

Cade. Come then, let 's go fight with them. But first, go and set London Bridge on fire, and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let 's away.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—The Same. Smithfield.

Alarum. Enter, on one side, CADE *and his Company; on the other, the Citizens, and the King's Forces, headed by* MATTHEW GOUGH. *They fight, the Citizens are routed, and* MATTHEW GOUGH *is slain.*

Cade. So, Sirs.—Now go home and pull down the Savoy; others to the inns of court: down with them all.

Dick. I have a suit unto your lordship.

Cade. Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

Dick. Only, that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.

John. [*Aside.*] Mass, 't will be sore law then; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 't is not whole yet.

Smith. [*Aside.*] Nay, John, it will be stinking law; for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese.

Cade. I have thought upon it; it shall be so. Away! burn all the records of the realm: my mouth shall be the parliament of England.

John. [*Aside.*] Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pulled out.

Cade. And henceforward all things shall be in common.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, a prize, a prize! here 's the Lord Say, which sold the towns in France; he that made us pay one-and-twenty fifteens, and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

Enter GEORGE BEVIS, *with the Lord* SAY.

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times.—Ah, thou say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord! now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my majesty, for giving up of Normandy unto Monsieur Basimecu, the dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee by these presence, even the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar-school: and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other

books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used; and, contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face, that thou hast men about thee, that usually talk of a noun, and a verb, and such abominable words, as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and because they could not read, thou hast hanged them; when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride in a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honester men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

Dick. And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent,—

Dick. What say you of Kent?

Say. Nothing but this: 't is *bona terra, mala gens.*

Cade. Away with him! away with him! he speaks Latin.

Say. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.
Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar writ,
Is termed the civil'st place of all this isle:
Sweet is the country, because full of riches;
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;
Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.
I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy;
Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.
Justice with favour have I always done;
Prayers and tears have moved me, gifts could never.
When have I aught exacted at your hands,
But to maintain the king, the realm, and you?
Large gifts have I bestowed on learned clerks,
Because my book preferred me to the king;
And seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,
Unless you be possessed with devilish spirits,
You cannot but forbear to murder me.
This tongue hath parleyed unto foreign kings
For your behoof.—

Cade. Tut! when struck'st thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men have reaching hands: oft have I struck
Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

Geo. O monstrous coward! what, to come behind folks?

Say. These cheeks are pale for watching for your good.

Cade. Give him a box o' the ear, and that will make 'em red again.

Say. Long sitting, to determine poor men's causes,
Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

Cade. Ye shall have a hempen caudle then, and the help of hatchet.

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man?

Say. The palsy, and not fear, provokes me.

Cade. Nay, he nods at us; as who should say, I'll be even with you. I'll see if his head will stand steadier on a pole, or no. Take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me, wherein have I offended most?
Have I affected wealth, or honour? speak.
Are my chests filled up with extorted gold?
Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?
Whom have I injured, that ye seek my death?
These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding,
This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.
O, let me live!

Cade. I feel remorse in myself with his words;

but I 'll bridle it: he shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life. Away with him! he has a familiar under his tongue: he speaks not o' God's name. Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently; and then break into his son-in-law's house, Sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah, countrymen! if when you make your prayers,
God should be so obdurate as yourselves,
How would it fare with your departed souls?
And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye.

[*Exeunt some, with Lord* SAY.

The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute: there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her maidenhead, ere they have it. Men shall hold of me *in capite;* and we charge and command, that their wives be as free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.

Dick. My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside, and take up commodities upon our bills?

Cade. Marry, presently.

All. O, brave!

Re-enter Rebels, with the heads of Lord SAY *and his Son-in-law.*

Cade. But is not this braver?—Let them kiss one another, for they loved well, when they were alive. Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night; for with these borne before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets; and at every corner have them kiss.—Away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—Southwark.

Alarum. Enter CADE *and all his Rabblement.*

Cade. Up Fish Street! down Saint Magnus' Corner! kill and knock down! throw them into Thames!—[*A parley sounded, then a retreat.*] What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley, when I command them kill?

Enter BUCKINGHAM, *and Old* CLIFFORD, *with Forces.*

Buck. Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee.

Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king

Unto the commons whom thou hast misled;
And here pronounce free pardon to them all
That will forsake thee, and go home in peace

Clif. What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent,
And yield to mercy, whilst 't is offered you,
Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths?
Who loves the king, and will embrace his pardon,
Fling up his cap, and say—God save his majesty!
Who hateth him, and honours not his father,
Henry the Fifth, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.[1]

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Cade.[2] What! Buckingham, and Clifford, are ye so brave?—And you, base peasants, do ye believe him? will you needs be hanged with your pardons about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through London gates, that you should leave me at

[1] If honour be the mark whereat you aim,
Then haste to France that our forefathers won,
And win again that thing which now is lost,
And leave to seek your country's overthrow.
All. A Clifford, a Clifford.

[2] Cade's speech is in the old play:
Why, how now, will you forsake your general,
And ancient freedom which you have possest?
To bend your necks under their servile yokes
Who, if you stir, will straightways hang you up.

In Clifford's next speech the only argument was that the king was merciful.

the White Hart in Southwark? I thought, ye would never have given out these arms, till you had recovered your ancient freedom; but you are all recreants, and dastards, and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs with burdens, take your houses over your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before your faces: for me,—I will make shift for one, and so, —God's curse light upon you all!

All. We 'll follow Cade, we 'll follow Cade.

Clif. Is Cade the son of Henry the Fifth,
That thus you do exclaim, you 'll go with him?
Will he conduct you through the heart of France
And make the meanest of you earls and dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to;
Nor knows he how to live, but by the spoil,
Unless by robbing of your friends, and us.
Were 't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar,
The fearful French, whom you late vanquishéd,
Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish you?
Methinks, already, in this civil broil,
I see them lording it in London streets,
Crying—"Villiago!" unto all they meet.
Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry,
Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.
To France, to France! and get what you have lost.

Spare England, for it is your native coast.
Henry hath money, you are strong and manly:
God on our side, doubt not of victory.

All. A Clifford! a Clifford! we'll follow the king, and Clifford.

Cade. Was ever feather so lightly blown to and and fro, as this multitude? The name of Henry the Fifth hales them to an hundred mischiefs, and makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay their heads together to surprise me: my sword make way for me, for here is no staying.—In despite of the devils and hell, have through the very midst of you; and heavens and honour be witness, that no want of resolution in me, but only my followers' base and ignominious treasons, makes me betake me to my heels. [*Exit.*

Buck. What! is he fled? go some, and follow him;
And he, that brings his head unto the king,
Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.—
[*Exeunt some of them.*
Follow me, soldiers: we'll devise a mean
To reconcile you all unto the king. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IX.—Kenilworth Castle.

Sound Trumpets. Enter King Henry, *Queen* Margaret, *and* Somerset, *on the Terrace of the Castle*

K. Hen. Was ever king that joyed an earthly throne,
And could command no more content than I?
No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,
But I was made a king, at nine months old:
Was never subject longed to be a king,
As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter Buckingham *and* Clifford.

Buck. Health, and glad tidings, to your majesty!

K. Hen. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor, Cade, surprised?
Or is he but retired to make him strong?

Enter below, a number of Cade's *Followers, with halters about their necks.*

Clif. He 's fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield,
And humbly thus, with halters on their necks,
Expect your highness' doom, of life, or death.

K. Hen. Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!—
Soldiers, this day have you redeemed your lives,
And showed how well you love your prince and country:
Continue still in this so good a mind,
And Henry, though he be infortunate,
Assure yourselves, will never be unkind:
And so, with thanks and pardon to you all,
I do dismiss you to your several countries.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Please it your grace to be advértiséd,
The Duke of York is newly come from Ireland,
And with a puissant and a mighty power
Of gallowglasses and stout kernes,
Is marching hitherward in proud array;
And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
His arms are only to remove from thee
The Duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.

K. Hen. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and York distressed,
Like to a ship, that, having scaped a tempest,
Is straightway calmed and boarded with a pirate.

But now is Cade driven back, his men dispersed,
And now is York in arms to second him.—
I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him,
And ask him, what 's the reason of these arms.
Tell him, I 'll send Duke Edmund to the Tower ;—
And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
Until his army be dismissed from him.

Som. My lord,
I 'll yield myself to prison willingly,
Or unto death, to do my country good.

K. Hen. In any case, be not too rough in terms,
For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard language.

Buck. I will, my lord ; and doubt not so to deal,
As all things shall redound unto your good.

K. Hen. Come wife, let's in, and learn to govern better ;
For yet may England curse my wretched reign.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene X.—Kent. Iden's Garden.

Enter Cade.

Cade. Fie on ambition ! fie on myself, that have a sword, and yet am ready to famish ! These five days have I hid me in these woods, and durst not peep out, for all the country is laid for me ; but

now am I so hungry, that if I might have a lease of my life for a thousand years, I could stay no longer. Wherefore, on a brick wall have I climbed into this garden, to see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet another while, which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather. And I think this word sallet was born to do me good: for many a time, but for a sallet, my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill; and many a time, when I have been dry and bravely marching, it hath served me instead of a quart-pot to drink in; and now the word sallet must serve me to feed on.

Enter IDEN, *with Servants, behind.*

Iden. Lord! who would live turmoiléd in the court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?
This small inheritance, my father left me,
Contenteth me, and worth a monarchy.
I seek not to wax great by others' waning;
Or gather wealth I care not with what envy:
Sufficeth that I have maintains my state,
And sends the poor well pleaséd from my gate.

Cade. Here 's the lord of the soil come to seize me for a stray, for entering his fee-simple without leave. Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me, and get a

thousand crowns of the king by carrying my head to him; but I'll make thee eat iron like an ostrich, and swallow my sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou be,
I know thee not; why then should I betray thee?
Is 't not enough, to break into my garden,
And like a thief to come to rob my grounds,
Climbing my walls in spite of me, the owner,
But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?

Cade. Brave thee? ay, by the best blood that ever was broached, and beard thee too. Look on me well: I have eat no meat these five days; yet, come thou and thy five men; and if I do not leave you all as dead as a door-nail, I pray God I may never eat grass more.

Iden. Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England stands,
That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,
Took odds to combat a poor famished man.
Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine,[1]
See if thou canst outface me with thy looks:
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser;

[1] The old text has for this line and the lines following:—
Look on me, my limbs are equal unto thine, and every way as big, then hand to hand I'll combat thee. Sirrah, fetch me weapons, and stand you all aside.

Thy hand is but a finger to my fist;
Thy leg a stick, compared with this truncheon;
My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;
And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
Thy grave is digged already in the earth.
As for words, whose greatness answers words,
Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

Cade. By my valour, the most complete champion that ever I heard.—Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut not out the burly-boned clown in chines of beef ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech Jove on my knees, thou mayest be turned to hobnails. [*They fight.* CADE *falls.*] O! I am slain. Famine, and no other, hath slain me: let ten thousand devils come against me, and give me but the ten meals I have lost, and I 'd defy them all. Wither, garden; and be henceforth a burying-place to all that do dwell in this house, because the unconquered soul of Cade is fled.

Iden. Is 't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous traitor?
Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
And hang thee o'er my tomb, when I am dead:
Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point,
But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,
To emblaze the honour that thy master got.

Cade. Iden, farewell; and be proud of thy victory. Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and exhort all the world to be cowards; for I, that never feared any, am vanquished by famine, not by valour. [*Dies.*

Iden. How much thou wrong'st me, Heaven be my judge.
Die, damnéd wretch, the curse of her that bare thee!
And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.
Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels[1]
Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave,
And there cut off thy most ungracious head;
Which I will bear in triumph to the king,
Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.

[*Exeunt* IDEN, *dragging out the body, and Servants.*

[1] The closing lines only amplify the words of the old play:—
I'll drag him hence, and with my sword cut off his head, and bear it. . . . [*Exit.*

ACT V.

Scene I.—The Same. Fields between Dartford and Blackheath.

The King's Camp on one side. On the other, enter York *attended, with drum and colours; his Forces at some distance.*

York. From Ireland thus comes York, to claim his right,
And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head:
Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,
To entertain great England's lawful king.
Ah, *sancta majestas!* who would not buy thee dear?
Let them obey, that know not how to rule;
This hand was made to handle nought but gold:
I cannot give due action to my words,
Except a sword, or sceptre, balance it.
A sceptre shall it have, have I a soul,
On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

Enter Buckingham.

Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me?

The king hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.

Buck. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.

York. Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.

Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?

Buck. A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,

To know the reason of these arms in peace;
Or why thou,—being a subject as I am,—
Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,
Shouldst raise so great a power without his leave,
Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.

York. [*Aside.*] Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great.

O, I could hew up rocks, and fight with flint,
I am so angry at these abject terms;
And now, like Ajax Telamonius,
On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury.
I am far better born than is the king,
More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts;
But I must make fair weather yet awhile,
Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong[1]—

[1] But, York, dissemble till thou meet thy sons
Who now in arms expect their father's sight,
And not far hence I know they cannot be.

O Buckingham, I pr'ythee, pardon me,
That I have given no answer all this while:
My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
The cause why I have brought this army hither,
Is, to remove proud Somerset from the king,
Seditious to his grace, and to the state.

Buck. That is too much presumption on thy part;
But if thy arms be to no other end,
The king hath yielded unto thy demand:
The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

York. Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?

Buck. Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.

York. Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.—
Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves:
Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field,
You shall have pay, and everything you wish.
And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,
Command my eldest son,—nay, all my sons,
As pledges of my fealty and love;
I'll send them all, as willing as I live:
Lands, goods, horse, armour, anything I have
Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

Buck. York, I commend this kind submission:
We twain will go into his highness' tent.

Enter King HENRY, *attended.*

K. Hen. Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us,
That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?

York. In all submission and humility,
York doth present himself unto your highness.

K. Hen. Then what intend these forces thou dost bring?

York. To heave the traitor Somerset from hence;
And fight against that monstrous rebel, Cade,
Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter IDEN, *with* CADE'S *head.*

Iden. If one so rude, and of so mean condition,
May pass into the presence of a king,
Lo, I present your grace a traitor's head,
The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

K. Hen. The head of Cade?—Great God, how just art Thou!—
O, let me view his visage being dead,
That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.
Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him?

Iden. I was, an't like your majesty.

K. Hen. How art thou called, and what is thy degree?

Iden. Alexander Iden, that 's my name ;
A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.

Buck. So please it you, my lord, 't were not amiss,
He were created knight for his good service.

K. Hen. Iden, kneel down. [*He kneels.*] Rise up a knight.
We give thee for reward a thousand marks ;
And will, that thou henceforth attend on us.

Iden. May Iden live to merit such a bounty,
And never live but true unto his liege.

K. Hen. See, Buckingham ! Somerset comes with the queen :
Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

Enter Queen MARGARET *and* SOMERSET.

Q. Mar. For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his head,
But boldly stand, and front him to his face.

York. How now ! is Somerset at liberty ?
Then, York, unloose thy long-imprisoned thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
Shall I endure the sight of Somerset ?—
False king, why hast thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse ?
King did I call thee ? no, thou art not king ;

Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
Which dar'st not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.
That head of thine doth not become a crown;
Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,
And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.
That gold must round engirt these brows of mine;
Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,
Is able with the change to kill and cure.
Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up,
And with the same to act controlling laws.
Give place: by Heaven, thou shalt rule no more
O'er him whom Heaven created for thy ruler.

Som. O monstrous traitor!—I arrest thee, York,
Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown.
Obey, audacious traitor: kneel for grace.

York. Wouldst have me kneel? first let me ask of these,
If they can brook I bow a knee to man?
Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail;

[*Exit an Attendant.*

I know, ere they will have me go to ward,
They 'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.

Q. Mar. Call hither Clifford; bid him come amain,
To say, if that the bastard boys of York
Shall be the surety for their traitor father.

[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.

York. O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,
Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge,
The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those
That for my surety will refuse the boys.

Enter EDWARD *and* RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *with Forces, at one side; at the other, with Forces also, Old* CLIFFORD *and his Son.*

See, where they come: I 'll warrant they 'll make it good.

Q. Mar. And here comes Clifford, to deny their bail.

Clif. Health and all happiness to my lord the king! [*Kneels.*

York. I thank thee, Clifford: say, what news with thee?
Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:
We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;
For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

Clif. This is my king, York: I do not mistake;
But thou mistak'st me much, to think I do.—
To Bedlam with him! is the man grown mad?

K. Hen. Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious humour
Makes him oppose himself against his king.

Clif. He is a traitor : let him to the Tower,
And chop away that factious pate of his.

Q. Mar. He is arrested, but will not obey :
His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.

York. Will you not, sons ?

Edw. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.

Rich. And if words will not, then our weapons shall.

Clif. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here !

York. Look in a glass, and call thy image so ;
I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.—
Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,
That with the very shaking of their chains
They may astonish these fell-lurking curs :
Bid Salisbury, and Warwick, come to me.

Drums. Enter WARWICK *and* SALISBURY, *with Forces.*

Clif. Are these thy bears ? we 'll bait thy bears to death,
And manacle the bear-ward in their chains,
If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting-place.

Rich. Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening cur
Run back and bite, because he was withheld ;
Who, being suffered with the bear's fell paw,

Hath clapped his tail between his legs, and cried:
And such a piece of service will you do,
If you oppose yourselves to match Lord Warwick.

Clif. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!

York. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

Clif. Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.

K. Hen. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?—
Old Salisbury,—shame to thy silver hair,
Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son!—
What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,
And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?
O, where is faith? O, where is loyalty?
If it be banished from the frosty head,
Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?—
Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
And shame thine honourable age with blood?
Why art thou old, and want'st experience?
Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me,
That bows unto the grave with mickle age.

Sal. My lord, I have considered with myself
The title of this most renownéd duke;
And in my conscience do repute his grace

The rightful heir to England's royal seat.

K. Hen. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?

Sal. I have.

K. Hen. Canst thou dispense with heaven for such an oath?

Sal. It is great sin to swear unto a sin,
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.
Who can be bound by any solemn vow
To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,
To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
To wring the widow from her customed right,
And have no other reason for this wrong,
But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

Q. Mar. A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

K. Hen. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.

York. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,
I am resolved for death, or dignity.

Clif. The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.

War. You were best to go to bed, and dream again,
To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

Clif. I am resolved to bear a greater storm,

Than any thou canst conjure up to-day ;
And that I 'll write upon thy burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy household badge.

War. Now, by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,
The rampant bear chained to the ragged staff,
This day I 'll wear aloft my burgonet,—
As on a mountain-top the cedar shows,
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm,—
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

Clif. And from thy burgonet I 'll rend thy bear,
And tread it under foot with all contempt,
Despite the bear-ward that protects the bear.

Y. Clif. And so to arms, victorious father,
To quell the rebels, and their complices.

Rich. Fie ! charity ! for shame ! speak not in spite,
For you shall sup with Jesu Christ to-night.

Y. Clif. Foul stigmatic, that 's more than thou canst tell.

Rich. If not in heaven, you 'll surely sup in hell.

[*Exeunt severally.*

Scene II.—Saint Albans.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter Warwick.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 't is Warwick calls:
And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear
Now, when the angry trumpet sounds alarm
And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me!
Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter York.

How now, my noble lord? what, all afoot?

York. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed;
But match to match I have encountered him,
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
Even of the bonny beast he loved so well.

Enter Clifford.

War. Of one or both of us the time is come.

York. Hold, Warwick! seek thee out some other chase,
For I myself must hunt this deer to death.

War. Then, nobly, York; 't is for a crown thou fight'st.—
As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,

It grieves my soul to leave thee unassailed. [*Exit.*

Clif. What seest thou in me, York? why dost thou pause?

York. With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

Clif. Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem,
But that 't is shown ignobly, and in treason.

York. So let it help me now against thy sword,
As I in justice and true right express it.

Clif. My soul and body on the action both!—

York. A dreadful lay! Address thee instantly.

Clif. *La fin couronne les œuvres.*

[*They fight, and* CLIFFORD *falls and dies.*

York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.
Peace with his soul, Heaven, if it be thy will![1]

[*Exit.*

Enter Young CLIFFORD.

Y. Clif. Shame and confusion! all is on the rout:
Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
Where it should guard. O war! thou son of hell,

[1] Of this passage between Clifford and York the motive is changed, in re-writing, from simple hate to the respect of generous enemies towards each other.

Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance!—Let no soldier fly:
He that is truly dedicate to war
Hath no self-love; nor he that loves himself
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
The name of valour.—[*Seeing his father's body.*]
O, let the vile world end,
And the premiséd flames of the last day
Knit earth and heaven together!
Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
Particularities and petty sounds
To cease!—Wast thou ordained, dear father,
To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
The silver livery of adviséd age,
And, in thy reverence, and thy chair-days, thus
To die in ruffian battle?—Even at this sight,
My heart is turned to stone: and while 't is mine,
It shall be stony.[1] York not our old men spares;
No more will I their babes: tears virginal
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;
And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
Henceforth I will not have to do with pity:

[1] The rest of this speech is much elaborated from the early text.

Meet I an infant of the house of York,
Into as many gobbets will I cut it,
As wild Medea young Absyrtus did:
In cruelty will I seek out my fame.
Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house:
[*Taking up the body.*
As did Æneas old Anchises bear,
So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;
But then Æneas bare a living load,
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine. [*Exit.*

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET *and* SOMERSET, *fighting.* SOMERSET *is killed.*

Rich. So, lie thou there;—
For, underneath an ale-house' paltry sign,
The Castle in Saint Albans, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous in his death.
Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still:
Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill. [*Exit.*

Alarums: Excursions. Enter King HENRY, *Queen* MARGARET, *and others, retreating.*

Q. Mar. Away, my lord! you are slow: for shame, away!

K. Hen. Can we outrun the heavens? good Margaret, stay.

Q. Mar. What are you made of? you 'll nor fight, nor fly;[1]
Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,
To give the enemy way, and to secure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly.
[*Alarum afar off.*
If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom
Of all our fortunes: but if we haply scape
(As well we may, if not through your neglect),
We shall to London get, where you are loved,
And where this breach, now in our fortunes made,
May readily be stopped.

Enter Young CLIFFORD.

Y. Clif. But that my heart's on future mischief set,
I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly;
But fly you must: uncurable discomfit
Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.
Away, for your relief! and we will live
To see their day, and them our fortune give.
Away, my lord, away! [*Exeunt.*

[1] In the old play there are three lines of the Queen's and three of the King's, both of one mind, to fly to London and there summon a Parliament.

SCENE III.—Fields near Saint Albans.

Alarum: Retreat. Flourish; then enter YORK, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, WARWICK, *and Soldiers, with drum and colours.*

York. Of Salisbury, who can report of him?
That winter lion, who in rage forgets
Aged contusions and all brush of time,
And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,
Repairs him with occasion? This happy day
Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
If Salisbury be lost.

Rich. My noble father,
Three times to-day I holp him to his horse,
Three times bestrid him; thrice I led him off,
Persuaded him from any further act:
But still, where danger was, still there I met him;
And like rich hangings in a homely house,
So was his will in his old feeble body.
But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to-day;
By the mass, so did we all.—I thank you, Richard:
God knows how long it is I have to live;

And it hath pleased Him, that three times to-day
You have defended me from imminent death.—
Well, lords, we have not got that which we have:
'T is not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repairing nature.

York. I know our safety is to follow them;
For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,
To call a present court of parliament:
Let us pursue him, ere the writs go forth.—
What says Lord Warwick? shall we after them?

War. After them? nay, before them, if we can.
Now, by my faith, lords, 't was a glorious day:
Saint Alban's battle, won by famous York,
Shall be eternised in all age to come.—
Sound, drums and trumpets!—and to London all;
And more such days as these to us befall!

[*Exeunt.*

THE FIRST PART

OF THE

CONTENTION OF THE TWO FAMOVS HOUSES OF YORKE AND LANCASTER,

With the death of the good Duke Humphrey.

(CONTINUED FROM VOL. 185.)

Enter two of the Rebels with long staves.

George. Come away Nick, and put a long staffe in thy pike, and prouide thy selfe, for I Can tell thee, they haue bene vp this two daies.

Nicke. Then they had more need to go to bed now. But sirrha George whats the matter?

George. Why sirrha, Iack Cade the Diar of Ashford here, He meanes to turne this land, and set a new nap on it.

Nicke. I marry he had need so, for tis growne threedbare, Twas neuer merry world with vs, since these gentle men came vp.

George. I warrant thee, thou shalt neuer see a Lord weare a leather aperne now a-daies.

Nicke. But sirrha, who comes more beside Iacke Cade?

George. Why theres Dicke the Butcher, and Robin the Sadler, and Will that came a wooing to our Nan last Sunday, and Harry and Tom, and Gregory that should haue your Parnill, and a great sort more is come from Rochester, and from Maydstone, and Canterbury, and all the Townes here abouts, and we must all be Lords or squires, assoone as Iacke Cade is King.

Nicke. Harke, harke, I here the Drum, they be comming.

Enter IACKE CADE, DICKE *Butcher*, ROBIN, WILL, TOM, HARRY, *and the rest, with long staues.*

Cade. Proclaime silence.

All. Silence.

Cade. I Iohn Cade so named for my valiancie.

Dicke. Or rather for stealing of a Cade of Sprats.

Cade. My father was a Mortemer.

Nicke. He was an honest man and a good Brick-laier.

Cade. My mother came of the Brases.

Will. She was a Pedlers daughter indeed, and sold many lases.

Robin. And now being not able to occupie her furd packe,
She washeth buckes vp and downe the country.

Cade. Therefore I am honourably borne.

Harry. I for the field is honourable, for he was borne Vnder a hedge, for his father had no house but the Cage.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

George. Thats true, I know he can endure anything, For I haue seen him whipt two market daies togither.

Cade. I feare neither sword nor fire.

Will. He need not feare the sword, for his coate is of proofe.

Dicke. But mee thinkes he should feare the fire, being so often burnt in the hand, for stealing of sheepe.

Cade. Therefore be braue, for your Captain is braue, and vowes reformation: you shall haue seuen halfpenny loaues for a penny, and the three hoopt pot, shall haue ten hoopes, and it shall be felony to drinke small beere, and if I be king, as king I will be.

All. God saue your maiestie.

Cade. I thanke you good people, you shall all eate and drinke of my score, and go all in my liuerie, and weele haue

no writing, but the score & the Tally, and there shalbe no lawes but such as comes from my mouth.

Dicke. We shall haue sore lawes then, for he was thrust into the mouth the other day.

George. I and stinking law too, for his breath stinks so, that one cannot abide it.

Enter WILL *with the Clarke of Chattam.*

Will. Oh Captaine a pryze.

Cade. Whose that Will?

Will. The Clarke of Chattam, he can write and reade and cast account, I tooke him setting of boyes coppies, and hee has a booke in his pocket with red letters.

Cade. Sonnes, hees a coniurer bring him hither. Now. sir, what your name?

Clarke. Emanuell sir, and it shall please you.

Dicke. It will go hard with you, I can tell you, For they vse to write that oth top of letters.

Cade. And what do you vse to write your name? Or do you as auncient forefathers haue done, Vse the score and the Tally?

Clarke. Nay, true sir, I praise God I haue bene so well brought vp, that I can write mine owne name.

Cade. Oh hes confest, go hang him with his penny-inck-horne about his necke. [*Exit one with the Clarke.*

Enter TOM.

Tom. Captaine. Newes, newes, sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are comming with the kings power, and mean to kil vs all.

Cade. Let them come, hees but a knight is he?

Tom. No, no, hees but a knight.

Cade. Why then to equall him, ile make my selfe knight. Kneele downe Iohn Mortemer,

Rise up sir Iohn Mortemer.
Is there any more of them that be Knights?
Tom. I his brother. [*He Knights* DICKE *Butcher.*
Cade. Then kneele downe Dicke Butcher,
Rise vp sir Dicke Butcher. [*Now sound vp the Drumme.*

Enter sir HUMPHREY STAFFORD *and his brother, with Drumme and souldiers.*

Cade. As for these silken coated slaues I passe not a pinne,
Tis to you good people that I speake.
Staf. Why country-men, what meane you thus in troopes?
To follow this rebellious Traitor Cade?
Why his father was but a Brick-laier.
Cade. Well, and Adam was a Gardner, what then?
But I come of the Mortemers.
Staf. I the Duke of Yorke hath taught you that.
Cade. The Duke of Yorke, nay, I learnt it my selfe,
For looke you, Roger Mortemer the Earle of March,
Married the Duke of Clarence daughter.
Staf. Well, thats true: But what then?
Cade. And by her he had two children at a birth.
Staf. Thats false.
Cade. I, but I say, tis true.
All. Why then tis true.
Cade. And one of them was stolne away by a begger-woman,
And that was my father, and I am his sonne,
Deny it and you can.
Nicke. Nay looke you, I know twas true,
For his father built a chimney in my fathers house,
And the brickes are aliue at this day to testifie.
Cade. But doest thou heare Stafford, tell the King, that for his fathers sake, in whose time boyes plaide at spanne-counter with Frenche Crownes, I am content that he shall

be King as long as he liues. Marry alwaies prouded, ile be Protector ouer him.

Staf. O monstrous simplicite.

Cade. And tell him, weele haue the Lord Sayes head, and the Duke of Somersets, for deliuering vp the Dukedomes of Anioy and Mayne, and selling the Townes in France, by which meanes England hath bene maimde euer since, and gone as it were with a crouch, but that my puissance held it vp. And besides, they can speake French, and therefore they are traitors.

Staf. As how I prethie?

Cade. Why the French men are our enemies be they not? And then can hee that speakes with the tongue of an enemy be a good subiect?
Answere me to that.

Staf. Well sirrha, wilt thou yeeld thy selfe vnto the Kings mercy, and he will pardon thee and these, their outrages and rebellious deeds?

Cade. Nay, bid the King come to me and he will, and then ile pardon him, or otherwaies ile haue his Crowne tell him, ere it be long.

Staf. Go Herald proclaime in all the Kings Townes.
That those that will forsake the Rebell Cade,
Shall haue free pardon from his Maiestie.

[*Exet* STAFFORD *and his men.*

Cade. Come sirs, saint George for vs and Kent.

[*Exet omnes.*

Alarums to the battaile, and sir HUMPHREY STAFFORD *and his brother is slaine. Then enter* IACKE CADE *againe and the rest.*

Cade. Sir Dicke Butcher, thou hast fought to day most valianly, And knockt them down as if thou hadst bin in thy slaughter house. And thus I will reward thee. The Lent shall be as long againe as it was. Thou shalt haue licence

to kill for foure score & one a week. Drumme strike vp, for now weele march to London, for to morrow I meane to sit in the Kings seate at Westminster. [*Exet omnes.*

Enter the King reading of a Letter, and the Queene, with the Duke of SUFFOLKES *head, and the Lord* SAY, *with others.*

Kin. Sir Humphrey Stamford and his brother is slaine,
And the Rebels march amaine to London,
Go back to them, and tell them thus from me,
Ile come and parley with their generall.

Reade. Yet staie, ile reade the Letter one againe.
Lord Say, Iacke Cade hath solemnely vowde to haue thy head.

Say. I but I hope your highnesse shall haue his.

Kin. How now Madam, still lamenting and mourning for Suffolkes death, I feare my loue, if I had bene dead, thou wouldst not haue mournde so much for me.

Queene. No my loue, I should not mourne, but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Oh flie my Lord, the Rebels are entered
Southwarke, and haue almost wonne the Bridge,
Calling your grace an vsurper,
And that monstrous Rebell Cade, hath sworne
To Crowne himselfe King in Westminster,
Therefore flie my Lord, and poste to Killingworth.

Kin. Go bid Buckingham and Clifford, gather
An Army vp, and meete with the Rebels.
Come Madame, let vs haste to Killingworth.
Come on Lord Say, go thou along with vs,
For feare the Rebell Cade do find thee out.

Say. My innocence my Lord shall pleade for me.
And therefore with your highnesse leaue, ile staie behind.

Kin. Euen as thou wilt my Lord Say.
Come Madame, let vs on

Enter the Lord SKAYLES *upon the Tower Walles walking. Enter three or foure Citizens below.*

Lord Scayles. How now, is Iacke Cade slaine?

1 *Cit.* No my Lord, nor likely to be slaine,
For they haue wonne the bridge,
Killing all those that withstand them.
The Lord Mayor craueth ayde of your honour from the Tower,
To defend the Citie from the Rebels.

Lord Scayles. Such aide as I can spare, you shall command,
But I am troubled here with them my selfe,
The Rebels haue attempted to win the Tower,
But get you to Smythfield and gather head,
And thither I will send you Mathew Goffe,
Fight for your King, your Country, and your liues.
And so farewell, for I must hence againe. [*Exet omnes.*

Enter IACK CADE *and the rest, and strikes his sword upon London Stone.*

Cade. Now is Mortemer Lord of this Citie,
And now sitting vpon London stone, We command,
That the first year of our raigne,
The pissing Cundit run nothing but red wine.
And now hence forward, it shall be treason
For any that calles me any otherwise then
Lord Mortemer.

Enter a souldier.

Sould. Iacke Cade, Iacke Cade.

Cade. Sounes, knocke him downe. [*They kill him.*

Dicke. My Lords, theirs an Army gathered together
Into Smythfield.

Cade. Come then, lets go fight with them,
But first go on and set London Bridge a fire,

And if you can, burne downe the Tower too.
Come lets away. [*Exet omnes.*

Alarmes, and then MATHEW GOFFE *is slaine, and all the rest with him. Then enter* IACK CADE *again, and his company.*

Cade. So sirs, now go some and pull down the Sauoy,
Others to the Innes of the Court, downe with them all.

Dicke. I haue a sute vnto your Lordship.

Cade. Be it a Lordship Dicke, and thou shalt haue it
For that word.

Dicke. That we burne all the Records,
And that all writing may be put downe,
And nothing vsde but the score and the Tally.

Cade. Dicke it shall be so, and henceforward all things shall be in common, and in Cheapeside shall my palphrey go to grasse.

Why ist not a miserable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should parchment be made, & then with a litle blotting ouer with inke, a man should vndo himselfe.

Some saies tis the bees that sting, but I say, tis their waxe, for I am sure I neuer seald to anything but once, and I was neuer mine owne man since.

Nicke. But when shall we take vp those commodities
Which you told vs of.

Cade. Marry he that will lustily stand to it.
Shall go with me, and take vp these commodities following:
Item, a gowne, a kirtle, a petticoate, and a smocke.

Enter GEORGE.

George. My Lord, a prize, a prize, heres the Lord Say,
Which sold the Townes in France.

Cade. Come hither thou Say, thou George, thou buckrum lord,
What answere canst thou make vnto my mightinesse,

For deliuering vp the townes in France to Mounsier bus mine cue, the Dolphin of France?

And more then so, thou hast most traitorously erected a grammer schoole, to infect the youth of the realme, and against the Kings Crowne and dignitie, thou hast built vp a paper-mill, nay it wil be saide to thy face, that thou kepst men in thy house that daily reades of bookes with red letters, and talkes of a Nowne and a Verbe, and such abhominable words as no Christian eare is able to endure it. And besides all that, thou hast appointed certaine Iustises of peace in euery shire to hang honest men that steale for their liuing, and because they could not reade, thou hast hung them vp: Onely for which cause they were most worthy to liue. Thou ridest on a footcloth doest thou not?

Say. Yes, what of that?

Cade. Marry I say, thou oughtest not to let thy horse weare a cloake, when an honester man then thy selfe, goes in his hose and doublet.

Say. You men of Kent.

All. Kent, what of Kent?

Say. Nothing but *bona, terra.*

Cade. Bonum terum, sounds whats that?

Dicke. He speakes French.

Mill. No tis Dutch.

Nicke. No tis outtalian, I know it well inough.

Say. Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar wrote,
Termde it the ciuel'st place of all this land,
Then Noble country-men, heare me but speake,
I sold not France, I lost not Normandie.

Cade. But wherefore doest thou shake thy head so?

Say. It is the palsie and not feare that makes me.

Cade. Nay thou nodst thy head, as who say, thou wilt be euen with me, if thou getst away, but ile make the sure inough, now I haue thee. Go take him to the standerd in

Cheapeside and chop of his head, and then go to milende-
greene, to sir Iames Cromer his sonne in law, and cut off
his head too, and bring them to me vpon two poles presently.
Away with him. [*Exet one or two with the Lord* Say.
There shall not a noble man weare a head on his shoulders,
But he shall paie me tribute for it.
Nor there shal not a mayd be married, but he shal see to me
for her.
Maydenhead or else, ile haue it my selfe,
Marry I will that married men shall hold of me in capitie,
And that their wiues shalbe as free as hart can thinke, or
toong can tell.

Enter Robin.

Robin. O Captaine, London bridge is a fire.

Cade. Runne to Billingsgate, and feche pitch and flaxe and squench it.

Enter Dicke *and a Sargiant.*

Sar. Iustice, Iustice, I pray you sir, let me haue iustice of this fellow here.

Cade. Why what has he done?

Sar. Alasse sir he has rauisht my wife.

Dicke. Why my Lord he would haue rested me,
And I went and entred my Action in his wiues paper
house.

Cade. Dicke follow thy sute in her common place,
You horson villaine, you are a Sargiant youle,
Take any man by the throate for twelue pence,
And rest a man when hees at dinner,
And haue him to prison ere the meate be out of his mouth.
Go Dicke take him hence, cut out his toong for cogging.
Hough him for running, and to conclude,
Brane him with his own mace. [*Exet with the Sargiant.*

Enter two with the Lord SAYES *head, and sir* IAMES CROMERS, *vpon two poles.*

So, come carry them before me, and at euery lanes ende, let them kisse togither.

Enter the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, *and Lord* CLIFFORD *the Earle of* COMBERLAND.

Clif. Why country-men and warlike friends of Kent,
What meanes this mutinous rebellions,
That you in troopes do muster thus your selues,
Vnder the conduct of this Traitor Cade?
To rise against your soueraigne Lord and King,
Who mildly hath his pardon sent to you,
If you forsake this monstrous Rebell here?
If honour be the marke whereat you aime,
Then hast to France that your forefathers wonne,
And winne againe that thing which now is lost,
And leaue to seeke your Countries ouerthrow.

All. A Clifford, a Clifford. [*They forsake Cade.*

Cade. Why, how now, will you forsake your generall,
And ancient freedome which you haue possest?
To bend your neckes vnder their seruile yokes,
Who if you stir, will straightwaies hang you vp,
But follow me, and you shall pull them downe,
And make them yeeld their liuings to your hands.

All. A Cade, a Cade. [*They runne to Cade againe.*

Clif. Braue warlike friends heare me but speake a word,
Refuse not good whilst it is offered you,
The King is mercifull, then yeeld to him,
And I myself will go along with you,
To Winsore Castle whereas the King abides,
And on mine honour you shall haue no hurt.

All. A Clifford, a Clifford, God saue the King.

Cade. How like a feather is this rascall company

Blowne euery way,
But that they may see there want no valiancy in me,
My staffe shall make way through the midst of you,
And so a poxe take you all.
[*He runs through them with his staffe, and flies away.*
Buc. Go some and make after him, and proclaime,
That those that bring the head of Cade,
Shall haue a thousand Crownes for his labour.
Come march away. [*Exet omnes.*

Enter King HENRY *and the* QUEENE, *and* SOMERSET.

Kin. Lord Somerset, what newes here you of the Rebell Cade?
Som. This, my gratious Lord, that the Lord Say is don to death,
And the Citie is almost sackt.
Kin. Gods will be done, for as he hath decreede, so must it be:
And be it as he please, to stop the pride of those rebellious men.
Queene. Had the noble Duke of Suffolke bene aliue
The Rebell Cade had bene supprest ere this,
And all the rest that do take part with him.

Enter the Duke of BUCKINGHAM *and* CLIFFORD, *with the Rebels, with halters about their necks.*

Clif. Long liue King Henry, Englands lawfull King,
Loe here my Lord, these Rebels are subdude,
And offer their liues before your highnesse feete.
Kin. But tell me Clifford, is their Captaine here.
Clif. No, my gratious Lord, he is fled away, but proclamations are sent forth, that he that can but bring his head, shall haue a thousand crownes. But may it please your Maiestie, to pardon these their faults, that by that traitors meanes were thus misled.

Kin. Stand vp you simple men, and giue God praise,
For you did take in hand you know not what,
And go in peace obedient to your King,
And liue as subiects, and you shall not want,
Whilst Henry liues, and weares the English Crowne.

All. God saue the King, God saue the King.

Kin. Come let vs haste to London now with speed,
That solemne prosessions may be sung,
In laud and honour of the God of heauen,
And triumphs of this happie victorie. [*Exet omnes.*

Enter IACKE CADE *at one doore, and at the other maister* ALEXANDER EYDEN *and his men, and* IACKE CADE *lies downe picking of hearbes and eating them.*

Eyden. Good Lord how pleasant is this country life,
This litle land my father left me here,
With my contented minde serues me as well,
As all the pleasures in the Court can yeeld,
Nor would I change this pleasure for the Court.

Cade. Sounes, heres the Lord of the soyle, Stand villaine, thou wilt betraie mee to the King, and get a thousand crownes for my head, but ere thou goest, ile make thee eate yron like an Astridge, and swallow my sword like a great pinne.

Eyden. Why sawcy companion, why should I betray thee?
Ist not inough that thou hast broke my hedges,
And enterd into my ground without the leaue of me the owner,
But thou wilt braue me too.

Cade. Braue thee and beard thee too, by the best blood of the Realme, looke on me well, I haue eate no meate this fiue dayes, yet and I do not leaue thee and thy fiue men as dead as a doore nayle, I pray God I may neuer eate grasse more.

Eyden. Nay, it neuer shall be saide whilst the world doth stand, that Alexander Eyden an Esquire of Kent, tooke oddes to combat with a famisht man, looke on me, my limmes are equall vnto thine, and euery way as big, then hand to hand, ile combat thee. Sirrah fetch me weopons, and stand you all aside.

Cade. Now sword, if thou doest not hew this burly-bond churle into chines of beefe, I beseech God thou maist fal into some smiths hand, and be turned to hob-nailes.

Eyden. Come on thy way.

[*They fight, and* CADE *fals downe.*

Cade. Oh villaine, thou hast slaine the flouro of Kent for chiualrie, but it is famine & not thee that has done it, for come ten thousand diuels, and giue me but the ten meales that I wanted this fiue daies, and ile fight with you all, and so a poxe rot thee, for Iack Cade must die. [*He dies.*

Eyden. Iack Cade, & was it that monstrous Rebell which I haue slaine. Oh sword ile honour thee for this, and in my chamber shalt thou hang as a monument to after age, for this great seruice thou hast done to me. Ile drag him hence, and with my sword cut off his head, and beare it. . . . [*Exet.*

Enter the Duke of YORK *with Drum and souldiers.*

Yorke. In Armes from Ireland comes York amaine,
Ring belles aloud, bonfires perfume the ayre,
To entertaine faire Englands royall King.
Ah *Sancta Maiesta*, who would not buy thee deare?

Enter the Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

But soft, who comes here Buckingham, what newes with him?

Buc. Yorke, if thou meane well, I greete thee so.

Yorke. Humphrey of Buckingham, welcome I sweare:
What comes thou in loue or as a Messenger?

Buc. I come as a Messenger from our dread Lord and soueraign,
Henry. To know the reason of these Armes in peace?
Or that thou being a subject as I am,
Shouldst thus approach so neare with colours spred,
Whereas the person of the King doth keepe?
Yorke. A subject as he is.
Oh how I hate these spitefull abiect termes,
But Yorke dissemble, till thou meete thy sonnes,
Who now in Armes expect their fathers sight,
And not farre hence I know they cannot be.
Humphrey Duke of Buckingham, pardon me,
That I answearde not at first, my mind was troubled,
I came to remoue that monstrous Rebell Cade,
And heaue proud Somerset from out the Court,
That basely yeelded vp the Townes in France.
Buc. Why that was presumption on thy behalfe,
But if it be no otherwise but so,
The King doth pardon thee, and granst to thy request,
And Somerset is sent vnto the Tower.
Yorke. Vpon thine honour is it so?
Buc. Yorke, he is vpon mine honour.
York. Then before thy face, I here dismisse my troopes,
Sirs, meete me to-morrow in saint Georges fields,
And there you shall receiue your paie of me.

[*Exet souldiers.*

Buc. Come York, thou shalt go speake vnto the King,
But see, his grace is comming to meete with vs.

Enter King HENRY.

Kin. How now Buckingham, is Yorke friends with us,
That thus thou bringst him hand in hand with thee?
Buc. He is my Lord, and hath dischargde his troopes
Which came with him, but as your grace did say,
To heaue the Duke of Somerset from hence,

And to subdue the Rebels that were vp.

Kin. Then welcome cousin Yorke, giue me thy hand,
And thankes for thy great seruice done to vs,
Against those traitorous Irish that rebeld.

Enter maister EYDEN *with* IACKE CADES *head.*

Eyden. Long liue Henry in triumphant peace,
Lo here my Lord vpon my bended knees,
I here present the traitorous head of Cade,
That hand to hand in single fight I slue.

Kin. First thanks to heauen, & next to thee my friend,
That hast subdude that wicked traitor thus.
Oh let me see that head that in his life,
Did worke me and my land such cruell spight,
A visage sterne, cole blacke his curled locks,
Deepe trenched furrowes in his frowning brow,
Presageth warlike humors in his life.
Here take it hence and thou for thy reward,
Shalt be immediately created Knight.
Kneele downe my friend, and tell me whats thy name?

Eyden. Alexander Eyden, if it please your grace,
A poore Esquire of Kent.

Kin. Then rise vp sir Alexander Eyden knight,
And for thy maintenance, I freely giue
A thousand markes a yeare to maintaine thee,
Beside the firme reward that was proclaimde,
For those that could performe this worthie act,
And thou shalt waight vpon the person of the king.

Eyden. I humbly thank your grace, and I no longer liue,
Then I proue iust and loyall to the King. [*Exet.*

Enter the Queene with the Duke of SOMERSET.

Kin. O Buckingham see where Somerset comes,
Bid him go hide himselfe till Yorke be gone.

Queene. He shall not hide himselfe for feare of Yorke,
But beard and braue him proudly to his face.
Yorke. Whose that, proud Somerset at libertie?
Base fearefull Henry that thou dishonor'st me,
By heauen, thou shalt not gouerne ouer me:
I cannot brook that Traitors presence here,
Nor will I subiect be to such a King,
That knowes not how to gouerne nor to rule,
Resigne thy Crowne proud Lancaster to me,
That thou vsurped hast so long by force,
For now is Yorke resolu'd to claime his owne,
And rise aloft into faire Englands Throane.
Somer. Proud Traitor, I arest thee on high treason,
Against thy soueraigne Lord, yeeld thee false Yorke,
For here I sweare, thou shalt vnto the Tower,
For these proud words which thou hast giuen the king.
Yorke. Thou art deceiued, my sonnes shalbe my baile,
And send thee there in dispight of him.
Hoe, where are you boyes?
Queene. Call Clifford hither presently.

Enter the Duke of YORKES *sonnes,* EDWARD *the Earle of* MARCH, *and crooke-backe* RICHARD, *at the one doore, with Drumme and soldiers, and at the other doore, enter* CLIFFORD *and his sonne, with Drumme and souldiers, and* CLIFFORD *kneeles to* HENRY, *and speakes.*

Clif. Long liue my noble Lord, and soueraigne King.
Yorke. We thank thee Clifford.
Nay, do not affright vs with thy lookes,
If thou didst mistake, we pardon thee, kneele againe.
Clif. Why, I did no way mistake, this is my King.
What is he mad? to Bedlam with him.
Kin. I, a bedlam frantike humor driues him thus
To leauy Armes against his lawfull King.
Clif. Why doth not your grace send him to the Tower?

Queene. He is arested, but will not obey,
His sonnes he saith, shall be his baile.
Yorke. How say you boyes, will you not?
Ed. Yes noble father, if our words will serue.
Rich. And if our words will not, our swords shall.
Yorke. Call hither to the stake, my two rough beares.
Kin. Call Buckingham, and bid him Arme himselfe.
Yorke. Call Buckingham and all the friends thou hast,
Both thou and they, shall curse this fatall houre.

Enter at one doore, the Earles of SALSBURY *and* WARWICKE, *with Drumme and souldiers. And at the other, the Duke of* BUCKINGHAM, *with Drumme and souldiers.*

Clif. Are these thy beares? weel bayte them soone,
Dispight of thee, and all the friends thou hast.
War. You had best go dreame againe,
To keepe you from the tempest of the field.
Clif. I am resolu'd to beare a greater storme,
Then any thou canst coniure vp to day,
And that ile write vpon thy Burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy household badge.
War. Now by my fathers age, old Neuels crest,
The Rampant Beare chained to the ragged staffe,
This day ile weare aloft my burgonet,
As on a mountaine top the Cædar showes,
That keepes his leaues in spight of any storme,
Euen to affright the with the view thereof.
Clif. And from thy burgonet will I rend the beare,
And tread him vnderfoote with all contempt,
Dispight the Beare-ward that protects him so.
Yoong Clif. And so renowmed soueraigne to Armes,
To quell these Traitors and their compleases.
Rich. Fie, Charitie for shame, speake it not in spight,
For you shall sup with Iesus Christ to-night.

Yoong Clif. Foule Stigmaticke thou canst not tell.
Rich. No, for if not in heauen, youle surely sup in hell.
[*Exet omnes.*

Alarmes to the battaile, and then enter the Duke of SOMERSET *and* RICHARD *fighting, and* RICHARD *kils him vnder the signe of the Castle in Saint Albones.*

Rich. So Lie thou there, and breathe thy last.
Whats here, the signe of the Castle?
Then the prophesie is come to passe,
For Somerset was forewarned of Castles,
The which he alwaies did obserue.
And now, behold, vnder a paltry Ale-house signe,
The Castle in saint Albones,
Somerset hath made the Wissard famous by his death.
[*Exet.*

Alarme again, and enter the Earle of WARWICKE *alone.*

War. Clifford of Comberland, tis Warwicke calles,
And if thou doest not hide thee from the Beare.
Now whilst the angry Trompets sound Alarmes,
And dead mens cries do fill the emptie aire:
Clifford I say, come forth and fight with me,
Proud Northerne Lord, Clifford of Comberland,
Warwicke is hoarse with calling thee to Armes.
Clif. speakes within. Warwicke stand still, and view the way that Clifford hewes with his murthering Curtel-axe, through the fainting troopes to find thee out.
Warwicke stand still, and stir not till I come.

Enter YORKE.

War. How now my Lord, what a foote?
Who kild your horse?
Yorke. The deadly hand of Clifford. Noble Lord,
Fine horse this day slaine vnder me,

And yet braue Warwicke I remaine aliue,
But I did kill his horse he lou'd so well,
The bonniest gray that ere was bred in North.

Enter CLIFFORD, *and* WARWICKE *offers to fight with him.*

Hold Warwicke, and seeke thee out some other chase,
My selfe will hunt this deare to death.
War. Braue Lord, tis for a Crowne thou fights,
Clifford farewell, as I entend to prosper well to-day,
It grieues my soule to leaue thee vnassaild.
[*Exet* WARWICKE.
Yorke. Now Clifford, since we are singled here alone,
Be this the day of doome to one of vs,
For now my heart hath sworne immortall hate
To thee, and all the house of Lancaster.
Clif. And here I stand, and pitch my foot to thine,
Vowing neuer to stir, till thou or I be slaine.
For neuer shall my heart be safe at rest,
Till I haue spoyld the hatefull house of Yorke.
[*Alarmes, and they fight, and* YORKE *kils* CLIFFORD.
Yorke. Now Lancaster sit sure, thy sinowes shrinke,
Come fearefull Henry grouelling on thy face,
Yeeld vp thy Crowne vnto the Prince of York.
[*Exet* YORKE.
[*Alarmes, then enter yoong* CLIFFORD *alone.*
Yoong Clifford. Father of Comberland,
Where may I seeke my aged father forth?
O! dismall sight, see where he breathlesse lies,
All smeard and weltred in his luke-warme blood,
Ah, aged pillar of all Comberlands true house,
Sweete father, to thy murthred ghoast I sweare,
Immortall hate vnto the house of Yorke,
Nor neuer shall I sleepe secure one night,
Till I haue furiously reuengde thy death,

And left not one of them to breath on earth.

[*He takes him vp on his backe.*

And thus as old Ankyses sonne did beare
His aged father on his manly backe,
And fought with him against the bloodie Greeks,
Euen so will I. But staie, heres one of them,
To whom my soule hath sworne immortall hate.

Enter RICHARD, *and then* CLIFFORD *laies downe his father, fights with him, and* RICHARD *flies away againe.*

Out crooktbacke villaine, get thee from my sight,
But I will after thee, and once againe
When I haue borne my father to his Tent,
Ile trie my fortune better with thee yet.

[*Exet yoong* CLIFFORD *with his father.*

Alarmes againe, and then enter three or foure, bearing the Duke of BUCKINGHAM *wounded to his Tent. Alarmes still, and then enter the King and Queene.*

Queene. Away my Lord, and flie to London straight,
Make hast, for vengeance comes along with them,
Come stand not to expostulate, lets go.

Kin. Come then faire Queene, to London let vs hast,
And sommon a Parlament with speede,
To stop the fury of these dyre euents.

[*Exet King and Queene.*

Alarmes, and then a flourish, and enter the Duke of YORKE *and* RICHARD.

Yorke. How now boyes, fortunate this fight hath bene,
I hope to vs and ours, for Englands good,
And our great honour, that so long we lost,
Whilst faint-heart Henry did vsurpe our rights:
But did you see old Salsbury, since we
With bloodie mindes did buckle with the foe,
I would not for the losse of this right hand,

That ought but well betide that good old man.
Rich. My Lord, I saw him in the thickest throng,
Charging his Lance with his old weary armes,
And thrise I saw him beaten from his horse,
And thrise this hand did set him vp againe,
And still he fought with courage gainst his foes,
The boldest sprited man that ere mine eyes beheld.

Enter SALSBURY *and* WARWICKE.

Ed. See noble father, where they both do come,
The onely props vnto the house of Yorke.
Sal. Well hast thou fought this day, thou valiant Duke,
And thou braue bud of Yorkes encreasing house,
The small remainder of my weary life,
I hold for thee, for with thy warlike arme,
Three times this day thou hast preseru'd my life.
Yorke. What say you Lords, the King is fled to London?
There as I here to hold a Parlament.
What saies Lord Warwicke, shall we after them?
War. After them, nay before them if we can.
Now by my faith Lords, twas a glorious day,
Saint Albones battaile wonne by famous Yorke,
Shall be eternest in all age to come.
Sound Drummes and Trumpets, and to London all,
And more such daies as these to vs befall.

[*Exet omnes.*

THE PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

HENRY MORLEY, LL.D.

KING HENRY VI

THIRD PART

WITH "THE TRAGEDIE OF RICHARD DUKE OF YORKE," ETC., OF WHICH SHAKESPEARE'S PLAY IS A REVISION

NEW YORK:
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INTRODUCTION.

THE THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI. was, like the Second Part, an old play revised. As the Second Part had followed the Play printed in 1594,—*The First Part of the Contention betwixt the two famous Houses of York and Lancaster*—so the Third Part followed as closely the play printed in 1595. This was, in fact, the Second Part of the Contention, but was separately entitled, "*The True Tragedie of Richard, Duke of Yorke, and the death of good King Henrie the Sixt with the whole contention betweene the two Houses of Lancaster and Yorke, as it was sundrie times acted by the Right Honourable the Earl of Pembrooke his servants.* Printed at London by P. S. for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder Saint Peter's Church in Cornhill. 1595." *The True Tragedie* is the original of Shakespeare's *Third Part of King Henry VI.*, which begins where it begins, ends where it ends. The play is too long to be given complete in both forms within the limits of this volume. The earlier form, therefore, is appended to Shakespeare's version of it only as far as space permits, and the rest will be appended to the next play, which immediately continues the action, and was Shakespeare's own close to the series, his *King Richard III.* Still there was space to find, and it has been made by borrowing some pages that would otherwise have been given to this Introduction.

As in *The Second Part of King Henry VI.*, those passages in the play assigned to Shakespeare which are not in the older version, and which we may suppose to have been added by him, are underlined. A little observation of the character of these additions—even before proceeding to that

closer comparison of play with play which shows the smaller verbal changes and artistic transpositions—should make it clear that the *First Part of the Contention* and the *True Tragedie*, *i.e.*, are really older plays retouched by Shakespeare; and that they are not, as Mr. W. N. Lettsom supposed them to be, piratical depravations of the plays included among Shakespeare's works. I have no doubt that they do frequently deprave the lines of Marlowe, or of Greene, or of some other poet. In some places, also, I have no doubt that what seem to be Shakespeare's amendments are simply the more faithful reproductions of the text upon which Shakespeare was working. But I think there may be a trace also of Shakespeare found in the *True Tragedie*, though there be none in the *First Part of the Contention*.

It is weakness to speak positively upon matters that we cannot positively know, and build unhesitating faith upon conjecture. Mr. Dyce, in his edition published in 1850 of Marlowe, whose works no contemporary had attempted to collect—there was, indeed, no collection of them before that made by George Robinson in 1826—Mr. Dyce included *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedie* among plays of which Marlowe probably was the chief author. "Greene," he said, "may have contributed his share, so also may Lodge, and so may Peele have done; but in both pieces there are scenes characterised by a vigour of conception and expression, to which, as their undisputed works demonstrably prove, neither Greene, nor Lodge, nor Peele could possibly have risen. Surely, therefore, we have full warrant for supposing that Marlowe was very largely concerned in the composition of *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedie*; and the following instances of their occasional close resemblance to his *Edward the Second* are confirmative of that supposition, however little such parallelisms might be thought to weigh, if they formed the only grounds for it:—

"'I *tell* thee, Poull, *when* thou didst *runne at tilt*
And stol'st away our ladaies hearts *in France*.'
"*First Part of Contention.*

"'*Tell* Isabel, the queen, I looked not thus
When for her sake *I ran at tilt in France*.'
"*Edward II.*

"'Madame, I bring you newes from Ireland;
The wild O'Nele, my lord, is vp in armes,
With troupes *of Irish kernes* that, *uncontrold*,
Doth plant themselves *within the English pale*.'
"*First Part of Contention.*

"'*The wild O'Neil, with* swarms *of Irish kerns*
Lives *uncontrolled within the English pale*.'
"*Edward II.*

"'Sterne Fawconbridge *commands the narrow seas*.'
"*True Tragedie.*

"'The haughty Dane *commands the narrow seas*.'
"*Edward II.*

"'Thus yields *the cedar* to the axes edge,
Whose armes gave shelter to the princlie eagle.'
"*True Tragedie.*

"'A lofty *cedar-tree*, fair, flourishing,
On whose top branches kingly eagles perch.'
"*Edward II.*

"'What, will the *aspiring blood of Lancaster*
Sink into the ground? I had thought it would have mounted.'
"*True Tragedie.*

"'Frown'st thou thereat, *aspiring Lancaster?*'
"*Edward II.*

"'[And], highly scorning that *the lowly earth*
Should drink his blood, mounts up into the air.'
"*Edward II.*"

Other writers have found good grounds for a presumption that Robert Greene had a hand in the writing of these plays. It is noticeable that when Greene in his last days wrote the often-quoted passage of complaint against actors who dealt as they pleased with work of poets, and indicated Shakespeare as a chief offender in that way, he levelled at Shakespeare, as an "upstart crow beautified with our feathers," a

parody of a line in this *Third Part of King Henry VI.*, "O, tiger's heart, wrapped in a woman's hide"—reading it "player's hide." In that context of complaint against Shakespeare as an actor meddling with the works of poets, Greene showed that he had this play present to his mind. The line that put a tiger's heart into a woman's hide is in the old play, and, so far, does not seem to have been added by Shakespeare, although Greene may have accounted it Shakespearean bombast.

Greene died on the 3rd of September, 1592. Before that date, therefore, all the Three Parts of *King Henry VI.* were in existence. My conjecture is that Shakespeare's retouching grew bolder as its worth obtained more recognition, and that some part of his revision of the *True Tragedie*—work very recent in September, 1592, and, therefore, a fresh grief to Greene—became inseparable from the play, and remained in it when it was first printed in 1595. I do not suppose that there were any touches by Shakespeare in the *First Part of the Contention*, at least three years old when printed in 1594. But the *True Tragedie* was, I think, printed in 1595 with passages at the close which Shakespeare had made inseparable from it, and which were designed by him as preparation for his treatment of the history of Richard III. Upon that sequel of civil war he then went on to shape, himself alone, a fourth and last play for the full completion of the series. When the play of *Richard III.* was in existence—as it was in 1595—the *True Tragedie* would be acted or read with those passages indicating the dramatic motive of the next and best play of the set. These passages I can ascribe only to Shakespeare, though they do occur in the old play, and, therefore, are not underlined in the present edition of the *Third Part of King Henry VI.* But here we reach what must be the first topic of the Introduction to *King Richard III.*

H. M.

THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.
EDWARD, *Prince of Wales, his Son.*
LEWIS XI., *King of France.*

On King Henry's Side.
- DUKE OF SOMERSET,
- DUKE OF EXETER,
- EARL OF OXFORD,
- EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND,
- EARL OF WESTMORELAND,
- LORD CLIFFORD,

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *Duke of York.*

His Sons.
- EDWARD, *Earl of March, afterwards King Edward IV.*,
- EDMUND, *Earl of Rutland*,
- GEORGE, *afterwards Duke of Clarence*,
- RICHARD, *afterwards Duke of Gloster*,

Of the Duke of York's Party.
- DUKE OF NORFOLK,
- MARQUESS OF MONTAGUE,
- EARL OF WARWICK,
- EARL OF PEMBROKE,
- LORD HASTINGS,
- LORD STAFFORD,

Uncles to the Duke of York.
- SIR JOHN MORTIMER,
- SIR HUGH MORTIMER,

HENRY, *Earl of Richmond, a Youth.*
LORD RIVERS, *Brother to Lady Grey.*
SIR WILLIAM STANLEY.
SIR JOHN MONTGOMERY.
SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE.
Tutor to Rutland.
Mayor of York.
Lieutenant of the Tower.
A Nobleman.
Two Keepers.
A Huntsman.
A Son that has killed his Father.
A Father that has killed his Son.

QUEEN MARGARET.
LADY GREY, *afterwards Queen to Edward IV.*
BONA, *Sister to the French Queen.*

Soldiers, and other Attendants on King Henry and King Edward, Messengers, Watchmen, &c.

SCENE—During the Third Act, in FRANCE; during the rest of the Play, in ENGLAND

ACT I.

Scene I.—London. The Parliament House.

Drums. Some Soldiers of York's *party break in. Then enter the Duke of* York, Edward, Richard, Norfolk, Montague, Warwick, *and others, with White Roses in their hats.*

War. I wonder how the king escaped our hands.

York. While we pursued the horsemen of the north,
He slily stole away, and left his men:
Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
Cheered up the drooping army; and himself,
Lord Clifford, and Lord Stafford, all abreast,
Charged our main battle's front, and, breaking in,
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

Edw. Lord Stafford's father, Duke of Buckingham,
Is either slain or wounded dangerous:
I cleft his beaver with a downright blow;
That this is true, father, behold his blood.

[*Showing his bloody sword.*

Mont. [To YORK, *showing his.*] And, brother,
here 's the Earl of Wiltshire's blood,
Whom I encountered as the battles joined.

Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.

[*Throwing down the Duke of* SOMERSET's *head.*

York. Richard hath best deserved of all my sons.—
But, is your grace dead, my Lord of Somerset?

Norf. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt!

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake King Henry's head.

War. And so do I. Victorious Prince of York
Before I see thee seated in that throne,
Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,
I vow by Heaven these eyes shall never close
This is the palace of the fearful king,
And this the regal seat: possess it, York;
For this is thine, and not King Henry's heirs'.

York. Assist me then, sweet Warwick, and I will;
For hither we have broken in by force.

Norf. We 'll all assist you; he that flies shall die.

York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk.—Stay by me, my lords:—

And, soldiers, stay, and lodge by me this night.

War. And when the king comes, offer him no violence,
Unless he seek to thrust you out perforce.

[*The Soldiers retire.*

York. The queen this day here holds her parliament,
But little thinks we shall be of her council.
By words or blows here let us win our right.

Rich. Armed as we are, let's stay within this house.

War. The bloody parliament shall this be called,
Unless Plantagenet, Duke of York, be king,
And bashful Henry be deposed, whose cowardice
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

York. Then leave me not, my lords; be resolute;
I mean to take possession of my right.

War. Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,
The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
Dare stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.
I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares.—
Resolve thee, Richard: claim the English crown.

[WARWICK *leads* YORK *to the throne, who seats himself.*

Flourish. Enter King HENRY, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, EXETER, *and others, with Red Roses in their hats.*

K. Hen. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,
Even in the chair of state! belike, he means,
Backed by the power of Warwick, that false peer,
To aspire unto the crown, and reign as king.—
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father,—
And thine, Lord Clifford; and you both have vowed revenge
On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.

North. If I be not, heavens be revenged on me!

Clif. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.

West. What! shall we suffer this? let 's pluck him down:
My heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle Earl of Westmoreland.

Clif. Patience is for poltroons such as he:
He durst not sit there, had your father lived.
My gracious lord, here in the parliament
Let us assail the family of York.

North. Well hast thou spoken, cousin: be it so.

K. Hen. Ah! know you not, the city favours them,
And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?

Exe. But when the duke is slain, they 'll quickly fly.

K. Hen. Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,
To make a shambles of the parliament-house!
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats,
Shall be the war that Henry means to use.
[*They advance to the* DUKE.
Thou factious Duke of York, descend my throne,
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet:
I am thy sovereign.

York. I am thine.

Exe. For shame! come down. He made thee Duke of York.

York. 'T was my inheritance, as the earldom was.[1]

Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown,
In following this usurping Henry.

Clif. Whom should he follow but his natural king?

War. True, Clifford; and that 's Richard, Duke of York.

[1] as the kingdom is.

K. Hen. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?

York. It must and shall be so. Content thyself.

War. Be Duke of Lancaster: let him be king.

West. He is both king and Duke of Lancaster;
And that the Lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.

War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget,
That we are those which chased you from the field,
And slew your father, and with colours spread
Marched through the city to the palace gates.

North. Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;
And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.

West. Plantagenet, of thee, and these thy sons,
Thy kinsmen, and thy friends, I 'll have more lives
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

Clif. Urge it no more; lest that, instead of words,
I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger,
As shall revenge his death before I stir.

War. Poor Clifford, how I scorn his worthless threats.

York. Will you we show our title to the crown?
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

K. Hen. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?

Thy father was, as thou art, Duke of York;
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, Earl of March.
I am the son of Henry the Fifth,
Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop,
And seized upon their towns and provinces.

War. Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.

K. Hen. The lord Protector lost it, and not I:
When I was crowned, I was but nine months old.

Rich. You are old enough now, and yet, methinks, you lose.
Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.

Edw. Sweet father, do so: set it on your head.

Mont. [*To* York.] Good brother, as thou lov'st and honour'st arms,
Let 's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.

Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly.

York. Sons, peace!

K. Hen. Peace thou, and give King Henry leave to speak.

War. Plantagenet shall speak first: hear him, lords;
And be you silent and attentive too,

For he that interrupts him shall not live.

K. Hen. Think 'st thou, that I will leave my kingly throne,
Wherein my grandsire and my father sat?
No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;
Ay, and their colours—often borne in France,
And now in England, to our heart's great sorrow,—
Shall be my winding sheet.—Why faint you, lords?
My title 's good, and better far than his.

War. Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king

K. Hen. Henry the Fourth by conquest got the crown.

York. 'T was by rebellion against his king

K. Hen. [*Aside.*] I know not what to say: my title 's weak.—
Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?

York. What then?

K. Hen. An if he may, then am I lawful king;
For Richard, in the view of many lords,
Resigned the crown to Henry the Fourth,
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.

York. He rose against him, being his sovereign,
And made him to resign his crown perforce.

War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrained,
Think you, 't were prejudicial to his crown?

Exe. No; for he could not so resign his crown,

But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

K. Hen. Art thou against us, Duke of Exeter?

Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

York. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?

Exe. My conscience tells me he is lawful king.

K. Hen. All will revolt from me, and turn to him.

North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,
Think not, that Henry shall be so deposed.

War. Deposed he shall be in despite of all

North. Thou art deceived: 't is not thy southern power,
Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,—
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,—
Can set the duke up in despite of me.

Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence:
May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!

K. Hen. O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!

York. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown.
What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords?

War Do right unto this princely Duke of York,
Or I will fill the house with arméd men,

And o'er the chair of state where now he sits,
Write up his title with usurping blood.

[*He stamps with his foot, and the Soldiers show themselves.*

K. Hen. My Lord of Warwick, hear me but one word.
Let me for this my life-time reign as king

York. Confirm the crown to me, and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.

K. Hen. I am content: Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.[1]

Clif. What wrong is this unto the prince your son!

War. What good is this to England, and himself!

West. Base, fearful, and despairing Henry!

Clif. How hast thou injured both thyself and us!

West. I cannot stay to hear these articles.

North. Nor I.

Clif. Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news.

West. Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,
In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.

[1] *King.* Convey the soldiers hence, and then I will.
War. Captain, conduct them into Tothill Fields.

North. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,
And die in bands for this unmanly deed!

Clif. In dreadful war may'st thou be overcome,
Or live in peace, abandoned, and despised!

[*Exeunt* NORTHUMBERLAND, CLIFFORD, *and* WESTMORELAND.

War. Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.

Exe. They seek revenge, and therefore will not yield.

K. Hen. Ah, Exeter!

War. Why should you sigh, my lord?

K. Hen. Not for myself, Lord Warwick, but my son,
Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.
But be it as it may, I here entail
The crown to thee, and to thine heirs for ever;
Conditionally, that here thou take an oath
To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,
To honour me as thy king and sovereign;
And neither by treason, nor hostility,
To seek to put me down, and reign thyself.

York. This oath I willingly take, and will perform. [*Coming from the throne.*

War. Long live King Henry!—Plantagenet, embrace him.

K. Hen. And long live thou, and these thy forward sons!

York. Now York and Lancaster are reconciled.

Exe. Accursed be he that seeks to make them foes!

[*Sennet. The Lords come forward.*

York. Farewell, my gracious lord: I'll to my castle.

War. And I'll keep London with my soldiers.

Norf. And I to Norfolk with my followers.

Mont. And I unto the sea from whence I came.

[*Exeunt* YORK *and his Sons*, WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, *Soldiers, and Attendants.*

K. Hen. And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court.

Enter Queen MARGARET *and the Prince of* WALES.

Exe. Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray her anger:
I'll steal away.

K. Hen. Exeter, so will I.

Q. Mar. Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.

Q. Mar. Who can be patient in such extremes?
Ah, wretched man! 'would I had died a maid,
And never seen thee, never borne thee son,

Seeing thou hast proved so unnatural a father!
Hath he deserved to lose his birthright thus?
Hadst thou but loved him half so well as I,
Or felt that pain which I did for him once,
Or nourished him, as I did with my blood,
Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,
Rather than have made that savage duke thine heir,
And disinherited thine only son.

Prince. Father, you cannot disinherit me.
If you be king, why should not I succeed?

K. Hen. Pardon me, Margaret;—pardon me, sweet son:—
The Earl of Warwick and the duke enforced me.

Q. Mar. Enforced thee! art thou king, and wilt be forced?
I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch!
Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me,
And given unto the house of York such head,
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.
To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,
What is it, but to make thy sepulchre,
And creep into it far before thy time?
Warwick is chancellor, and the Lord of Calais;
Stern Faulconbridge commands the narrow seas,
The duke is made Protector of the realm;

And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds
The trembling lamb, environéd with wolves.
Had I been there, which am a silly woman,
The soldiers should have tossed me on their pikes,
Before I would have granted to that act;
But thou preferr'st thy life before thine honour:
And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself,
Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,
Until that act of parliament be repealed,
Whereby my son is disinherited.
The northern lords, that have forsworn thy colours,
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread;
And spread they shall be, to thy foul disgrace,
And utter ruin of the house of York.
Thus do I leave thee.—Come, son, let 's away:
Our army is ready; come, we 'll after them.

K. Hen. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Thou hast spoke too much already: get thee gone.

K. Hen. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?

Q. Mar. Ay, to be murdered by his enemies.

Prince. When I return with victory from the field,
I 'll see your grace; till then, I 'll follow her.

Q. Mar. Come, son, away! we may not linger thus.

[*Exeunt Queen* MARGARET *and the* PRINCE.

K. Hen. Poor queen! how love to me, and to her son,
Hath made her break out into terms of rage!
Revenged may she be on that hateful duke,
Whose haughty spirit, wingéd with desire,
Will cost my crown, and, like an empty eagle,
Tire on the flesh of me and of my son!
The loss of those three lords torments my heart:
I 'll write unto them, and entreat them fair.—
Come, cousin; you shall be the messenger.[1]

Exe. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Room in Sandal Castle, near Wakefield.

Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, *and* MONTAGUE.

Rich. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

Edw. No, I can better play the orator.

Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible

[1] Come, cousin of Exeter, stay thou here;
For Clifford and these northern lords be gone
I fear towards Wakefield, to disturb the duke.

Enter YORK.

York. Why, how now, sons and brother, at a strife?
What is your quarrel? how began it first?

Edw. No quarrel, but a slight contention.

York. About what?

Rich. About that which concerns your grace, and us;
The crown of England, father, which is yours.

York. Mine, boy? not till King Henry be dead.

Rich. Your right depends not on his life, or death.

Edw. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:
By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,
It will outrun you, father, in the end.

York. I took an oath that he should quietly reign.

Edw. But for a kingdom any oath may be broken:
I 'd break a thousand oaths to reign one year.

Rich. No; God forbid, your grace should be forsworn.

York. I shall be, if I claim by open war.

Rich. I 'll prove the contrary, if you 'll hear me speak.

York. Thou canst not, son: it is impossible.

Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawful magistrate,
That hath authority over him that swears:
Henry had none, but did usurp the place;
Then, seeing 't was he that made you to depose,
Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.[1]
Therefore, to arms. And, father, do but think,
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown,
Within whose circuit is Elysium,
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.
Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest,
Until the white rose that I wear be dyed
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.

York. Richard, enough: I will be king, or die.—
Brother, thou shalt to London presently,
And whet on Warwick to this enterprise.—
Thou, Richard, shalt to the Duke of Norfolk
And tell him privily of our intent.—
You, Edward, shall unto my Lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise:
In them I trust; for they are soldiers,
Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit.—
While you are thus employed, what resteth more

[1] And yet your grace stands bound to him by oath.
Then, noble father, resolve yourself,
And once more claim the crown.

But that I seek occasion how to rise,
And yet the king not privy to my drift,
Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

Enter a Messenger.

But, stay.—What news? Why com'st thou in such post?

Mess. The queen with all the northern earls and lords
Intend here to besiege you in your castle.
She is hard by with twenty thousand men,
And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.

York. Ay, with my sword. What! think'st thou, that we fear them?—
Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me;
My brother Montague shall post to London:
Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,
Whom we have left protectors of the king,
With powerful policy strengthen themselves,
And trust not simple Henry, nor his oaths.

Mont. Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear it not:
And thus most humbly I do take my leave. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir JOHN *and Sir* HUGH MORTIMER.

York. Sir John, and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles

You are come to Sandal in a happy hour;
The army of the queen mean to besiege us.

Sir John. She shall not need, we 'll meet her in the field.

York. What, with five thousand men?

Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.
A woman 's general; what should we fear?

[*A march afar off.*

Edw. I hear their drums: let 's set our men in order,
And issue forth, and bid them battle straight.

York. Five men to twenty!—though the odds be great,
I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.
Many a battle have I won in France,
Whenas the enemy hath been ten to one:
Why should I not now have the like success?

[*Alarum. Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Plains near Sandal Castle.

Alarums; Excursions. Enter RUTLAND *and his Tutor.*

Rut. Ah! whither shall I fly to 'scape their hands?
Ah, tutor! look, where bloody Clifford comes.

Enter CLIFFORD *and Soldiers.*

Clif. Chaplain, away: thy priesthood saves thy life.
As for the brat of this accurséd duke,
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.

Tut. And I, my lord, will bear him company.

Clif. Soldiers, away with him.

Tut. Ah, Clifford! murder not this innocent child,
Lest thou be hated both of God and man.

[*Exit, forced off by Soldiers.*

Clif. How now! is he dead already? Or is it fear
That makes him close his eyes? I'll open them.

Rut. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws;[1]
And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey,
And so he comes to rend his limbs asunder.—
Ah, gentle Clifford! kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threatening look.
Sweet Clifford! hear me speak before I die:
I am too mean a subject for thy wrath;
Be thou revenged on men, and let me live.

Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy: my father's blood

[1] on the lamb.

Hath stopped the passage where thy words should
enter.

Rut. Then let my father's blood open it again :
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives and
thine
Were not revenge sufficient for me.
No, if I digged up thy forefathers' graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the house of York
Is as a fury to torment my soul ;
And till I root out their accursed line,
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.
Therefore—

Rut. O ! let me pray before I take my death.—
To thee I pray : sweet Clifford, pity me !

Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

Rut. I never did thee harm : why wilt thou slay
me ?

Clif. Thy father hath.

Rut. But 't was ere I was born.
Thou hast one son, for his sake pity me,
Lest, in revenge thereof, sith God is just,
He be as miserably slain as I.
Ah, let me live in prison all my days ;

And when I give occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

Clif. No cause?
Thy father slew my father: therefore, die.

[*Stabs him.*

Rut. *Di faciant laudis summa sit ista tuæ!*

[*Dies.*

Clif. Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!
And this thy son's blood, cleaving to my blade.
Shall rust upon my weapon till thy blood,
Congealed with this, do make me wipe off both.

[*Exit.*

Scene IV. — The Same.

Alarum. *Enter* York.

York. The army of the queen hath got the field:
My uncles both are slain in rescuing me;
And all my followers to the eager foe
Turn back, and fly like ships before the wind,
Or lambs pursued by hunger-starvéd wolves.
My sons—God knows, what hath bechancéd them:
But this I know, they have demeaned themselves
Like men born to renown, by life, or death.
Three times did Richard make a lane to me,[1]

[1] Three times this day came Richard to my sight.

And thrice cried,—"Courage, father! fight it out!"[1]
And full as oft came Edward to my side,[2]
With purple faulchion, painted to the hilt
In blood of those that had encountered him:
And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
Richard cried,—"Charge! and give no foot of ground!"
And cried,—"A crown, or else a glorious tomb!
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!"
With this, we charged again; but, out, alas!
We bodged again: as I have seen a swan
With bootless labour swim against the tide,
And spend her strength with over-matching waves.
[*A short alarum within.*
Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue;[3]
And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury;
And were I strong, I would not shun their fury.
The sands are numbered, that make up my life;
Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

Enter Queen MARGARET, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, *the young* PRINCE, *and Soldiers.*

Come, bloody Clifford,—rough Northumberland,—

[1] Victory or death.
[2] And twice so oft came Edward to my view.
[3] I hear the drums.

I dare your quenchless fury to more rage.
I am your butt, and I abide your shot.

North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.

Clif. Ay, to such mercy, as his ruthless arm
With downright payment showed unto my father.
Now Phaëton hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noontide prick.

York. My ashes, as the phœnix, may bring forth
A bird that will revenge upon you all;
And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heaven,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.
Why come you not?—what! multitudes, and fear?

Clif. So cowards fight, when they can fly no farther;
So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

York. O Clifford! but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought o'errun my former time;
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face,
And bite thy tongue that slanders him with cowardice
Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this.

Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word,
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one.

[*Draws.*

Q. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand causes
I would prolong awhile the traitor's life.—
Wrath makes him deaf: speak thou, Northumberland.

North. Hold, Clifford! do not honour him so much
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart.
What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away?
It is war's prize to take all vantages,
And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

[*They lay hands on* YORK, *who struggles.*

Clif. Ay, ay: so strives the woodcock with the gin.

North. So doth the cony struggle in the net.

[YORK *is taken prisoner.*

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquered booty;
So true men yield, with robbers so o'ermatched.

North. What would your grace have done unto him now?

Q. Mar. Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,
Come, make him stand upon this molehill here,

That raught at mountains with outstretchéd arms,
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.—
What! was it you, that would be England's king?
Was 't you that revelled in our parliament,
And made a preachment of your high descent?
Where are your mess of sons to back you now?
The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?
And where 's that valiant crook-back prodigy,
Dicky your boy, that, with his grumbling voice,
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?
Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?
Look, York: I stained this napkin with the blood
That valiant Clifford with his rapier's point
Made issue from the bosom of the boy;
And if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable state.
I pr'ythee, grieve, to make me merry, York:
What! hath thy fiery heart so parched thine entrails,
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?
Why art thou patient, man? thou shouldst be mad;
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.
Thou wouldst be fee'd, I see, to make me sport;

York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.—
A crown for York!—and, lords, bow low to him.—
Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.—
[*Putting a paper crown on his head.*
Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king.
Ay, this is he that took King Henry's chair,
And this is he was his adopted heir.—
But how is it, that great Plantagenet
Is crowned so soon, and broke his solemn oath?
As I bethink me, you should not be king,
Till our King Henry had shook hands with death.
And will you pale your head in Henry's glory,
And rob his temples of the diadem,
Now in his life, against your holy oath?
O! 't is a fault too too unpardonable.—
Off with the crown; and, with the crown, his head!
And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.

Clif. That is my office, for my father's sake.

Q. Mar. Nay, stay; let 's hear the orisons he makes.

York. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France;
Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!
How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex

To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,
Upon their woes whom fortune captivates!
But that thy face is, visor-like, unchanging,
Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush:
To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom derived,
Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not
shameless.
Thy father bears the type of King of Naples,
Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem,
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen;
Unless the adage must be verified,
That beggars, mounted, run their horse to death.
'T is beauty that doth oft make women proud;
But God he knows thy share thereof is small.
'T is virtue that doth make them most admired;
The contrary doth make thee wondered at.
'T is government that makes them seem divine;
The want thereof makes thee abominable.
Thou art as opposite to every good,
As the Antipodes are unto us,
Or as the south to the septentrion.
O tiger's heart, wrapped in a woman's hide!
How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,

To bid the father wipe his eyes withal;
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
Bidd'st thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy wish:
Wouldst have me weep? why, now thou hast thy will.
For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
And when the rage allays, the rain begins.
These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies,
And every drop cries vengeance for his death,
'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false French-woman.

North. Beshrew me, but his passions move me so,
That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

York. That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touched, would not have stained with blood;
But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,
O, ten times more, than tigers of Hyrcania,
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears!
This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy,
And I with tears do wash the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this;

And if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;
Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
And say,—'Alas! it was a piteous deed.'—
There, take the crown, and with the crown my curse,
And in thy need such comfort come to thee,
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!—
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world;
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!

North. Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin,
I should not, for my life, but weep with him,
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

Q. Mar. What! weeping-ripe, my Lord Northumberland?
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

Clif. Here 's for my oath; here 's for my father's death. [*Stabbing him.*

Q. Mar. And here 's to right our gentle-hearted king. [*Stabbing him.*

York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God!
My soul flies through these wounds to seek out thee.[1] [*Dies.*

[1] My soul flies forth to meet with thee.

Q. Mar. Off with his head, and set it on York gates:
So York may overlook the town of York.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Scene I.—A Plain near Mortimer's Cross in Herefordshire.

A March. Enter Edward *and* Richard, *with their Power.*

Edw. I wonder, how our princely father 'scaped;
Or whether he be 'scaped away, or no,
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit.
Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news;
Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;
Or had he 'scaped, methinks we should have heard
The happy tidings of his good escape.—
How fares my brother? why is he so sad?

Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolved
Where our right valiant father is become.
I saw him in the battle range about,
And watched him how he singled Clifford forth.
Methought, he bore him in the thickest troop,

As doth a lion in a herd of neat:
Or as a bear, encompassed round with dogs;
Who having pinched a few, and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.
So fared our father with his enemies;
So fled his enemies my warlike father:
Methinks, 't is prize enough to be his son.
See, how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun:
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimmed like a younker, prancing to his love!

Edw. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?

Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun,
Not separated with the racking clouds,
But severed in a pale clear-shining sky.
See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
As if they vowed some league inviolable:
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun!
In this the heaven figures some event.

Edw. 'T is wondrous strange, the like yet never heard of.
I think, it cites us, brother, to the field,
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,
Each one already blazing by our meeds,
Should, notwithstanding, join our lights together,

And over-shine the earth, as this the world.
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my target three fair-shining suns.

Rich. Nay, bear three daughters: by your leave I speak it,
You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Messenger.

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

Mess. Ah, one that was a woful looker-on,
Whenas the noble Duke of York was slain,
Your princely father, and my loving lord.

Edw. O, speak no more! for I have heard too much.

Rich. Say, how he died, for I will hear it all.

Mess. Environéd he was with many foes;
And stood against them, as the hope of Troy
Against the Greeks, that would have entered Troy.
But Hercules himself must yield to odds;
And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timbered oak.
By many hands your father was subdued;
But only slaughtered by the ireful arm
Of unrelenting Clifford, and the queen,
Who crowned the gracious duke in high despite;

Laughed in his face; and, when with grief he wept,
The ruthless queen gave him, to dry his cheeks,
A napkin steepéd in the harmless blood
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain:
And, after many scorns, many foul taunts,
They took his head, and on the gates of York
They set the same; and there it doth remain,
The saddest spectacle that e'er I viewed.

Edw. Sweet Duke of York! our prop to lean upon,
Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay.
O Clifford! boisterous Clifford! thou hast slain
The flower of Europe for his chivalry;
And treacherously hast thou vanquished him,
For, hand to hand, he would have vanquished thee.
Now, my soul's palace is become a prison:
Ah, would she break from hence, that this my body
Might in the ground be closéd up in rest!
For never henceforth shall I joy again,
Never, O, never, shall I see more joy.[1]

Rich. I cannot weep, for all my body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart:

[1] These two lines expand. The one line—
For never shall I have more joy.

Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burden;
For selfsame wind, that I should speak withal,
Is kindling coals that fire all my breast,
And burn me up with flames that tears would quench.
To weep is to make less the depth of grief:
Tears, then, for babes; blows and revenge for me!—[1]
Richard, I bear thy name, I'll venge thy death,
Or die renownéd by attempting it.

Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left with thee;
His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun:
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say;
Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

March. Enter WARWICK *and* MONTAGUE, *with their Army.*

War. How now, fair lords? What fare? what news abroad?

Rich. Great Lord of Warwick, if we should recount

[1] These six lines expand the two lines—

I cannot joy till the white rose be dyed,
Even in the heart blood of the house of Lancaster.

Our baleful news, and at each word's deliverance
Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told,
The words would add more anguish than the wounds.
O valiant lord! the Duke of York is slain.

Edw. O Warwick! Warwick! that Plantagenet,
Which held thee dearly as his soul's redemption,
Is by the stern Lord Clifford done to death.

War. Ten days ago I drowned these news in tears,
And now, to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things sith then befallen.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breathed his latest gasp,
Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,
Were brought me of your loss, and his depart.
I, then in London, keeper of the king,
Mustered my soldiers, gathered flocks of friends,
And very well appointed, as I thought,
Marched towards Saint Albans to intercept the queen,
Bearing the king in my behalf along;
For by my scouts I was advértiséd,
That she was coming with a full intent
To dash our late decree in parliament,
Touching King Henry's oath and your succession.

Short tale to make,—we at Saint Albans met,
Our battles joined and both sides fiercely fought;
But, whether 't was the coldness of the king,
Who looked full gently on his warlike queen,
That robbed my soldiers of their heated spleen,
Or whether 't was report of her success,
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
Who thunders to his captives blood and death,
I cannot judge: but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightning came and went;
Our soldiers'—like the night-owl's lazy flight,
Or like an idle thresher with a flail,—
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.
I cheered them up with justice of our cause,
With promise of high pay and great rewards:
But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,
And we, in them, no hope to win the day;
So that we fled: the king unto the queen;
Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself,
In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you;
For in the marches here, we heard, you were,
Making another head to fight again.

Edw. Where is the Duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?
And when came George from Burgundy to England?

War. Some six miles off the duke is with the soldiers;
And for your brother, he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, Duchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

Rich. 'T was odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled:
Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne'er, till now, his scandal of retire.

War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear;
For thou shalt know, this strong right hand of mine,
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful sceptre from his fist,
Were he as famous, and as bold in war,
As he is famed for mildness, peace, and prayer.

Rich. I know it well, Lord Warwick; blame me not:
'T is love I bear thy glories makes me speak.
But in this troublous time, what 's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numbering our Ave-Maries with our beads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?

If for the last, say—'Ay, and to it, lords.'

War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out,
And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,
With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland,
And of their feather many more proud birds,
Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax.
He swore consent to your succession,
His oath enrolléd in the parliament;
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his oath, and what beside
May make against the house of Lancaster:
Their power, I think, is thirty[1] thousand strong.
Now, if the help of Norfolk, and myself,
With all the friends that thou, brave Earl of March,
Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,
Will but amount to five-and-twenty[2] thousand,
Why, *Via!* to London will we march amain,
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
And once again cry—'Charge! upon our foes!'
But never once again turn back, and fly.

Rich. Ay, now, methinks, I hear great Warwick speak.

[1] fifty. [2] forty-eight.

Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day,
That cries—'Retire,' if Warwick bid him stay.

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean;
And when thou fail'st,—as God forbid the hour!—
Must Edward fall, which peril Heaven forfend!

War. No longer Earl of March, but Duke of York;
The next degree is England's royal throne;
For King of England shalt thou be proclaimed
In every borough as we pass along;
And he that throws not up his cap for joy,
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
King Edward,—valiant Richard,—Montague,—
Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,
But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

Rich. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,
As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

Edw. Then strike up, drums!—God and Saint George for us!

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now? what news?

Mess. The Duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,

The queen is coming with a puissant host;
And craves your company for speedy counsel.

War. Why then it sorts: brave warriors, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—Before York.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, *Queen* Margaret, *the Prince of* Wales, Clifford, *and* Northumberland, *with drums and trumpets.*

Q. Mar. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.
Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy,
That sought to be encompassed with your crown:
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?

K. Hen. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wrack:
To see this sight, it irks my very soul.—
Withhold revenge, dear God! 't is not my fault,
Nor wittingly have I infringed my vow.

Clif. My gracious liege, this too much lenity,
And harmful pity, must be laid aside.
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beasts that would usurp their den.
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?
Not his that spoils her young before her face.

Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?
Not he that sets his foot upon her back.
The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on;
And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.
Ambitious York did level at thy crown;
Thou smiling, while he knit his angry brows;
He, but a duke, would have his son a king,
And raise his issue like a loving sire;
Thou, being a king, blessed with a goodly son,
Didst yield consent to disinherit him,
Which argued thee a most unloving father.
Unreasonable creatures feed their young;
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seen them, even with those wings
Which sometime they have used in fearful flight,
Make war with him that climbed unto their nest,
Offering their own lives in their young's defence?
For shame, my liege! make them your precedent.
Were it not pity, that this goodly boy
Should lose his birthright by his father's fault,
And long hereafter say unto his child,—
'What my great-grandfather and grandsire got,
My careless father fondly gave away.'
Ah! what a shame were this! Look on the boy;
And let his manly face, which promiseth

Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

K. Hen. Full well hath Clifford played the orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear,
That things ill got had ever bad success?
And happy always was it for that son
Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?
I 'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;
And would my father had left me no more;
For all the rest is held at such a rate
As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep,
Than in possession any jot of pleasure. [1]
Ah, cousin York! would thy best friends did know
How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

Q. Mar. My lord, cheer up your spirits: our foes are nigh,
And this soft courage makes your followers faint.
You promised knighthood to our forward son;
Unsheathe your sword, and dub him presently.—
Edward, kneel down.

K. Hen. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight;
And learn this lesson,—Draw thy sword in right.

Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,

[1] Than may the present profit countervail.

I 'll draw it as apparent to the crown,
And in that quarrel use it to the death.

Clif. Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Royal commanders, be in readiness:
For, with a band of thirty[1] thousand men,
Comes Warwick, backing of the Duke of York;
And in the towns, as they do march along,
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him.
Darraign your battle, for they are at hand.

Clif. I would, your highness would depart the field:
The queen hath best success when you are absent.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.

K. Hen. Why, that 's my fortune too; therefore I 'll stay.

North. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defence.
Unsheathe your sword, good father: cry, "Saint George!"

[1] fifty.

March. *Enter* EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, *and Soldiers.*

Edw. Now, perjured Henry, wilt thou kneel for grace,
And set thy diadem upon my head,
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?[1]

Q. Mar. Go, rate thy minions, proud insulting boy!
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms,
Before thy sovereign, and thy lawful king?

Edw. I am his king, and he should bow his knee;
I was adopted heir by his consent;
Since when, his oath is broke: for, as I hear,
You, that are king, though he do wear the crown,
Have caused him, by new act of parliament,
To blot out me, and put his own son in.

Clif. And reason too:
Who should succeed the father but the son?

Rich. Are you there, butcher?—O! I cannot speak.

Clif. Ay, crook-back; here I stand, to answer thee,

[1] Now perjured Henry, wilt thou yield thy crown,
And kneel for mercy at thy sovereign's feet?

Or any he the proudest of thy sort.

Rich. 'T was you that killed young Rutland, was it not?

Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.

Rich. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight.

War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown?

Q. Mar. Why, how now, long-tongued Warwick! dare you speak?

When you and I met at Saint Albans last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.

War. Then 't was my turn to fly, now it is thine.

Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.

War. 'T was not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.

North. No, nor your manhood, that durst make you stay.

Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently.
Break off the parley; scarce I can refrain
The execution of my big-swoln heart
Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.

Clif. I slew thy father: call'st thou him a child?

Rich. Ay, like a dastard, and a treacherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;

But ere sunset I 'll make thee curse the deed.

K. Hen. Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Defy them then, or else hold close thy lips.

K. Hen. I pr'ythee, give no limits to my tongue: I am a king, and privileged to speak.

Clif. My liege, the wound that bred this meeting here
Cannot be cured by words; therefore be still.

Rich. Then, executioner, unsheathe thy sword.
By Him that made us all, I am resolved
That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.

Edw. Say, Henry, shall I have my right, or no?
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,
That ne'er shall dine, unless thou yield the crown.

War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;
For York in justice puts his armour on.

Prince. If that be right which Warwick says is right,
There is no wrong but everything is right.

Rich. Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands;
For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.

Q. Mar. But thou art neither like thy sire, nor dam;
But like a foul misshapen stigmatic,

Marked by the destinies to be avoided,
As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.

Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with English gilt,
Whose father bears the title of a king,—
As if a channel should be called the sea,—
Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?[1]

Edw. A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
To make this shameless callat know herself.
Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
Although thy husband may be Menelaus;
And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wronged
By that false woman, as this king by thee.
His father revelled in the heart of France,
And tamed the king, and made the Dauphin stoop;
And had he matched according to his state,
He might have kept that glory to this day;
But when he took a beggar to his bed,
And graced thy poor sire with his bridal-day,
Even then that sunshine brewed a shower for him,
That washed his father's fortunes forth of France,
And heaped sedition on his crown at home.
For what hath broached this tumult, but thy pride?

[1] To parley thus with England's lawful heirs.

Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept,
And we, in pity of the gentle king,
Had slipped our claim until another age.

Geo. But when we saw our sunshine made thy spring,
And that thy summer bred us no increase,
We set the axe to thy usurping root:
And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,
Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,
We'll never leave, till we have hewn thee down,
Or bathed thy growing with our heated bloods.

Edw. And in this resolution I defy thee;
Not willing any longer conference,
Since thou deniest the gentle king to speak.—
Sound trumpets!—let our bloody colours wave!
And either victory, or else a grave.

Q. Mar. Stay, Edward.

Edw. No, wrangling woman; we'll no longer stay:
These words will cost ten thousand lives this day.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—A Field of Battle near Towton.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter Warwick.

War. Forspent with toil, as runners with a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe;
For strokes received, and many blows repaid,
Have robbed my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
And, spite of spite,[1] needs must I rest awhile.

Enter Edward, *running.*

Edw. Smile, gentle Heaven, or strike, ungentle death!
For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.[2]

War. How now, my lord? what hap? what hope of good?

Enter George.

Geo. Our hap is lost, our hope but sad despair:
Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us.
What counsel give you? whither shall we fly?

Edw. Bootless is flight: they follow us with wings;
And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

[1] force perforce.

[2] That we may die unless we gain the day:
What fatal star malignant frowns from heaven
[2] Upon the harmless line of York' true house

Enter RICHARD.

Rich. Ah, Warwick! why hast thou withdrawn thyself?

Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,
Broached with the steely point of Clifford's lance;
And in the very pangs of death he cried,
Like to a dismal clangor heard from far,
'Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!'[1]
So, underneath the belly of their steeds,
That stained their fetlocks in his smoking blood,
The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:

I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.
Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage;
And look upon, as if the tragedy
Were played in jest by counterfeiting actors?
Here on my knee I vow to God above,

[1] Thy noble father in the thickest throngs
Cried still for Warwick his thrice valiant son,
Until with thousand swords he was beset,
And many wounds made in his aged breast.
And as he tottering sat upon his steed,
He waft his hands to me and cried aloud,
'Richard, commend me to my valiant son.'
And still he cried, 'Warwick, revenge my death!'

I 'll never pause again, never stand still,
Till either death hath closed these eyes of mine,
Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

Edw. O Warwick! I do bend my knee with thine;
And, in this vow, do chain my soul to thine.—
And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
Thou setter-up and plucker-down of kings,
Beseeching thee,—if with thy will it stands
That to my foes this body must be prey,—
Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,
And give sweet passage to my sinful soul.[1]—
Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where'er it be, in heaven, or in earth.

Rich. Brother, give me thy hand;—and, gentle Warwick,
Let me embrace thee in my weary arms.
I, that did never weep, nor melt with woe,
That winter should cut off our spring-time so.[2]

War. Away, away! Once more, sweet lords, farewell.

Geo. Yet let us all together to our troops,

[1] Vouchsafe a gentle victory to us,
Or let us die before we lose the day.

[2] To see these dire mishaps continue so.

And give them leave to fly that will not stay,
And call them pillars that will stand to us;
And if we thrive promise them such rewards
As victors wear at the Olympian games.
This may plant courage in their quailing breasts;
For yet is hope of life, and victory.—
Forslow no longer; make we hence amain.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—The Same. Another Part of the Field.

Excursions. Enter Richard *and* Clifford.

Rich. Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone.
Suppose, this arm is for the Duke of York,
And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge,
Wert thou environed with a brazen wall.[1]

Clif. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone.
This is the hand that stabbed thy father York,
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland;
And there's the heart that triumphs in their death,

[1] Now, Clifford, for York and young Rutland's death
This thirsty sword, that longs to drink thy blood,
Shall lop thy limbs, and slice thy curséd heart,
For to revenge the murders thou hast made.

And cheers these hands, that slew thy sire and brother,
And so, have at thee!

[*They fight.* WARWICK *comes;* CLIFFORD *flies.*

Rich. Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase;
For I myself will hunt this wolf to death.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Another Part of the Field.

Alarum. Enter King HENRY.

K. Hen. This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light;
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,
Forced by the tide to combat with the wind:
Now sways it that way, like the selfsame sea,
Forced to retire by fury of the wind:
Sometime, the flood prevails; and then, the wind;
Now, one the better, then, another best;
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,

Yet neither conqueror, nor conquerèd :[1]
So is the equal poise of this fell war.
Here, on this molehill, will I sit me down.
To whom God will, there be the victory ;
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle ; swearing both,
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
'Would I were dead ! if God's good will were so ;
For what is in this world but grief and woe ?
O God ! methinks, it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain ;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run,
How many make the hour full complete ;
How many hours bring about the day ;
How many days will finish up the year ;
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times :
So many hours must I tend my flock ;
So many hours must I take my rest ;
So many hours must I contemplate ;

[1] How like a mastless ship upon the seas
This woful battle doth continue still,
Now leaning this way, now to that side drive,
And none doth know to whom the day will fall.

So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days my ewes have been with young;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will ean;
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece:
So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,
Passed over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn-bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich-embroidered canopy
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?
O, yes, it doth; a thousand-fold it doth.
And to conclude,—the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couchéd in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason waits on him.

Alarum. Enter a Son that hath killed his Father, with the dead body.

Son. Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.
This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,

May be possessèd with some store of crowns:
And I, that haply take them from him now,
May yet ere night yield both my life and them
To some man else, as this dead man doth me.[1]
Who 's this?—O God! it is my father's face,
Whom in this conflict I unwares have killed.
O heavy times, begetting such events!
From London by the king was I pressed forth:
My father, being the Earl of Warwick's man,
Came on the part of York, pressed by his master;
And I, who at his hands received my life,
Have by my hands of life bereavèd him.[2]—
Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did;—
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee.—
My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks;
And no more words, till they have flowed their fill.

K. Hen. O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!
While lions war and battle for their dens,
Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.[3]
Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee, tear for tear;
And let our hearts, and eyes, like civil war,

[1] And I will search to find them if I can.

[2] And in this conflict I have slain my father.

[3] Transposed from part of the King's speech after the lament of the Father who has killed his son. After the lament of the Son who has killed his father, the King, in the old play, does not speak.

Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharged with grief.

Enter a Father, who has killed his Son, with the body in his arms.

Fath. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold,
For I have bought it with an hundred blows.—
But let me see:—is this our foeman's[1] face?
Ah, no, no, no! it is mine only son!—
Ah, boy! if any life be left in thee,
Throw up thine eye: see, see, what showers arise,
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart!—
O, pity, God, this miserable age!
What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!—
O boy! thy father gave thee life too soon,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.

K. Hen. Woe above woe! grief more than common grief!
O, that my death would stay these ruthful deeds![2]

[1] The old play has here 'no famous,' a misprint for 'no foeman's.'

[2] This line is transposed from the first speech of the King in the old play, 'O, would my death might stay these civil jars!'

O, pity, pity! gentle Heaven, pity!—
The red rose and the white are on his face,
The fatal colours of our striving houses:
The one his purple blood right well resembles;
The other his pale cheeks, methinks, presenteth;
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish!
If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

Son. How will my mother, for a father's death,
Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfied!

Fath. How will my wife, for slaughter of my son,
Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfied!

K. Hen. How will the country, for these woful chances,
Misthink the king, and not be satisfied!

Son. Was ever son so rued a father's death?

Fath. Was ever father so bemoaned his son?

K. Hen. Was ever king so grieved for subjects' woe?
Much is your sorrow; mine, ten times so much.

Son. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill. [*Exit, with the body.*

Fath. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;
My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre.
For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go.
My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell,

And so obsequious will thy father be,
Son, for the loss of thee, having no more,
As Priam was for all his valiant sons.
I 'll bear thee hence ; and let them fight that will,
For I have murdered where I should not kill.

[*Exit, with the body.*

K. Hen. Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,
Here sits a king more woful than you are.

Alarum : Excursions. Enter Queen MARGARET, *Prince of* WALES, *and* EXETER.

Prince. Fly, father, fly ! for all your friends are fled,
And Warwick rages like a chafèd bull.
Away ! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

Q. Mar. Mount you, my lord : towards Berwick post amain.
Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds
Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody steel grasped in their ireful hands,
Are at our backs ; and therefore hence amain.

Exe. Away ! for vengeance comes along with them.
Nay, stay not to expostulate ; make speed,

Or else come after: I'll away before.

K. Hen. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter:
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
Whither the queen intends. Forward! away!

[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.—The Same.

A loud Alarum. Enter Clifford, *wounded.*

Clif. Here burns my candle out; ay, here it dies,
Which, while it lasted, gave King Henry light.
O, Lancaster, I fear thy overthrow,
More than my body's parting with my soul.
My love and fear glued many friends to thee;
And now I fall thy tough commixture melts,
Impairing Henry, strengthening misproud York;
And whither fly the gnats, but to the sun?
And who shines now but Henry's enemies?
O Phœbus! hadst thou never given consent
That Phaëthon should check thy fiery steeds,
Thy burning car never had scorched the earth;
And, Henry, hadst thou swayed as kings should do,
Or as thy father, and his father, did,
Giving no ground unto the house of York,
They never then had sprung like summer-flies;

I and ten thousand in this luckless realm
Had left no mourning widows for our death,
And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.
For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air?
And what makes robbers bold but too much lenity?
Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my wounds;
No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight:
The foe is merciless, and will not pity;
For at their hands I have deserved no pity.
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
And much effuse of blood doth make me faint.—
Come, York, and Richard, Warwick, and the rest;
I stabbed your fathers' bosoms, split my breast.

[*He faints.*

Alarum and Retreat. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, *and Soldiers.*

Edw. Now breathe we, lords: good fortune bids us pause,
And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.[1]—
Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen,
That led calm Henry, though he were a king,
As doth a sail, filled with a fretting gust,

[1] Thus far our fortunes keep an upward course,
And we are graced with wreaths of victory.

Command an argosy to stem the waves.
But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?

War. No, 't is impossible he should escape;
For, though before his face I speak the words,
Your brother Richard marked him for the grave;
And wheresoe'er he is, he 's surely dead.

[CLIFFORD *groans and dies.*

Edw. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave?

Rich. A deadly groan, like life and death's departing.

Edw. See who it is: and, now the battle 's ended,
If friend, or foe, let him be gently used.

Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 't is Clifford;
Who not contented that he lopped the branch
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
But set his murdering knife unto the root
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,—
I mean, our princely father, Duke of York.[1]

War. From off the gates of York fetch down the head,
Your father's head, which Clifford placéd there;

[1] Who killed our tender brother, Rutland,
And stabbed our princely father, Duke of York.

Instead whereof, let this supply the room:
Measure for measure must be answeréd.

Edw. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house
That nothing sung but death to us and ours:
Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,
And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.

[*Attendants bring the body forward.*

War. I think, his understanding is bereft.—
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?—
Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,
And he nor sees, nor hears us what we say.

Rich. O, would he did! and so, perhaps, he doth:
'T is but his policy to counterfeit,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
Which in the time of death he gave our father.

Geo. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.

Rich. Clifford! ask mercy, and obtain no grace.

Edw. Clifford! repent in bootless penitence.

War. Clifford! devise excuses for thy faults.

Geo. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.

Rich. Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.

Edw. Thou pitiedst Rutland, I will pity thee.

Geo. Where's Captain Margaret, to fence you now?

War. They mock thee, Clifford: swear as thou wast wont.

Rich. What! not an oath? nay, then the world goes hard,
When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath.—
I know by that, he's dead; and, by my soul,
If this right hand would buy two hours' life,
That I in all despite might rail at him,
This hand should chop it off; and with the issuing blood
Stifle the villain, whose unstaunchéd thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.

War. Ay, but he's dead. Off with the traitor's head,
And rear it in the place your father's stands.
And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crownéd England's royal king.
From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,
And ask the Lady Bona for thy queen.
So shalt thou sinew both these lands together;
And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread
The scattered foe that hopes to rise again;
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,

Yet look to have them buz[1], to offend thine ears.
First will I see the coronation,
And then to Brittany I 'll cross the sea,
To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be;
For in thy shoulder do I build my seat,
And never will I undertake the thing,
Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.—
Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloster;—
And George, of Clarence;—Warwick, as ourself,
Shall do, and undo, as him pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be Duke of Clarence, George of Gloster,
For Gloster's dukedom is too ominous.

War. Tut! that 's a foolish observation:
Richard, be Duke of Gloster. Now to London,
To see these honours in possession. [*Exeunt.*

[1] Misprinted in the old play 'busie.'

ACT III.

Scene I.—A Chase in the North of England.

Enter two Keepers, with cross-bows in their hands.

1 *Keep.* Under this thick-grown brake we'll shroud ourselves;[1]
For through this laund anon the deer will come;
And in this covert will we make our stand,
Culling the principal of all the deer.

2 *Keep.* I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.

1 *Keep.* That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow
Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.
Here stand we both, and aim we at the best:
And, for the time shall not seem tedious,
I'll tell thee what befell me on a day,
In this self place where now we mean to stand.

2 *Keep.* Here comes a man, let's stay till he be past.

[1] Come, let's take our stand upon this hill,
And by and by the deer will come this way;
But stay, here comes a man, let's listen him awhile.

Enter King HENRY, *disguised, with a prayer-book.*

K. Hen. From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,
To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.
No, Harry, Harry, 't is no land of thine;
Thy place is filled, thy sceptre wrung from thee,
Thy balm washed off wherewith thou wast anointed:
No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,
No humble suitors press to speak for right,
No, not a man comes for redress of thee,
For how can I help them, and not myself?

1 *Keep.* Ay, here 's a deer whose skin 's a keeper's fee:
This is the *quondam* king; let 's seize upon him.

K. Hen. Let me embrace the sour adversities;
For wise men say, it is the wisest course.

2 *Keep.* Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.

1 *Keep.* Forbear awhile; we 'll hear a little more.

K. Hen. My queen and son are gone to France for aid;
And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick
Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister
To wife for Edward. If this news be true,
Poor queen and son, your labour is but lost:

For Warwick is a subtle orator,
And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.
By this account then, Margaret may win him,
For she's a woman to be pitied much :
Her sighs will make a battery in his breast,
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart ;
The tiger will be mild whiles she doth mourn,
And Nero will be tainted with remorse
To hear and see her plaints, her brinish tears.
Ay, but she's come to beg ; Warwick to give :
She on his left side craving aid for Henry,
He on his right asking a wife for Edward.
She weeps, and says—her Henry is deposed ;
He smiles, and says—his Edward is installed ;
That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more :
Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,
Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,
And, in conclusion, wins the king from her,
With promise of his sister, and what else,
To strengthen and support King Edward's place.
O Margaret ! thus 't will be ; and thou, poor soul,
Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn.

2 *Keep.* Say, what art thou that talk'st of kings and queens?

K. Hen. More than I seem, and less than I was born to :

A man at least, for less I should not be;
And men may talk of kings, and why not I?

2 *Keep.* Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.

K. Hen. Why, so I am, in mind; and that's enough.

2 *Keep.* But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown?

K. Hen. My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
Not decked with diamonds, and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen: my crown is called, content;
A crown it is, that seldom kings enjoy.

2 *Keep.* Well, if you be a king crowned with content,
Your crown content, and you, must be contented
To go along with us; for, as we think,
You are the king King Edward hath deposed;
And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,
Will apprehend you as his enemy.

K. Hen. But did you never swear, and break an oath?

2 *Keep.* No, never such an oath; nor will not now.

K. Hen. Where did you dwell, when I was King of England?

2 *Keep.* Here in this country, where we now remain.

K. Hen. I was anointed king at nine months old;
My father and my grandfather were kings;
And you were sworn true subjects unto me:
And tell me then, have you not broke your oaths?

1 *Keep.* No;
For we were subjects but while you were king.

K. Hen. Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a man?
Ah, simple men! you know not what you swear.
Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust:
Such is the lightness of you common men
But do not break your oaths; for of that sin
My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the king shall be commanded;
And be you kings: command, and I'll obey.

1 *Keep.* We are true subjects to the king, King Edward.

K. Hen. So would you be again to Henry,
If he were seated as King Edward is.

1 *Keep.* We charge you, in God's name, and the king's,
To go with us unto the officers.

K. Hen. In God's name, lead; your king's name be obeyed:
And what God will, that let your king perform;
And what he will, I humbly yield unto. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, CLARENCE, *and Lady* GREY.

K. Edw. Brother of Gloster, at Saint Albans field
This lady's husband, Sir Richard Grey, was slain,
His lands then seized on by the conqueror:
Her suit is now, to repossess those lands;
Which we in justice cannot well deny,
Because in quarrel of the house of York
The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

Glo. Your highness shall do well to grant her suit;
It were dishonour to deny it her.

K. Edw. It were no less; but yet I 'll make a pause.

Glo. [*Aside to* CLARENCE.] Yea; is it so?
I see the lady hath a thing to grant,

Before the king will grant her humble suit.

Clar. [*Aside to* GLOSTER.] He knows the game: how true he keeps the wind!

Glo. [*Aside to* CLARENCE.] Silence!

K. Edw. Widow, we will consider of your suit,
And come some other time to know our mind.

L. Grey. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay:
May it please your highness to resolve me now,
And what your pleasure is shall satisfy me.

Glo. [*Aside to* CLARENCE.] Ay, widow? then I'll warrant you all your lands,
An if what pleases him shall pleasure you.
Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.

Clar. [*Aside to* GLOSTER.] I fear her not, unless she chance to fall.

Glo. [*Aside to* CLARENCE.] God forbid that, for he'll take vantages.[1]

K. Edw. How many children hast thou, widow? tell me.

Clar. [*Aside to* GLOSTER.] I think, he means to beg a child of her.

Glo. [*Aside to* CLARENCE.] Nay, whip me then; he'll rather give her two.

[1] These words between Gloster and Clarence are transposed from a later part of the scene.

L. Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.

Glo. [*Aside to* CLARENCE.] You shall have four, if you 'll be ruled by him.

K. Edw. 'Twere pity, they should lose their father's lands.

L. Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.

K. Edw. Lords, give us leave: I 'll try this widow's wit.

Glo. [*Aside to* CLARENCE.] Ay, good leave have you; for you will have leave,
Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch.

[GLOSTER *and* CLARENCE *stand apart.*

K. Edw. Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?

L. Grey. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

K. Edw. And would you not do much, to do them good?

L. Grey. To do them good I would sustain some harm.

K. Edw. Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.

L. Grey. Therefore I came unto your majesty.

K. Edw. I 'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

L. Grey. So shall you bind me to your highness' service.

K. Edw. What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?

L. Grey. What you command, that rests in me to do.

K. Edw. But you will take exceptions to my boon.

L. Grey. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

K. Edw. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

L. Grey. Why then, I will do what your grace commands.

Glo. [*Aside to* CLARENCE.] He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble.

Clar. [*Aside to* GLOSTER.] As red as fire! nay, then her wax must melt.

L. Grey. Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?

K. Edw. An easy task: 't is but to love a king.

L. Grey. That 's soon performed, because I am a subject.

K. Edw. Why then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.

L. Grey. I take my leave with many thousand thanks.

Glo. [*Aside to* CLARENCE.] The match is made: she seals it with a curtsy.

K. Edw. But stay thee; 'tis the fruits of love I mean.

L. Grey. The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.

K. Edw. Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense.
What love think'st thou I sue so much to get?

L. Grey. My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers:[1]
That love which virtue begs, and virtue grants.

K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.

L. Grey. Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.

K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my mind.

L. Grey. My mind will never grant what I perceive
Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.

K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.

L. Grey. To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.

K. Edw. Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.

[1] My humble service, such as subjects owes and the laws commands.

L. Grey. Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower;
For by that loss I will not purchase them.

K. Edw. Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

L. Grey. Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.
But, mighty lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the sadness of my suit;
Please you dismiss me, either with ay, or no.

K. Edw. Ay, if thou wilt say ay to my request;
No, if thou dost say no to my demand.

L. Grey. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.

Glo. [*Aside to* CLARENCE.] The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.

Clar. [*Aside to* GLOSTER.] He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.

K. Edw. [*Aside.*] Her looks do argue her replete with modesty;
Her words do show her wit incomparable;
All her perfections challenge sovereignty:[1]
One way, or other, she is for a king,
And she shall be my love, or else my queen.—
Say, that King Edward take thee for his queen?

[1] Her looks are all replete with majesty.

L. Grey. 'T is better said than done, my gracious lord:
I am a subject fit to jest withal,
But far unfit to be a sovereign.

K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,
I speak no more than what my soul intends;
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.

L. Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto.
I know, I am too mean to be your queen,
And yet too good to be your concubine.

K. Edw. You cavil, widow: I did mean, my queen.

L. Grey. 'T will grieve your grace, my sons should call you father.

K. Edw. No more than when my daughters call thee mother.
Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;
And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,
Have other some: why, 't is a happy thing
To be the father unto many sons.
Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.

Glo. [*Aside to* CLARENCE.] The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.

Clar. [*Aside to* GLOSTER.] When he was made a shriver 't was for shift.

K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.

Glo. The widow likes it not, for she looks very sad.

K. Edw. You'd think it strange if I should marry her.

Clar. To whom, my lord?

K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself.

Glo. That would be ten days' wonder at the least.

Clar. That 's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

Glo. By so much is the wonder in extremes.

K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you both,
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,
And brought your prisoner to your palace gate.

K. Edw. See that he be conveyed unto the Tower:—
And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
To question of his apprehension.—
Widow, go you along.—Lords, use her honourably.

[*Exeunt King* EDWARD, *Lady* GREY, CLARENCE, *and Lord.*

Glo. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.

Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,
To cross me from the golden time I look for!
And yet, between my soul's desire, and me,—
The lustful Edward's title buried,—
Is[1] Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,
And all the unlooked for issue of their bodies,
To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:
A cold premeditation for my purpose!
Why then, I do but dream on sovereignty;
Like one that stands upon a promontory,
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye;
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
Saying—he 'll lade it dry to have his way:
So do I wish the crown, being so far off,
And so I chide the means that keep me from it;
And so I say—I 'll cut the causes off,
Flattering me with impossibilities.—
My eye 's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,
Unless my hand and strength could equal them.
Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard,
What other pleasure can the world afford?
I 'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
And deck my body in gay ornaments,

[1] First is there—

And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
O miserable thought! and more unlikely,
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns.
Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb:
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe,
To shrink mine arm up like a withered shrub;[1]
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;
To shape my legs of an unequal size;
To disproportion me in every part;
Like to a chaos, or an unlicked bear-whelp,
That carries no impression like the dam.
And am I then a man to be beloved!
O monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!
Then, since this earth affords no joy to me
But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
As are of better person than myself,
I'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown;
And, whiles I live, to account this world but hell,
Until my misshaped trunk, that bears this head,
Be round impaléd with a glorious crown.
And yet I know not how to get the crown,
For many lives stand between me and home:
And I,—like one lost in a thorny wood,

[1] 'Shrub,' misprinted 'shrimp' in the old play.

That rends the thorns, and is rent with the thorns,
Seeking a way, and straying from the way,
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling desperately to find it out,—
Torment myself to catch the English crown:
And from that torment I will free myself,
Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile,
And cry, content, to that which grieves my heart,
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions.
I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall,
I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
Deceive more slily than Ulysses could,
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy.
I can add colours to the chameleon,
Change shapes with Proteus, for advantages,
And set the murderous Machiavel to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
Tut! were it further off, I'll pluck it down.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—France. A Room in the Palace.

Flourish. Enter LEWIS *the French King, and Lady* BONA, *attended: the King takes his state. Then enter Queen* MARGARET, *Prince* EDWARD, *and the Earl of* OXFORD.

K. Lew. [*Rising.*] Fair Queen of England, worthy Margaret,
Sit down with us: it ill befits thy state
And birth, that thou shouldst stand, while Lewis doth sit.

Q. Mar. No, mighty king of France; now Margaret
Must strike her sail, and learn awhile to serve,
Where kings command. I was, I must confess,
Great Albion's queen in former golden days;
But now mischance hath trod my title down,
And with dishonour laid me on the ground
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
And to my humble seat conform myself.

K. Lew. Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this deep despair?

Q. Mar. From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears,

And stops my tongue, while heart is drowned in cares,

K. Lew. What'er it be, be thou still like thyself,
And sit thee by our side: [*seats her by him*] yield not thy neck
To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.
Be plain, Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
It shall be eased, if France can yield relief.

Q. Mar. Those gracious words revive my drooping thoughts,
And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.
Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,
That Henry, sole possessor of my love,
Is of a king become a banished man,
And forced to live in Scotland, a forlorn;
While proud ambitious Edward, Duke of York,
Usurps the regal title, and the seat
Of England's true-anointed lawful king.
This is the cause, that I, poor Margaret,
With this my son, Prince Edward, Henry's heir,
Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;
And if thou fail us, all our hope is done.
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;
Our people and our peers are both misled,
Our treasure seized, our soldiers put to flight,

And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.

K. Lew. Renownéd queen, with patience calm the storm,
While we bethink a means to break it off.[1]

Q. Mar. The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe.

K. Lew. The more I stay, the more I 'll succour thee.

Q. Mar. O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow:
And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

Enter WARWICK, *attended.*

K. Lew. What 's he, approacheth boldly to our presence?

Q. Mar. Our Earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.

K. Lew. Welcome, brave Warwick. What brings thee to France?

[*Descending from his state.* *Queen* [MARGARET *rises.*

[1] Thou shalt have aid to repossess thy right
And beat proud Edward from his usurped seat,
And place King Henry in his former rule.
Q. Mar. I humbly thank your royal majesty,
And pray the God of heaven to bless thy state,
Great King of France, that thus regard our wrongs.
[*Enter* WARWICK.

Q. Mar. Ay, now begins a second storm to rise;
For this is he that moves both wind and tide.

War. From worthy Edward, King of Albion,
My lord and sovereign, and thy vowéd friend,
I come, in kindness, and unfeignéd love,
First, to do greetings to thy royal person;
And then, to crave a league of amity;
And lastly, to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That virtuous Lady Bona, thy fair sister,
To England's king in lawful marriage.

Q. Mar. If that go forward, Henry's hope is done.

War. [*To* Bona.] And, gracious madam, in our king's behalf,
I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart;
Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,
Hath placed thy beauty's image, and thy virtue.

Q. Mar. King Lewis, and Lady Bona, hear me speak,
Before you answer Warwick. His demand
Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,
But from deceit, bred by necessity;
For how can tyrants safely govern home,

Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?
To prove him tyrant, this reason may suffice,
That Henry liveth still: but were he dead,
Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henry's son.
Look, therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage
Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour;
For though usurpers sway the rule awhile,
Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.[1]

War. Injurious Margaret!

Prince. And why not queen?

War. Because thy father Henry did usurp,
And thou no more art prince than she is queen.

Oxf. Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;
And after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth,
Who by his prowess conquerèd all France:
From these our Henry lineally descends.

War. Oxford, how haps it in this smooth discourse,

[1] Before you answer Warwick or his words,
For he it is hath done us all these wrongs.

You told not, how Henry the Sixth hath lost
All that which Henry the Fifth had gotten?
Methinks, these peers of France should smile at that.
But for the rest,—you tell a pedigree
Of threescore and two years; a silly time
To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

Oxf. Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy liege,
Whom thou obeyedst thirty and six[1] years,
And not bewray thy treason with a blush?

War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?
For shame! leave Henry, and call Edward king.

Oxf. Call him my king, by whose injurious doom
My elder brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere,
Was done to death? and more than so, my father,
Even in the downfall of his mellowed years,
When nature brought him to the door of death?
No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

War. And I the house of York.

K. Lew. Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford,

[1] Thirty and eight.

Vouchsafe at our request to stand aside,
While I use further conference with Warwick.

Q. Mar. Heavens grant, that Warwick's words bewitch him not!

[*Retiring with the* PRINCE *and* OXFORD.

K. Lew. Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy conscience,
Is Edward your true king? for I were loth,
To link with him that were not lawful chosen.

War. Thereon I pawn my credit, and mine honour.

K. Lew. But is he gracious in the people's eye?

War. The more, that Henry was unfortunate.

K. Lew. Then further, all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth the measure of his love
Unto our sister Bona.

War. Such it seems,
As may beseem a monarch like himself.
Myself have often heard him say, and swear,
That this his love was an eternal plant,
Whereof the root was fixed in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintained with beauty's sun,
Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,
Unless the Lady Bona quit his pain.

K. Lew. Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine.—

[*To* WARWICK.] Yet I confess, that often ere this day,
When I have heard your king's desert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

K. Lew. Then, Warwick, thus:—our sister shall be Edward's;
And now forthwith shall articles be drawn
Touching the jointure that your king must make,
Which with her dowry shall be counterpoised.—
Draw near, Queen Margaret, and be a witness,
That Bona shall be wife to the English king.

Prince. To Edward, but not to the English king.

Q. Mar. Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device,
By this alliance to make void my suit:
Before thy coming, Lewis was Henry's friend.

K. Lew. And still is friend to him and Margaret:
But if your title to the crown be weak,
As may appear by Edward's good success,
Then 't is but reason, that I be released
From giving aid which late I promiséd.
Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand,
That your estate requires, and mine can yield.

War. Henry now lives in Scotland, at his ease,
Where having nothing, nothing can he lose.
And as for you yourself, our *quondam* queen,
You have a father able to maintain you,
And better 't were you troubled him than France.

Q. Mar. Peace! impudent and shameless Warwick, peace,
Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings:
I will not hence, till with my talk and tears,
Both full of truth, I make King Lewis behold
Thy sly conveyance, and thy lord's false love;
For both of you are birds of selfsame feather.

[*A horn sounded within.*

K. Lew. Warwick, this is some post to us, or thee.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord ambassador, these letters are for you,
Sent from your brother, Marquess Montague;—
These from our king unto your majesty;—
And, madam, these for you; from whom, I know not. [*They all read their letters.*

Oxf. I like it well, that our fair queen and mistress
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

Prince. Nay, mark how Lewis stamps as he were nettled :
I hope all 's for the best.

K. Lew. Warwick, what are thy news? and yours, fair queen?

Q. Mar. Mine, such as fill my heart with unhoped joys.

War. Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

K. Lew. What! has your king married the Lady Grey,
And now, to soothe your forgery and his,
Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?
Is this the alliance that he seeks with France?
Dares he presume to scorn us in this manner?

Q. Mar. I told your majesty as much before :
This proveth Edward's love, and Warwick's honesty.

War. King Lewis, I here protest, in sight of heaven,
And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,
That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's;
No more my king, for he dishonours me,
But most himself, if he could see his shame.
Did I forget, that by the house of York
My father came untimely to his death?
Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece?
Did I impale him with the regal crown?

Did I put Henry from his native right?
And am I guerdoned at the last with shame?
Shame on himself, for my desert is honour:
And to repair my honour lost for him,
I here renounce him, and return to Henry.
My noble queen, let former grudges pass,
And henceforth I am thy true servitor.
I will revenge his wrong to Lady Bona,
And replant Henry in his former state.

Q. Mar. Warwick, these words have turned my hate to love;
And I forgive and quite forget old faults,
And joy that thou becom'st King Henry's friend.

War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeignéd friend,
That if King Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us
With some few bands of chosen soldiers,
I'll undertake to land them on our coast,
And force the tyrant from his seat by war.
'T is not his new-made bride shall succour him:
And as for Clarence, as my letters tell me,
He 's very likely now to fall from him,
For matching more for wanton lust than honour,
Or than for strength and safety of our country.

Bona. Dear brother, how shall Bona be revenged,
But by thy help to this distresséd queen?

Q. Mar. Renownéd prince, how shall poor Henry live,
Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?

Bona. My quarrel, and this English queen's, are one.

War. And mine, fair Lady Bona, joins with yours.

K. Lew. And mine, with hers, and thine, and Margaret's.
Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolved,
You shall have aid.

Q. Mar. Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

K. Lew. Then, England's messenger, return in post;
And tell false Edward, thy supposéd king,
That Lewis of France is sending over masquers,
To revel it with him and his new bride.
Thou seest what 's passed; go fear thy king withal.

Bona. Tell him, in hope he 'll prove a widower shortly,
I 'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

Q. Mar. Tell him, my mourning weeds are laid aside,
And I am ready to put armour on.

War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,

And therefore I'll uncrown him ere 't be long.
There's thy reward: be gone. [*Exit Messenger.*
K. Lew. But, Warwick, thou,
And Oxford, with five thousand men,
Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle:
And, as occasion serves, this noble Queen
And Prince shall follow with a fresh supply.
Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt:
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?
War. This shall assure my constant loyalty:—
That if our Queen and this young Prince agree,
I'll join mine eldest daughter, and my joy,
To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.
Q. Mar. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion.
Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick;
And with thy hand thy faith irrevocable,
That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.[1]
Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it;
And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.
[*He gives his hand to* WARWICK.

[1] *Q. Mar.* With all my heart; that match I like full well.
Love her, son Edward, she is fair and young,
And give thy hand to Warwick for thy love.

K. Lew. Why stay we now? These soldiers shall
be levied,
And thou, Lord Bourbon, our high admiral,
Shalt waft them over with our royal fleet.—
I long till Edward fall by war's mischance,
For mocking marriage with a dame[1] of France.
[*Exeunt all but* WARWICK.

War. I came from Edward as ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale but me?
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
I was the chief that raised him to the crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again:
Not that I pity Henry's misery,
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery. [*Exit.*

[1] 'Dame' misprinted 'name' in the old play.

ACT IV.

Scene I.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Gloster, Clarence, Somerset, *and* Montague.

Glo. Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think you
Of this new marriage with the Lady Grey?
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?

Clar. Alas! you know, 'tis far from hence to France:
How could he stay till Warwick made return?

Som. My lords, forbear this talk: here comes the king.

Glo. And his well-chosen bride.

Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

Flourish. Enter King Edward, *attended; Lady* Grey, *as Queen;* Pembroke, Stafford, *and* Hastings.

K. Edw. Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our choice,
That you stand pensive as half malcontent?

Clar. As well as Lewis of France, or the Earl of Warwick;

Which are so weak of courage, and in judgment,
That they 'll take no offence at our abuse.

K. Edw. Suppose they take offence without a cause,

They are but Lewis and Warwick: I am Edward,
Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.

Glo. And you shall have your will, because our king;

Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?

Glo. Not I:

No, God forbid, that I should wish them severed
Whom God hath joined together;[1] ay, and 't were pity,
To sunder them that yoke so well together.

K. Edw. Setting your scorns, and your mislike, aside,

Tell me some reason why the Lady Grey
Should not become my wife, and England's queen.—
And you too, Somerset, and Montague,

[1] God forefend
That I should once gainsay your highness' pleasure.

Speak freely what you think.

Clar. Then this is mine opinion,—that King Lewis

Becomes your enemy, for mocking him

About the marriage of the Lady Bona.

Glo. And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,

Is now dishonouréd by this new marriage.

K. Edw. What, if both Lewis and Warwick be appeased

By such invention as I can devise?

Mont. Yet to have joined with France in such alliance,

Would more have strengthened this our commonwealth

'Gainst foreign storms, than any home-bred marriage.

Hast. Why, knows not Montague, that of itself

England is safe, if true within itself?

Mont. Yes; but the safer, when 't is backed with France.

Hast. 'T is better using France, than trusting France.

Let us be backed with God, and with the seas,

Which he hath given for fence impregnable,

And with their helps only defend ourselves:

In them and in ourselves our safety lies.

Clar. For this one speech Lord Hastings well deserves
To have the heir of the Lord Hungerford.

K. Edw. Ay, what of that? it was my will, and grant;
And for this once my will shall stand for law.

Glo. And yet, methinks, your grace hath not done well,
To give the heir and daughter of Lord Scales
Unto the brother of your loving bride:
She better would have fitted me, or Clarence;
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

Clar. Or else you would not have bestowed the heir
Of the Lord Bonville on your new wife's son,
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

K. Edw. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife,
That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee.

Clar. In choosing for yourself you showed your judgment;
Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
To play the broker in mine own behalf;
And to that end I shortly mind to leave you.

K. Edw. Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king,
And not be tied unto his brother's will.

Q. Eliz. My lords, before it pleased his majesty
To raise my state to title of a queen,
Do me but right, and you must all confess
That I was not ignoble of descent:
And meaner than myself have had like fortune.
But as this title honours me and mine,
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

K. Edw. My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns.
What danger, or what sorrow can befall thee,
So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
And their true sovereign, whom they must obey?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands;
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

Glo. [*Aside.*] I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.

Enter a Messenger.

K. Edw. Now, messenger, what letters, or what news,
From France?

Mess. My sovereign liege, no letters, and few words;

But such as I, without your special pardon,
Dare not relate.

K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee: therefore, in brief,
Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.
What answer makes King Lewis unto our letters?

Mess. At my depart these were his very words:—

'Go tell false Edward, thy supposéd king,
That Lewis of France is sending over masquers,
To revel it with him and his new bride.'

K. Edw. Is Lewis so brave? belike, he thinks me Henry.
But what said Lady Bona to my marriage?

Mess. These were her words, uttered with mild disdain:

'Tell him, in hope he 'll prove a widower shortly,
I 'll wear the willow garland for his sake.'

K. Edw. I blame not her, she could say little less;
She had the wrong: but what said Henry's queen?
For I have heard that she was there in place.

Mess. 'Tell him,' quoth she, 'my mourning weeds are done,
And I am ready to put armour on.'

K. Edw. Belike, she minds to play the Amazon.
But what said Warwick to these injuries?

Mess. He, more incensed against your majesty
Than all the rest, discharged me with these words:—
'Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I 'll uncrown him ere 't be long.'

K. Edw. Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud words?
Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarned:
They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.
But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

Mess. Ay, gracious sovereign: they 're so linked in friendship,
That young Prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.

Clar. Belike, the elder; Clarence will have the younger.
Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,
For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter;
That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage
I may not prove inferior to yourself.—
You, that love me and Warwick, follow me.

[*Exit* CLARENCE, *and* SOMERSET *follows.*

Glo. [*Aside.*] Not I:
My thoughts aim at a further matter; I

Stay, not for the love of Edward, but the crown.

K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick!

Yet am I armed against the worst can happen,
And haste is needful in this desperate case.—
Pembroke, and Stafford, you in our behalf
Go levy men, and make prepare for war;
They are already, or quickly will be landed:
Myself in person will straight follow you.

[*Exeunt* PEMBROKE *and* STAFFORD.

But, ere I go, Hastings, and Montague,
Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,
Are near to Warwick by blood, and by alliance:
Tell me if you love Warwick more than me?
If it be so, then both depart to him:
I rather wish you foes than hollow friends;
But, if you mind to hold your true obedience,
Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
That I may never have you in suspect.

Mont. So God help Montague, as he proves true!

Hast. And Hastings, as he favours Edward's cause!

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?

Glo. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

K. Edw. Why so; then am I sure of victory.
Now therefore let us hence; and lose no hour,
Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—A Plain in Warwickshire.

Enter Warwick *and* Oxford *with French and other Forces.*

War. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well:
The common people by numbers swarm to us.

Enter Clarence *and* Somerset.

But see, where Somerset and Clarence come!
Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends?

Clar. Fear not that, my lord.

War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick:
And welcome, Somerset.—I hold it cowardice,
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath pawned an open hand in sign of love;
Else might I think, that Clarence, Edward's brother,
Were but a feignéd friend to our proceedings:
But welcome, sweet Clarence; my daughter shall be thine.
And now what rests, but in night's coverture,

Thy brother being carelessly encamped,
His soldiers lurking in the towns about,
And but attended by a simple guard,
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure?
Our scouts have found the adventure very easy:
That as Ulysses and stout Diomede
With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents,
And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds;
So we, well covered with the night's black mantle,
At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,
And seize himself; I say not, slaughter him,
For I intend but only to surprise him.—
You, that will follow me to this attempt,
Applaud the name of Henry with your leader.

[*They all cry "Henry!"*

Why, then, let 's on our way in silent sort:
For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Edward's Camp near Warwick.

Enter certain Watchmen, to guard the KING'S *Tent.*

1 *Watch.* Come on, my masters, each man take his stand:
The king by this is set him down to sleep.

2 *Watch.* What, will he not to bed?

1 *Watch.* Why, no; for he hath made a solemn vow,
Never to lie and take his natural rest,
Till Warwick or himself be quite suppressed.

2 *Watch.* To-morrow then, belike, shall be the day,
If Warwick be so near as men report.

3 *Watch.* But say, I pray, what nobleman is that,
That with the king here resteth in his tent?

1 *Watch.* 'T is the Lord Hastings, the king's chiefest friend.

3 *Watch.* O, is it so? But why commands the king,
That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
While he himself keeps in the cold field?

2 *Watch.* 'T is the more honour, because more dangerous.

3 *Watch.* Ay, but give me worship and quietness;
I like it better than a dangerous honour.
If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,
'T is to be doubted, he would waken him.

1 *Watch.* Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.

2 *Watch.* Ay; wherefore else guard we his royal tent,
But to defend his person from night-foes?

Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, SOMERSET, *and Forces.*

War. This is his tent; and see, where stand his guard.
Courage, my masters! honour now, or never!
But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.

1 *Watch.* Who goes there?[1]

2 *Watch.* Stay, or thou diest.

[WARWICK, *and the rest, cry all*—"*Warwick! Warwick!*" *and set upon the Guard; who fly, crying*—"*Arm! Arm!*" WARWICK, *and the rest, following them.*

Drums beating, and trumpets sounding, re-enter WARWICK, *and the rest, bringing the* KING *out in his gown, sitting in a chair:* GLOSTER *and* HASTINGS *fly over the stage.*

Som. What are they that fly there?

War. Richard, and Hastings: let them go; here 's the duke.

[1] *Oxf.* Who goes there?
The guards do not speak in the old play.

K. Edw. The duke! why, Warwick, when we parted last,
Thou call'dst me king!

War. Ay, but the case is altered:
When you disgraced me in my embassade,
Then I degraded you from being king,
And come now to create you Duke of York.
Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to use ambassadors,
Nor how to be contented with one wife,
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly,
Nor how to study for the people's welfare,
Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies?

K. Edw. Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?
Nay, then I see that Edward needs must down.—
Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,
Of thee thyself, and all thy complices,
Edward will always bear himself as king:
Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.[1]

War. Then, for his mind, be Edward England's king: [*Takes off his crown.*
But Henry now shall wear the English crown,

[1] —— let Fortune do her worst,
Edward in mind will bear himself a king.

And be true king indeed; thou but the shadow.—
My Lord of Somerset, at my request,
See that forthwith Duke Edward be conveyed
Unto my brother, Archbishop of York.
When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,
I'll follow you, and tell what answer
Lewis, and the Lady Bona, send to him:—
Now, for a while, farewell, good Duke of York.

K. Edw. What fates impose, that men must needs abide:
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

[*Exit King* EDWARD *led out;* SOMERSET *with him.*

Oxf. What now remains, my lords, for us to do,
But march to London with our soldiers?

War. Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do;
To free King Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seated in the regal throne. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Queen ELIZABETH *and* RIVERS.[1]

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?

Q. Eliz. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn,
What late misfortune is befall'n King Edward?

Riv. What, loss of some pitched battle against Warwick?

Q. Eliz. No, but the loss of his own royal person.

Riv. Then is my sovereign slain?

Q. Eliz. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner;
Either betrayed by falsehood of his guard,
Or by his foe surprised at unawares:
And, as I further have to understand,
Is now committed to the Bishop of York,
Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.

Riv. These news, I must confess, are full of grief;
Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may:
Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.

[1] This scene in the old play follows the scene in the Park near Middleham Castle.

Q. Eliz. Till then, fair hope must hinder life's decay;
And I the rather wean me from despair,
For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:
This is it that makes me bridle passion,
And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross;
Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,
Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown
King Edward's fruit, true heir to the English crown.

Riv. But, madam, where is Warwick then become?

Q. Eliz. I am informed, that he comes towards London,
To set the crown once more on Henry's head.
Guess thou the rest; King Edward's friends must down:
But to prevent the tyrant's violence,
(For trust not him that hath once broken faith,)
I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,
To save at least the heir of Edward's right:
There shall I rest secure from force, and fraud.
Come, therefore; let us fly while we may fly:
If Warwick take us, we are sure to die. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—A Park near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire.

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *Sir* WILLIAM STANLEY, *and others.*

Glo. Now, my Lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley,
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this chiefest thicket of the park.
Thus stands the case. You know, our king, my brother,
Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands
He hath good usage and great liberty,
And often, but attended with weak guard,
Comes hunting this way to disport himself.
I have advértised him by secret means,
That if about this hour he make this way,
Under the colour of his usual game,
He shall here find his friends, with horse and men,
To set him free from his captivity.[1]

Enter King EDWARD *and a Huntsman.*

Hunt. This way, my lord, for this way lies the game.

[1] 'Now I have privily sent him word
How I am come with you to rescue him.'

The whole passage is expanded in this manner, and the succeeding dialogue made more dramatic than it is in the old play.

K. Edw. Nay, this way, man: see, where the huntsmen stand.—
Now, brother of Gloster, Lord Hastings, and the rest,
Stand you thus close, to steal the bishop's deer?
Glo. Brother, the time and case requireth haste.
Your horse stands ready at the park-corner.
K. Edw. But whither shall we then?
Hast. To Lynn, my lord; and ship from thence to Flanders.
Glo. Well guessed, believe me; for that was my meaning.
K. Edw. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.
Glo. But wherefore stay we? 't is no time to talk.
K. Edw. Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go along?
Hunt. Better do so, than tarry and be hanged.
Glo. Come then; away! let 's have no more ado.
K. Edw. Bishop, farewell: shield thee from Warwick's frown,
And pray that I may repossess the crown.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.—A Room in the Tower.

Enter King Henry, Clarence, Warwick, Somerset, *young* Richmond, Oxford, Montague, *Lieutenant of the Tower, and Attendants.*

K. Hen. Master lieutenant, now that God and friends
Have shaken Edward from the regal seat,
And turned my captive state to liberty,
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys,
At our enlargement what are thy due fees?

Lieu. Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns;
But if an humble prayer may prevail,
I then crave pardon of your majesty.

K. Hen. For what, lieutenant? for well using me?
Nay, be thou sure, I 'll well requite thy kindness,
For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure:
Ay, such a pleasure as incagéd birds
Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts,
At last by notes of household harmony
They quite forget their loss of liberty.—
But, Warwick, after God, thou set'st me free,[1]

[1] This scene in the old play follows the scene before the walls of York, with Edward, Hastings, and Montgomery. There is

And chiefly therefore I thank God, and thee;
He was the author, thou the instrument.
Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite,
By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me,
And that the people of this blesséd land
May not be punished with my thwarting stars,
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,
I here resign my government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

War. Your grace hath still been famed for virtuous,
And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
By spying and avoiding fortune's malice;
For few men rightly temper with the stars:
Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,
For choosing me when Clarence is in place.

Clar. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the heavens in thy nativity
Adjudged an olive branch, and laurel crown,
As likely to be blest in peace, and war;
And, therefore, I yield thee my free consent.

War. And I choose Clarence only for protector.

K. Hen. Warwick, and Clarence, give me both your hands.

much rearrangement and development of this part of the *True Tragedie*. The two texts should be read together.

Now join your hands, and with your hands your hearts,
That no dissension hinder government:
I make you both protectors of this land,
While I myself will lead a private life,
And in devotion spend my latter days,
To sin's rebuke, and my Creator's praise.

War. What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will?

Clar. That he consents, if Warwick yield consent;[1]
For on thy fortune I repose myself.

War. Why then, though loth, yet must I be content.
We 'll yoke together, like a double shadow
To Henry's body, and supply his place;
I mean, in bearing weight of government,
While he enjoys the honour, and his ease.
And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful
Forthwith that Edward be pronounced a traitor,
And all his lands and goods be confiscate.

Clar. What else? and that succession be determined.

War. Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.

[1] Clarence agrees to what King Henry likes.

K. Hen. But, with the first of all your chief affairs,
Let me entreat (for I command no more),
That Margaret your queen, and my son Edward,
Be sent for to return from France with speed:
For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear
My joy of liberty is half eclipsed.

Clar. It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.

K. Hen. My Lord of Somerset, what youth is that,
Of whom you seem to have so tender care?

Som. My liege, it is young Henry, Earl of Richmond.

K. Hen. Come hither, England's hope. [*Lays his hand on his head.*] If secret powers
Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.
His looks are full of peaceful majesty;
His head by nature framed to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a sceptre; and himself
Likely in time to bless a regal throne.
Make much of him, my lords; for this is he
Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Messenger.

War. What news, my friend?

Mess. That Edward is escapéd from your brother,
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

War. Unsavoury news! but how made he escape?

Mess. He was conveyed by Richard Duke of Gloster,
And the Lord Hastings, who attended him
In secret ambush on the forest side,
And from the bishop's huntsmen rescued him;
For hunting was his daily exercise.

War. My brother was too careless of his charge.—
But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide
A salve for any sore that may betide.

[*Exeunt all but* SOMERSET, RICHMOND, *and* OXFORD.

Som. My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's;
For, doubtless, Burgundy will yield him help,
And we shall have more wars, before 't be long.
As Henry's late presaging prophecy
Did glad my heart with hope of this young Richmond,
So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts
What may befall him to his harm and ours:
Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
Forthwith we 'll send him hence to Brittany,

Till storms be past of civil enmity.

Oxf. Ay, for if Edward repossess the crown,
'T is like that Richmond with the rest shall down.

Som. It shall be so; he shall to Brittany.
Come therefore; let 's about it speedily. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.—Before York.

Enter King Edward, Gloster, Hastings, *and Forces.*

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, Lord Hastings, and the rest,
Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,
And says that once more I shall interchange
My wanéd state for Henry's regal crown.
Well have we passed, and now repassed the seas,
And brought desiréd help from Burgundy:
What then remains, we being thus arrived
From Ravenspurg haven before the gates of York,
But that we enter, as into our dukedom?

Glo. The gates made fast!—Brother, I like not this;
For many men, that stumble at the threshold,
Are well foretold that danger lurks within.

K. Edw. Tush, man! abodements must not now affright us:
By fair or foul means we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to us.

Hast. My liege, I'll knock once more to summon them.

Enter, on the walls, the Mayor of York, and his Brethren.

May. My lords, we were forewarnéd of your coming,
And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.

K. Edw. But, master mayor, if Henry be your king,
Yet Edward, at the least, is Duke of York.

May. True, my good lord; I know you for no less.

K. Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom,
As being well content with that alone.

Glo. [*Aside.*] But when the fox hath once got in his nose,
He'll soon find means to make the body follow.

Hast. Why, master mayor, why stand you in a doubt?

Open the gates: we are King Henry's friends.

May. Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be opened. [*Exeunt from above.*

Glo. A wise stout captain, and soon persuaded!

Hast. The good old man would fain that all were well,
So 't were not 'long of him; but, being entered,
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

Re-enter the Mayor, and two Aldermen, below.

K. Edw. So, master mayor: these gates must not be shut,
But in the night, or in the time of war.
What, fear not, man, but yield me up the keys,
[*Takes his keys.*
For Edward will defend the town, and thee,
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

March. Enter MONTGOMERY *and Forces.*

Glo. Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceived.

K. Edw. Welcome, Sir John; but why come you in arms?

Mont. To help King Edward in his time of storm,

As every loyal subject ought to do.

K. Edw. Thanks, good Montgomery; but we now forget
Our title to the crown, and only claim
Our dukedom, till God please to send the rest.

Mont. Then fare you well, for I will hence again:
I came to serve a king, and not a duke.—
Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.

[*A march begun.*

K. Edw. Nay, stay, Sir John, awhile; and we 'll debate,
By what safe means the crown may be recovered.

Mont. What talk you of debating? in few words,
If you 'll not here proclaim yourself our king,
I 'll leave you to your fortune, and be gone
To keep them back that come to succour you.
Why shall we fight, if you pretend no title?

Glo. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?

K. Edw. When we grow stronger, then we 'll make our claim.
Till then, 't is wisdom to conceal our meaning.

Hast. Away with scrupulous wit! now arms must rule.

Glo. And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.

Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand:
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

K. Edw. Then be it as you will; for 't is my right,
And Henry but usurps the diadem.[1]

Mont. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself,
And now will I be Edward's champion.

Hast. Sound, trumpet! Edward shall be here proclaimed.—
Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation.

[*Gives him a paper. Flourish.*

Sold. [*Reads.*] "Edward the Fourth, by the grace of God, King of England and France, and Lord of Ireland, &c."

Mont. And whosoe'er gainsays King Edward's right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.

[*Throws down his gauntlet.*

All. Long live Edward the Fourth!

K. Edw. Thanks, brave Montgomery, and thanks unto you all:
If fortune serve me, I 'll requite this kindness.
Now, for this night, let 's harbour here in York,

[1] I am resolved once more to claim the crown,
And win it too, or else to lose my life.

And when the morning sun shall raise his car
Above the border of this horizon,
We 'll forward towards Warwick and his mates;
For, well I wot that Henry is no soldier.—
Ah, froward Clarence! how evil it beseems thee,
To flatter Henry, and forsake thy brother!
Yet, as we may, we 'll meet both thee and Warwick.—
Come on, brave soldiers: doubt not of the day;
And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Flourish. Enter King HENRY, WARWICK, CLARENCE, MONTAGUE, EXETER, *and* OXFORD.

War. What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,
With hasty Germans, and blunt Hollanders,
Hath passed in safety through the narrow seas,
And with his troops doth march amain to London;
And many giddy people flock to him.

K. Hen. Let 's levy men, and beat him back again.

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which, being suffered, rivers cannot quench.

War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;
Those will I muster up:—and thou, son Clarence,
Shalt stir up in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,
The knights and gentlemen to come with thee:—
Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find
Men well inclined to hear what thou command'st:—
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well beloved
In Oxfordshire, shalt muster up thy friends.—
My sovereign, with the loving citizens,
Like to his island girt in with the ocean,
Or modest Dian circled with her nymphs,
Shall rest in London, till we come to him.—
Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.—
Farewell, my sovereign.

K. Hen. Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's true hope.

Clar. In sign of truth, I kiss your highness' hand.

K. Hen. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate.

Mont. Comfort, my lord;—and so I take my leave.

Oxf. [*Kissing* HENRY'S *hand.*] And thus I seal my truth, and bid adieu.

K. Hen. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,
And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

War. Farewell, sweet lords: let's meet at Coventry.

[*Exeunt* WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, *and* MONTAGUE.

K. Hen. Here at the palace will I rest awhile.
Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?
Methinks, the power, that Edward hath in field,
Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exe. The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.

K. Hen. That's not my fear; my meed hath got me fame,
I have not stopped mine ears to their demands,
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds;
My mildness hath allayed their swelling griefs,
My mercy dried their water-flowing tears;
I have not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppressed them with great subsidies,
Nor forward of revenge, though they much erred.
Then, why should they love Edward more than me?
No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace:
And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[*Shout within: "A Lancaster! A Lancaster!"*

Exe. Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, *and Soldiers.*

K. Edw. Seize on the shame-faced Henry! bear him hence,
And once again proclaim us King of England.—
You are the fount that makes small brooks to flow:
Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,
And swell so much the higher by their ebb.
Hence with him to the Tower! let him not speak.
[*Exeunt some with King* HENRY.
And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,
Where peremptory Warwick now remains.
The sun shines hot, and, if we use delay,
Cold biting winter mars our hoped-for hay.

Glo. Away betimes, before his forces join,
And take the great-grown traitor unawares:
Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Coventry.

Enter, upon the walls, WARWICK, *the Mayor of Coventry, two Messengers, and others.*

War. Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford?
How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?

1 *Mess.* By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

War. How far off is our brother Montague?—
Where is the post that came from Montague?

2 *Mess.* By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

Enter Sir JOHN SOMERVILLE.

War. Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?
And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?

Som. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
And do expect him here some two hours hence.
[*Drum heard.*

War. Then Clarence[1] is at hand, I hear his drum.

Som. It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies:
The drum your honour hears marcheth from Warwick.

[1] Oxford.

War. Who should that be? belike, unlooked-for friends.

Som. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

March. Flourish. Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, *and Forces.*

K. Edw. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.

Glo. See, how the surly Warwick mans the wall.

War. O unbid spite! is sportful[1] Edward come?
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduced,
That we could hear no news of his repair?

K. Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates?
Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee,
Call Edward king, and at his hands beg mercy,
And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

War. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confess who set thee up and plucked thee down?
Call Warwick patron, and be penitent,
And thou shalt still remain the Duke of York.

Glo. I thought, at least, he would have said—the king,

[1] Misprinted in old play 'spotful.'

Or did he make the jest against his will?

War. Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?

Glo. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give:
I 'll do thee service for so good a gift.

War. 'T was I, that gave the kingdom to thy brother.

K. Edw. Why then, 't is mine, if but by Warwick's gift.

War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:
And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again;
And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

K. Edw. But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner;
And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this:
What is the body, when the head is off?

Glo. Alas! that Warwick had no more forecast,
But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,
The king was slily fingered from the deck!
You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace,
And, ten to one, you 'll meet him in the Tower.

K. Edw. 'T is even so: yet you are Warwick still.

Glo. Come, Warwick, take the time; kneel down, kneel down.
Nay, when? Strike now, or else the iron cools.

War. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,

And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear so low a sail to strike to thee.

K. Edw. Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend,
This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,
Shall, whiles thy head is warm, and new cut off,
Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,—
'Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.'

Enter OXFORD, *with drum and colours.*

War. O cheerful colours! see, where Oxford comes.

Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!

[OXFORD *and his forces enter the city.*

Glo. The gates are open, let us enter too.

K. Edw. So other foes may set upon our backs.
Stand we in good array; for they, no doubt,
Will issue out again, and bid us battle:
If not, the city being but of small defence,
We 'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

War. O, welcome, Oxford, for we want thy help.

Enter MONTAGUE *with drum and colours.*

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!

[*He and his forces enter the city.*

Glo. Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason,

Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

K. Edw. The harder matched, the greater victory:
My mind presageth happy gain, and conquest.

Enter SOMERSET, *with drum and colours.*

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!

[*He and his forces enter the city.*

Glo. Two of thy name, both Dukes of Somerset,
Have sold their lives unto the house of York;
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter CLARENCE, *with drum and colours.*

War. And lo! where George of Clarence sweeps along,
Of force enough to bid his brother battle;
With whom an upright zeal to right prevails,
More than the nature of a brother's love.[1]—

[GLOSTER *and* CLARENCE *whisper.*

Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick calls.

Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this means?

[*Taking the red rose out of his hat.*

Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:
I will not ruinate my father's house,

[1] *Clar.* Clarence, Clarence for Lancaster.
K. Edw. Et tu Brute, wilt thou stab Cæsar too?
A parley, sirrah, to George of Lancaster.

Who gave his blood to lime the stones together
And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou, Warwick,
That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt-unnatural,
To bend the fatal instruments of war
Against his brother, and his lawful king?
Perhaps, thou will object my holy oath:
To keep that oath, were more impiety
Than Jephtha's, when he sacrificed his daughter.
I am so sorry for my trespass made,
That to deserve well at my brother's hands,
I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe;
With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee,—
As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad,—
To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.
And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.—
Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends;
And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,
For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

K. Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more beloved,
Than if thou never hadst deserved our hate.

Glo. Welcome, good Clarence: this is brother-like.

War. O passing traitor, perjured, and unjust!

K. Edw. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town, and fight,

Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

War. Alas! I am not cooped here for defence:
I will away towards Barnet presently,
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.

K. Edw. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way.—
Lords, to the field! Saint George, and victory!

[*March. Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Field of Battle near Barnet.

Alarums and Excursions. Enter King EDWARD, *bringing in* WARWICK *wounded.*

K. Edw. So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our fear;
For Warwick was a bug that feared us all.—
Now Montague, sit fast: I seek for thee,
That Warwick's bones may keep thine company.

[*Exit.*

War. Ah! who is nigh? come to me, friend or foe,
And tell me, who is victor, York, or Warwick?
Why ask I that? my mangled body shows,
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows,
That I must yield my body to the earth,
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,

Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept;
Whose top-branch overpeered Jove's spreading tree,
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.
These eyes, that now are dimmed with death's black veil,
Have been as piercing as the midday sun,
To search the secret treasons of the world:
The wrinkles in my brows, now filled with blood,
Were likened oft to kingly sepulchres;
For who lived king, but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?
Lo, now my glory smeared in dust and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me; and, of all my lands
Is nothing left me but my body's length.
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.[1]

Enter OXFORD *and* SOMERSET.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as we are,

[1] These two lines are transposed from the beginning of Warwick's last speech before death.

We might recover all our loss again.
The queen from France hath brought a puissant power;
Even now we heard the news. Ah, couldst thou fly![1]

War. Why, then I would not fly. — Ah, Montague!
If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
And with thy lips keep in my soul awhile.
Thou lov'st me not; for, brother, if thou didst,
Thy tears would wash this cold congealéd blood,
That glues my lips, and will not let me speak.
Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Montague hath breathed his last;
And to the latest gasp cried out for Warwick,
And said—'Commend me to my valiant brother.'
And more he would have said; and more he spoke,
Which sounded like a cannon[2] in a vault,
That mought not be distinguished: but, at last,

[1] Ah, Warwick, Warwick, cheer up thyself and live,
For yet there's hope enough to win the day.
Our warlike Queen with troops is come from France,
And at Southampton landed all her train,
And mightst thou live then would we never fly.

[2] 'Clamour' in the old play, for which 'cannon' is here, doubtless, a misprint in the Shakespeare folio.

I well might hear, delivered with a groan,—
'O, farewell, Warwick!'

War. Sweet rest his soul!—Fly, lords, and save yourselves;
For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in heaven. [*Dies.*

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the queen's great power!

[*Exeunt, bearing off* Warwick's *body.*

Scene III.—Another Part of the Field.

Flourish. Enter King Edward *in triumph; with* Clarence, Gloster, *and the rest.*

K. Edw. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are graced with wreaths of victory.
But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious, threat'ning cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious sun,
Ere he attain his easeful western bed:
I mean, my lords, those powers, that the queen
Hath raised in Gallia, have arrived our coast,
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

Clar. A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,

And blow it to the source from whence it came:
Thy very beams will dry those vapours up,
For every cloud engenders not a storm.

Glo. The queen is valued thirty thousand strong,
And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her;
If she have time to breathe, be well-assured,
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

K. Edw. We are advértised by our loving friends,
That they do hold their course toward Tewksbury.
We having now the best at Barnet field,
Will thither straight, for willingness rids way;
And, as we march, our strength will be augmented
In every county as we go along.—
Strike up the drum! cry—Courage! and away.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Plains near Tewksbury.

March. Enter Queen MARGARET, *Prince* EDWARD, SOMERSET, OXFORD, *and Soldiers.*

Q. Mar. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown overboard,
The cable broke, the holding-anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallowed in the flood;

Yet lives our pilot still: is 't meet that he
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too much,
Whiles in his moan the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have saved?
Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!
Say, Warwick was our anchor; what of that?
And Montague our topmast; what of him?
Our slaughtered friends the tackles; what of these?
Why, is not Oxford here another anchor,
And Somerset another goodly mast?
The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?
And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
For once allowed the skilful pilot's charge?
We will not from the helm, to sit and weep,
But keep our course, though the rough wind say no,
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wrack.[1]

[1] Queen Margaret's speech in the old play is only this:—

Welcome to England, my loving friends of France,
And welcome Somerset and Oxford too.
Once more have we spread our sails abroad,
And though our tackling be almost consumed,
And Warwick as our mainmast overthrown,
Yet, warlike lords, raise you that sturdy post.

And what is Edward but a ruthless sea?
What Clarence but a quicksand of deceit?
And Richard but a ragged fatal rock?
All these the enemies to our poor bark.
Say, you can swim; alas! 't is but a while:
Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly sink:
Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,
Or else you famish; that 's a threefold death.
This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
In case some one of you would fly from us,
That there 's no hoped-for mercy with the brothers,
More than with ruthless waves, with sands, and rocks.
Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided,
'T were childish weakness to lament, or fear.

Prince. Methinks, a woman of this valiant spirit
Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,
Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.
I speak not this as doubting any here;
For, did I but suspect a fearful man,

That bears the sails to bring us unto rest.
And Ned and I, as willing pilots should,
For once with careful minds guide on the stern,
To bear us through that dangerous gulf
That heretofore hath swallowed up our friends.

Lest, in our need, he might infect another,
And make him of like spirit to himself.
If any such be here,—as God forbid!—
Let him depart before we need his help.

Oxf. Women and children of so high a courage,
And warriors faint! why, 'twere perpetual shame.—
O brave young prince! thy famous grandfather
Doth live again in thee: long may'st thou live,
To bear his image, and renew his glories!

Som. And he that will not fight for such a hope,
Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,
If he arise, be mocked and wondered at.

Q. Mar. Thanks, gentle Somerset: — sweet Oxford, thanks.

Prince. And take his thanks, that yet hath nothing else.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand,
Ready to fight: therefore, be resolute.

Oxf. I thought no less: it is his policy
To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.

Som. But he's deceived: we are in readiness.

Q. Mar. This cheers my heart to see your forwardness.

Oxf. Here pitch our battle; hence we will not budge.

Flourish and March. Enter King EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, *and Forces.*

K. Edw. Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood,
Which, by the heavens' assistance and your strength,
Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.
I need not add more fuel to your fire,
For, well I wot, ye blaze to burn them out.
Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords!

Q. Mar. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should say,
My tears gainsay; for every word I speak,
Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes.
Therefore, no more but this: — Henry, your sovereign,
Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurped,
His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
His statutes cancelled, and his treasure spent;
And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil.
You fight in justice: then, in God's name, lords,
Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.

[*Exeunt both Armies.*

Scene V.—Another Part of the Field.

Alarums: Excursions: and afterwards a Retreat. Then enter King Edward, Clarence, Gloster, *and Forces; with Queen* Margaret, Oxford, *and* Somerset, *prisoners.*

K. Edw. Now, here a period of tumultuous broils.
Away with Oxford to Ham's Castle straight:
For Somerset, off with his guilty head.
Go, bear them hence: I will not hear them speak.

Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.

Som. Nor I; but stoop with patience to my fortune.

[*Exeunt* Oxford *and* Somerset, *guarded.*

Q. Mar. So part we sadly in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

K. Edw. Is proclamation made, that who finds Edward
Shall have a high reward, and he his life?

Glo. It is: and lo, where youthful Edward comes!

Enter Soldiers, with Prince EDWARD.

K. Edw. Bring forth the gallant: let us hear him speak.
What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
And all the trouble thou hast turned me to?

Prince. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York.
Suppose, that I am now my father's mouth:
Resign thy chair, and where I stand kneel thou,
Whilst I propose the selfsame words to thee
Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.

Q. Mar. Ah, that thy father had been so resolved!

Glo. That you might still have worn the petti-coat,
And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.

Prince. Let Æsop fable in a winter's night;
His currish riddles sort not with this place.

Glo. By Heaven, brat, I'll plague you for that word.

Q. Mar. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.

Glo. For God's sake, take away this captive scold.

Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crockback, rather.

K. Edw. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.

Clar. Untutored lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince. I know my duty: you are all undutiful.
Lascivious Edward,—and thou perjured George,—
And thou misshapen Dick,—I tell ye all,
I am your better, traitors as ye are;
And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

K. Edw. Take that, the likeness of this railer here. [*Stabs him.*

Glo. Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony. [*Stabs him.*

Clar. And there's for twitting me with perjury. [*Stabs him.*

Q. Mar. O, kill me too!

Glo. Marry, and shall. [*Offers to kill her.*

K. Edw. Hold, Richard, hold! for we have done too much.

Glo. Why should she live, to fill the world with words?

K. Edw. What! doth she swoon? use means for her recovery.

Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the king, my brother.

I'll hence to London on a serious matter:
Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.

Clar. What? what?

Glo. The Tower! the Tower![1] [*Exit.*

Q. Mar. O Ned! sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy:
Canst thou not speak?—O traitors! murderers!
They that stabbed Cæsar shed no blood at all,
Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,
If this foul deed were by to equal it:
He was a man; this, in respect, a child;
And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.
What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?
No, no; my heart will burst, an if I speak;
And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.—
Butchers and villains! bloody cannibals!
How sweet a plant have you untimely cropped!
You have no children, butchers! if you had,
The thought of them would have stirred up remorse:
But, if you ever chance to have a child,
Look in his youth to have him so cut off,
As, deathsmen, you have rid this sweet young prince!

[1] *Clar.* About what, prithee tell me?
Glo. The Tower, man, the Tower. I'll root them out.

K. Edw. Away with her! go, bear her hence perforce.

Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence, despatch me here:

Here sheathe thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death.
What! wilt thou not?—then, Clarence, do it thou.

Clar. By Heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.

Q. Mar. Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou do it.

Clar. Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it?

Q. Mar. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself:
'T was sin before, but now 't is charity.
What! wilt thou not? Where is that devil's butcher,
Hard-favoured Richard? Richard, where art thou?
Thou art not here: murder is thy alms-deed;
Petitioners for blood thou ne'er putt'st back.

K. Edw. Away, I say! I charge ye, bear her hence.

Q. Mar. So come to you, and yours, as to this prince! [*Exit.*

K. Edw. Where's Richard gone?

Clar. To London, all in post; and, as I guess,
To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

K. Edw. He's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.

Now march we hence: discharge the common sort
With pay and thanks, and let's away to London,
And see our gentle queen how well she fares:
By this, I hope, she hath a son for me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—London. A Room in the Tower.

King HENRY *is discovered sitting with a book in his hand, the Lieutenant attending. Enter* GLOSTER.

Glo. Good day, my lord. What, at your book so hard?

K. Hen. Ay, my good lord: my lord, I should say rather:

'Tis sin to flatter; good was little better:
Good Gloster, and good devil, were alike,
And both preposterous; therefore, not good lord.

Glo. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must confer. [*Exit Lieutenant.*

K. Hen. So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf:

So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,
And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.—

What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?

Glo. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind:
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

K. Hen. The bird, that hath been liméd in a bush,
With trembling wings, misdoubteth every bush;
And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye,
Where my poor young was limed, was caught, and killed.

Glo. Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,
That taught his son the office of a fowl?
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drowned.

K. Hen. I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus;
Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;
The sun, that seared the wings of my sweet boy,
Thy brother Edward; and thyself, the sea,
Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.
Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words.
My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,
Than can my ears that tragic history.
But wherefore dost thou come? is 't for my life?

Glo. Think'st thou I am an executioner?

K. Hen. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art:
If murdering innocents be executing,
Why, then thou art an executioner.

Glo. Thy son I killed for his presumption.

K. Hen. Hadst thou been killed, when first thou didst presume,

Thou hadst not lived to kill a son of mine.
And thus I prophesy,—that many a thousand,
Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear,
And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,
And many an orphan's water-standing eye,—
Men for their sons', wives for their husbands',
Orphans for their parents' timeless death,—
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
The owl shrieked at thy birth, an evil sign;
The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time;
Dogs howled, and hideous tempest shook down trees;
The raven rooked her on the chimney's top,
And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope;
To wit, an indigest and deformed lump,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
Teeth hadst thou in thy head, when thou wast born,
To signify, thou cam'st to bite the world:
And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou cam'st—

Glo. I'll hear no more;—die, prophet, in thy speech: [*Stabs him.*
For this, amongst the rest, was I ordained.

K. Hen. Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.
O! God forgive my sins, and pardon thee. [*Dies.*

Glo. What! will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.
See, how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!
O, may such purple tears be always shed
From those that wish the downfall of our house!—
If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to hell; and say I sent thee thither:
[*Stabs him again.*
I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.
Indeed, 't is true, that Henry told me of;
For I have often heard my mother say,
I came into the world with my legs forward.
Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
And seek their ruin that usurped our right?
The midwife wondered; and the women cried,
'O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!'
And so I was; which plainly signified
That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.
Then, since the heavens have shaped my body so,

Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.
I have no brother, I am like no brother;
And this word Love, which greybeards call divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me:—I am myself alone.—
Clarence, beware: thou keep'st me from the light;
But I will sort a pitchy day for thee:
For I will buz abroad such prophecies,
That Edward shall be fearful of his life;
And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.
King Henry, and the prince his son, are gone:
Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest;
Counting myself but bad, till I be best.—
I'll throw thy body in another room,
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.

Exit, with the body.

SCENE VII.—London. A Room in the Palace.

King EDWARD *is discovered sitting on his throne; Queen* ELIZABETH *with the infant Prince,* CLARENCE, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *and others near him.*

K. Edw. Once more we sit in England's royal throne,
Re-purchased with the blood of enemies.
What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,

Have we mowed down, in tops of all their pride!
Three Dukes of Somerset, threefold renowned
For hardy and undoubted champions;
Two Cliffords, as the father and the son;
And two Northumberlands: two braver men
Ne'er spurred their coursers at the trumpet's sound;
With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague,
That in their chains fettered the kingly lion,
And made the forest tremble when they roared.
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
And made our footstool of security.—
Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy.—
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myself
Have in our armours watched the winter's night,
Went all a-foot in summer's scalding heat,
That thou might'st repossess the crown in peace;
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

Glo. [*Aside.*] I 'll blast his harvest, if your head were laid;
For yet I am not looked on in the world.
This shoulder was ordained so thick, to heave;
And heave it shall some weight, or break my back.—
Work thou the way, and thou shalt execute.

K. Edw. Clarence, and Gloster, love my lovely queen,

And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

Clar. The duty, that I owe unto your majesty,
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

Q. Eliz. Thanks, noble Clarence, worthy brother, thanks.

Glo. And, that I love the tree from whence thou sprang'st,
Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit.—
[*Aside.*] To say the truth, so Judas kissed his master,
And cried All hail! whenas he meant All harm.

K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
Having my country's peace and brothers' loves.

Clar. What will your grace have done with Margaret?
Reignier, her father, to the King of France
Hath pawned the Sicils and Jerusalem,
And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to France.—
And now what rests, but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
Such as befits the pleasure of the court?
Sound, drums and trumpets!—farewell, sour annoy!
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy. [*Exeunt.*

THE TRUE TRAGEDIE OF RICHARD DUKE OF YORKE, AND THE GOOD KING HENRY THE SIXT.

THE TRUE TRAGEDIE OF RICHARD DUKE OF YORKE, AND THE GOOD KING HENRY THE SIXT.

Enter RICHARD *Duke of* YORKE, *The Earle of* WARWICKE, *The Duke of* NORFFOLKE, *Marquis* MONTAGUE, EDWARD *Earle of* MARCH, *Crookeback* RICHARD, *and the yong Earle of* RUTLAND, *with Drumme and Souldiers, with white Roses in their hats.*

Warwike. I wonder how the king escapt our hands.
Yorke. Whilst we pursude the horsemen of the North,
He slilie stole awaie and left his men :
Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike eares could neuer brooke retrait,
Chargde our maine battels front, and therewith him
Lord Stafford and Lord Clifford all abrest
Brake in and were by the hands of common Souldiers slain.
Edw. Lord Staffords father Duke of Buckhingham,
Is either slaine or wounded dangerouslie,
I cleft his Beuer with a downe right blow :
Father that this is true behold his bloud.
Mont. And brother heeres the Earle of Wiltshires
Bloud, whom I encountred as the battailes ioind.
Rich. Speake thou for me and tell them what I did.
York. What is your grace dead my L. of Summerset?
Norf. Such hope haue all the line of Iohn of Gawnt.
Rich. Thus doe I hope to shape king Henries head.
War. And so do I victorious prince of Yorke,
Before I see thee seated in that throne
Which now the house of Lancaster vsurpes,
I vow by heauens these eies shal neuer close.
This is the pallace of that fearefull king,

And that the regall chaire? Possesse it Yorke:
For this is thine and not king Henries heires.
York. Assist me then sweet Warwike, and I wil:
For hither are we broken in by force.
Norf. Weele all assist thee, and he that flies shall die.
York. Thanks gentle Norffolke. Staie by me my Lords,
And souldiers staie you heere and lodge this night:
War. And when the king comes offer him no
Violence, vnlesse he seek to put vs out by force.
Rich. Armde as we be, lets staie within this house?
War. The bloudie parlement shall this be calde,
Vnlesse Plantagenet Duke of Yorke be king
And bashfull Henrie be deposde, whose cowardise
Hath made vs by-words to our enemies.
York. Then leaue me not my Lords: for now I meane
To take possession of my right.
War. Neither the king, nor him that loues him best,
The proudest burd that holds vp Lancaster.
Dares stirre a wing if Warwike shake his bels.
Ile plant Plantagenet: and root him out who dares?
Resolue thee Richard: Claime the English crowne.

Enter king HENRIE *the sixt, with the Duke of* EXCESTER, *The Earle of* NORTHUMBERLAND, *the Earle of* WESTMERLAND *and* CLIFFORD, *the Earle of* CUMBERLAND, *with red Roses in their hats.*

King. Looke Lordings where the sturdy rebel sits,
Euen in the chaire of state: belike he meanes
Backt by the power of Warwike that false peere,
To aspire vnto the crowne, and raigne as king.
Earle of Northumberland, he slew thy father.
And thine Clifford: and you both haue vow'd reuenge,
On him, his sonnes, his fauorites, and his friends.
Northu. And if I be not, heauens be reuengd on me.
Clif. The hope thereof, makes Clifford mourn in steel.

West. What? shall we suffer this, lets pull him downe
My hart for anger breakes, I cannot speake.
King. Be patient gentle Earle of Westmerland.
Clif. Patience is for pultrouns such as he
He durst not sit there had your father liu'd?
My gratious Lord: here in the Parlement, .
Let vs assaile the familie of Yorke.
North. Well hast thou spoken cosen, be it so.
King. O know you not the Cittie fauours them,
And they haue troopes of soldiers at their becke?
Exet. But when the D. is slaine, theile quicklie flie.
King. Far be it from the thoughtes of Henries hart,
To make a shambles of the parlement house.
Cosen of Exeter, words, frownes, and threats,
Shall be the warres that Henrie meanes to vse.
Thou factious duke of Yorke, descend my throne,
I am thy soueraigne.
York. Thou art deceiu'd: I am thine.
Exet. For shame come downe he made thee D. of Yorke.
York. 'Twas my inheritance as the kingdome is.
Exet. Thy father was a traytor to the crowne.
War. Exeter thou art a traitor to the crowne,
In following this vsurping Henry.
Clif. Whom should he follow but his naturall king.
War. True Clif. and that is Richard Duke of Yorke.
King. And shall I stande while thou sittest in my throne?
York. Content thy selfe it must and shall be so.
War. Be Duke of Lancaster, let him be king.
West. Why? he is both king & Duke of Lancaster,
And that the Earle of Westmerland shall mainetaine.
War. And Warwike shall disproue it. You forget
That we are those that chaste you from the field
And slew your father, and with colours spred,
Marcht through the Cittie to the pallas gates.
Nor. No Warwike I remember it to my griefe,

And by his soule thou and thy house shall rew it.
West. Plantagenet of thee and of thy sonnes,
Thy kinsmen and thy friendes, Ile haue more liues,
Then drops of bloud were in my fathers vaines.
Clif. Vrge it no more, least in reuenge thereof,
I send thee Warwike such a messenger,
As shall reueng his death before I stirre.
War. Poore Clifford, how I skorn thy worthles threats!
York. Wil ye we shew our title to the crowne,
Or else our swords shall plead it in the field?
King. What title haste thou traitor to the Crowne?
Thy father was as thou art Duke of Yorke,
Thy grandfather Roger Mortimer earle of March,
I am the sonne of Henrie the Fift who tamde the French,
And made the Dolphin stoope, and seazd vpon their
Townes and prouinces.
War. Talke not of France since thou hast lost it all.
King. The Lord protector lost it and not I,
When I was crownd I was but nine months old.
Rich. You are olde enough now and yet me thinkes you lose,
Father teare the Crowne from the Vsurpers head.
Edw. Do so sweet father, set it on your head.
Mont. Good brother as thou lou'st & honorst armes,
Lets fight it out and not stand cauilling thus.
Rich. Sound drums and trumpets & the king will fly.
York. Peace sonnes:
Northum. Peace thou and giue king Henry leaue to speake.
King. Ah Plantagenet, why seekest thou to depose me?
Are we not both Plantagenets by birth,
And from two brothers lincallie discent?
Suppose by right and equitie thou be king,
Thinkst thou that I will leaue my kinglie seate
Wherein my father and my grandsire sat?
No, first shall warre vnpeople this my realme,
I and our colours often borne in France,

And now in England to our harts great sorrow
Shall be my winding sheete, why faint you Lords?
My titles better farre than his.
War. Proue it Henrie and thou shalt be king?
King. Why Henrie the fourth by conquest got the Crowne.
York. T'was by rebellion gainst his soueraigne.
King. I know not what to saie my titles weake,
Tell me maie not a king adopt an heire?
War. What then?
King. Then am I lawfull king. For Richard
The second in the view of manie Lords
Resignde the Crowne to Henrie the fourth,
Whose heire my Father was, and I am his.
York. I tell thee he rose against him being his
Soueraigne, & made him to resigne the crown perforce.
War. Suppose my Lord he did it vnconstrainde,
Thinke you that were preiudiciall to the Crowne?
Exet. No, for he could not so resigne the Crowne,
But that the next heire must succeed and raigne.
King. Art thou against vs, Duke of Exceter?
Exet. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.
King. All will reuolt from me and turne to him.
Northum. Plantagenet for all the claime thou laist,
Thinke not king Henry shall be thus deposde?
War. Deposde he shall be in despight of thee.
North. Tush Warwike, Thou art deceiued? tis not thy
Southerne powers of Essex, Suffolke, Norffolke, and of
Kent, that makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,
Can set the Duke vp in despight of me.
Cliff. King Henrie be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vowes to fight in thy defence.
Maie that ground gape and swallow me aliue,
Where I do kneele to him that slew my father.
King. O Clifford, how thy words reuiue my soule.
York. Henry of Lancaster resigne thy crowne.

What mutter you? or what conspire you Lords?
War. Doe right vnto this princelie Duke of Yorke,
Or I will fill the house with armed men,

Enter Souldiers.

And ouer the chaire of state where now he sits,
Wright vp his title with thy vsurping bloud.
King. O Warwike, heare me speake.
Let me but raigne in quiet whilst I liue.
York. Confirme the crowne to me and to mine heires
And thou shalt raigne in quiet whilst thou liu'st.
King. Conuey the souldiers hence, and then I will.
War. Captaine conduct them into Tuthill fieldes.
Clif. What wrong is this vnto the Prince your son?
War. What good is this for England and himselfe?
Northum. Base, fearefull, and despairing Henry.
Clif. How hast thou wronged both thy selfe and vs?
West. I cannot staie to heare these Articles. [*Exit.*
Clif. Nor I, Come cosen lets go tell the Queene.
Northum. Be thou a praie vnto the house of Yorke,
And die in bands for this vnkingly deed. [*Exit.*
Clif. In dreadfull warre maist thou be ouercome,
Or liue in peace abandon'd and despisde. [*Exit.*
Exet. They seeke reuenge, and therefore will not yeeld my Lord.
King Ah Exeter?
War. Why should you sigh my Lord?
King. Not for my selfe Lord Warwike, but my sonne,
Whom I vnnaturallie shall disinherit.
But be it as it maie: I heere intaile the Crowne
To thee and to thine heires, conditionallie,
That here thou take thine oath, to cease these ciuill
Broiles, and whilst I liue to honour me as thy king and
Soueraigne.
York. That oath I willinglie take and will performe.

War. Long liue king Henry. Plantagenet embrace him?
King. And long liue thou and all thy forward sonnes.
York. Now Yorke and Lancaster are reconcilde.
Exet. Accurst be he that seekes to make them foes,
[*Sound Trumpets.*
York. My Lord Ile take my leaue, for Ile to Wakefield,
To my castell. [*Exit Yorke and his sonnes.*
War. And ile keepe London with my souldiers. [*Exit.*
Norf. And Ile to Norffolke with my followers. [*Exit.*
Mont. And I to the sea from whence I came. [*Exit.*

Enter the Queene and the Prince.

Exet. My Lord here comes the Queen, Ile steale away.
King. And so will I.
Queene. Naie staie, or else I follow thee.
King. Be patient gentle Queene, and then Ile staie.
Quee. What patience can there? ah timerous man,
Thou hast vndoone thy selfe, thy sonne, and me,
And giuen our rights vnto the house of Yorke.
Art thou a king and wilt be forst to yeeld?
Had I beene there, the souldiers should haue tost
Me on their launces points, before I would haue
Granted to their wils. The Duke is made
Protector of the land: Sterne Fawconbridge
Commands the narrow seas. And thinkst thou then
To sleepe secure? I heere diuorce me Henry
From thy bed, vntill that Act of Parlement
Be recalde, wherein thou yeeldest to the house of Yorke.
The Northen Lords that haue forsworne thy colours,
Will follow mine if once they see them spred,
And spread they shall vnto thy deepe disgrace.
Come sonne, lets awaie and leaue him heere alone.
King. Staie gentle Margaret, and here me speake.
Queene. Thou hast spoke too much alreadie, therefore be
still.

King. Gentle sonne Edwarde, wilt thou staie with me?
Quee. I, to be murdred by his enemies. [*Exit.*
Prin. When I returne with victorie from the field,
Ile see your Grace, till then Ile follow her. [*Exit.*
King. Poore Queene, her loue to me and to the prince
Her sonne,
Makes hir in furie thus forget hir selfe.
Reuenged maie shee be on that accursed Duke.
Come cosen of Exeter, staie thou here,
For Clifford and those Northern Lords be gone
I feare towards Wakefield, to disturbe the Duke.

Enter EDWARD, *and* RICHARD, *and* MONTAGUE.

Edw. Brother, and cosen Montague, giue mee leaue to speake.
Rich. Nay, I can better plaie the Orator.
Mont. But I haue reasons strong and forceable.

Enter the Duke of YORKE.

York. Howe nowe sonnes what at a iarre amongst your selues?
Rich. No father, but a sweete contention, about that which concernes your selfe and vs, The crowne of England father.
York. The crowne boy, why Henries yet aliue,
And I haue sworne that he shall raigne in quiet till
His death.
Edw. But I would breake an hundred othes to raigne one yeare.
Rich. And if it please your grace to giue me leaue,
Ile shew your grace the waie to saue your oath,
And dispossesse king Henrie from the crowne.
Yorke. I prethe Dicke let me heare thy deuise.
Rich. Then thus my Lord. An oath is of no moment
Being not sworne before a lawfull magistrate.
Henry is none but doth vsurpe your right,
And yet your grace stands bound to him by oath.

Then noble father resolue your selfe,
And once more claime the crowne.
Yorke. I, saist thou so boie? why then it shall be so.
I am resolude to win the crowne, or die.
Edward, thou shalt to Edmund Brooke Lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentishmen will willinglie rise:
Thou cosen Montague, shalt to Norffolke straight,
And bid the Duke to muster vppe his souldiers,
And come to me to Wakefield presentlie.
And Richard thou to London strait shalt post,
And bid Richard Neuill Earle of Warwike
To leaue the cittie, and with his men of warre,
To meete me at Saint Albons ten daies hence.
My selfe heere in Sandall castell will prouide
Both men and monie to furder our attempts.
Now, what newes?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, the Queene with thirtie thousand men,
Accompanied with the Earles of Cumberland,
Northumberland and Westmerland, and others of the
House of Lancaster, are marching towards Wakefield,
To besiedge you in your castell heere.

Enter sir IOHN *and sir* HUGH MORTIMER.

Yorke. A Gods name, let them come. Cosen Montague post you hence: and boies staie you with me.
Sir Iohn and sir Hugh Mortemers mine vncles,
Your welcome to Sandall in an happie houre,
The armie of the Queene meanes to besiedge vs.
Sir Iohn. Shee shall not neede my Lorde, weele meete her in the field.
York. What with fiue thousand souldiers vncle?
Rich. I father, with fiue hundred for a need,
A womans generall, what should you feare?
York. Indeed, manie braue battels haue I woon

In Normandie, when as the enimie
Hath bin ten to one, and why should I now doubt
Of the like successe? I am resolu'd. Come lets goe.
Edw. Lets martch awaie, I heare their drums. [*Exit.*

Alarmes, and then Enter the yong Earle of RUTLAND *and his Tutor.*

Tutor. Oh flie my Lord, lets leaue the Castell,
And flie to Wakefield straight.

Enter CLIFFORD.

Rut. O Tutor, looke where bloudie Clifford comes.
Clif. Chaplin awaie, thy Priesthood saues thy life,
As for the brat of that accursed Duke
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.
Tutor. Oh Clifford spare this tender Lord, least
Heauen reuenge it on thy head: Oh saue his life.
Clif. Soldiers awaie and drag him hence perforce:
Awaie with the villaine. [*Exit the Chaplein*
How now, what dead alreadie? or is it feare that
Makes him close his eies? Ile open them.
Rut. So lookes the pent vp Lion on the lambe,
And so he walkes insulting ouer his praie,
And so he turnes againe to rend his limmes in sunder,
Oh Clifford, kill me with thy sword, and
Not with such a cruell threatning looke,
I am too meane a subiect for thy wrath,
Be thou reuengde on men, and let me liue.
Clif. In vaine thou speakest poore boy: my fathers
Bloud hath stopt the passage where thy wordes shoulde enter.
Rut. Then let my fathers blood ope it againe? he is a
Man, and Clifford cope with him.
Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their liues and thine
Were not reuenge sufficient for me.
Or should I dig vp thy forefathers graues,
And hang their rotten coffins vp in chaines,

It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my hart.
The sight of anie of the house of Yorke,
Is as a furie to torment my soule.
Therefore till I root out that curssed line
And leaue not one on earth, Ile liue in hell therefore.
Rut. Oh let me praie, before I take my death.
To thee I praie: Sweet Clifford pittie me.
Clif. I, such pittie as my rapiers point affords.
Rut. I neuer did thee hurt, wherefore wilt thou kill mee?
Clif. Thy father hath.
Rut. But twas ere I was borne:
Thou hast one sonne, for his sake pittie me,
Least in reuenge thereof, sith God is iust,
He be as miserablie slaine as I.
Oh, let me liue in prison all my daies,
And when I giue occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.
Clif. No cause? Thy Father slew my father, therefore Die.
Plantagenet I come Plantagenet,
And this thy sonnes bloud cleauing to my blade,
Shall rust vpon my weapon, till thy bloud
Congeald with his, doe make me wipe off both. [*Exit.*

Alarmes, Enter the duke of YORKE *solus.*

Yorke. Ah Yorke, post to thy castell, saue thy life,
The goale is lost thou house of Lancaster,
Thrise happie chance is it for thee and thine,
That heauen abridgde my daies and cals me hence,
But God knowes what chance hath betide my sonnes:
But this I know they haue demeand themselues,
Like men borne to renowne by life or death:
Three times this daie came Richard to my sight,
And cried courage Father: Victorie or death.
And twise so oft came Edward to my view,
With purple Faulchen painted to the hilts,

In bloud of those whom he had slaughtered.
Oh harke, I heare the drums? No waie to flie:
No waie to saue my life? And heere I staie:
And heere my life must end.

Enter the Queene, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, *and souldiers.*

Come bloudie Clifford, rough Northumberland,
I dare your quenchlesse furie to more bloud:
This is the But, and this abides your shot.
Northum. Yeeld to our mercies proud Plantagenet.
Clif. I, to such mercie as his ruthfull arme
With downe right paiment lent vnto my father,
Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his carre,
And made an euening at the noone tide pricke.
York. My ashes like the Phœnix maie bring forth
A bird that will reuenge it on you all,
And in that hope I cast mine eies to heauen,
Skorning what ere you can afflict me with:
Why staie you Lords? what, multitudes and feare?
Clif. So cowards fight when they can flie no longer:
So Doues doe pecke the Rauens piersing tallents:
So desperate theeues all hopelesse of their liues,
Breath out inuectiues gainst the officers.
York. Oh Clifford, yet bethinke thee once againe,
And in thy minde orerun my former time:
And bite thy toung that slaunderst him with cowardise,
Whose verie looke hath made thee quake ere this.
Clif. I will not bandie with thee word for word,
But buckle with thee blowes twise two for one.
Queene. Hold valiant Clifford for a thousand causes.
I would prolong the traitors life a while.
Wrath makes him death, speake thou Northumberland.
Nor. Hold Clifford, doe not honour him so much,
To pricke thy finger though to wound his hart:
What valure were it when a curre doth grin,

For one to thrust his hand betweene his teeth,
When he might spurne him with his foote awaie?
Tis warres prise to take all aduantages,
And ten to one, is no impeach in warres. [*Fight and take him.*
Cliff. I, I, so striues the Woodcocke with the gin.
North. So doth the cunnie struggle with the net.
York. So triumphs theeues vpon their conquered
Bootie: So true men yeeld by robbers ouermatcht.
North. What will your grace haue done with him?
Queen. Braue warriors, Clifford & Northumberland
Come make him stand vpon this molehill here,
That aimde at mountaines with outstretched arme,
And parted but the shaddow with his hand.
Was it you that reuelde in our Parlement,
And made a prechment of your high descent?
Where are your messe of sonnes to backe you now?
The wanton Edward, and the lustie George?
Or where is that valiant Crookbackt prodegie?
Dickey your boy, that with his grumbling voice,
Was wont to cheare his Dad in mutinies?
Or amongst the rest, where is your darling Rutland?
Looke Yorke? I dipt this napkin in the bloud,
That valiant Clifford with his rapiers point,
Made issue from the bosome of thy boy.
And if thine eies can water for his death,
I giue thee this to drie thy cheeks withall.
Alas poore Yorke? But that I hate thee much,
I should lament thy miserable state?
I prethee greeue to make me merrie Yorke?
Stamp, raue and fret, that I maie sing and dance.
What? hath thy fierie hart so parcht thine entrailes,
That not a teare can fall for Rutlands death?
Thou wouldst be feede I see to make me sport.
Yorke cannot speake, vnlesse he weare a crowne.
A crowne for Yorke? and Lords bow low to him.

So: hold you his hands, whilst I doe set it on.
I, now lookes he like a king?
This is he that tooke king Henries chaire,
And this is he was his adopted aire.
But how is it that great Plantagenet,
Is crownd so soone, and broke his holie oath,
As I bethinke me you should not be king,
Till our Henry had shooke hands with death,
And will you impale your head with Henries glorie,
And rob his temples of the Diadem
Now in this life against your holie oath?
Oh, tis a fault too too vnpardonable.
Off with the crowne, and with the crowne his head,
And whilst we breath, take time to doe him dead.

Clif. Thats my office for my fathers death.

Queen. Yet stay: & lets here the Orisons he makes.

York. She wolfe of France, but worse than Wolues of France:
Whose tongue more poison'd then the Adders tooth:
How ill beseeming is it in thy sexe,
To triumph like an Amazonian trull
Vpon his woes, whom Fortune captiuates?
But that thy face is visard like, vnchanging,
Made impudent by vse of euill deeds:
I would assaie, proud Queene, to make thee blush:
To tell thee of whence thou art, from whom deriu'de,
Twere shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shamelesse.
Thy father beares the type of king of Naples,
Of both the Cissiles and Ierusalem,
Yet not so wealthie as an English Yeoman.
Hath that poore Monarch taught thee to insult?
It needes not, or it bootes thee not proud Queene,
Vnlesse the Adage must be verifide:
That beggers mounted, run their horse to death.
Tis beautie, that oft makes women proud,

But God he wots thy share thereof is small,
Tis gouernment, that makes them most admirde,
The contrarie doth make thee wondred at.
Tis vertue that makes them seeme deuine,
The want thereof makes thee abhominable.
Thou art as opposite to euerie good,
As the Antipodes are vnto vs,
Or as the south to the Septentrion.
Oh Tygers hart wrapt in a womans hide?
How couldst thou draine the life bloud of the childe,
To bid the father wipe his eies withall,
And yet be seene to beare a womans face?
Women are milde, pittifull, and flexible,
Thou indurate, sterne, rough, remorcelesse.
Bids thou me rage? why now thou hast thy will.
Wouldst haue me weepe? why so thou hast thy wish,
For raging windes blowes vp a storme of teares,
And when the rage alaies the raine begins.
These teares are my sweet Rutlands obsequies,
And euerie drop begs vengeance as it fals,
On thee fell Clifford, and the false French woman.

North. Beshrew me but his passions moue me so,
As hardlie I can checke mine eies from teares.

York. That face of his the hungrie Cannibals
Could not haue tucht, would not haue staind with bloud
But you are more inhumaine, more inexorable,
O ten times more then Tygers of Arcadia.
See ruthlesse Queene a haplesse fathers teares.
This cloth thou dipts in bloud of my sweet boy,
And loe with teares I wash the bloud awaie.
Keepe thou the napkin and go boast of that,
And if thou tell the heauie storie well,
Vpon my soule the hearers will sheed teares.
I, euen my foes will sheed fast falling teares,
And saie, alas, it was a pitteous deed.

Here, take the crowne, and with the crowne my curse,
And in thy need such comfort come to thee,
As now I reape at thy two cruell hands.
Hard-harted Clifford, take me from the world,
My soule to heauen, my bloud vpon your heads.
North. Had he bin slaughterman of all my kin,
I could not chuse but weepe with him to see,
How inlie anger gripes his hart.
Quee. What weeping ripe, my Lorde Northumberland?
Thinke but vpon the wrong he did vs all,
And that will quicklie drie your melting tears.
Clif. Thears for my oath, thears for my fathers death.
Queene. And thears to right our gentle harted kind.
York. Open thy gates of mercie gratious God,
My soule flies foorth to meet with thee.
Queene. Off with his head and set it on Yorke Gates,
So Yorke maie ouerlooke the towne of Yorke. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter EDWARD *and* RICHARD, *with drum and Souldiers.*

Edw. After this dangerous fight and haplesse warre,
How doth my noble brother Richard fare?
Rich. I cannot ioy vntil I be resolu'de,
Where our right valiant father is become.
How often did I see him beare himselfe,
As doth a lion midst a heard of neat,
So fled his enemies our valiant father,
Me thinkes tis pride enough to be his sonne.
[*Three sunnes appeare in the aire.*
Edw. Loe how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun,
Dasell mine eies or doe I see three suns?
Rich. Three glorious suns, not seperated by a racking
Cloud, but seuered in a pale cleere shining skie.
See, see, they ioine, embrace, and seeme to kisse,
As if they vowde some league inuiolate:

Now are they but one lampe, one light, one sun,
In this the heauens doth figure some euent.
Edw. I thinke it cites vs brother to the field,
That we the sonnes of braue Plantagenet,
Alreadie each one shining by his meed,
May ioine in one and ouerpeere the world,
As this the earth, and therefore hence forward,
Ile beare vpon my Target, three faire shining suns.
But what art thou? that lookest so heauilie?
Mes. Oh one that was a wofull looker on,
When as the noble Duke of Yorke was slaine.
Edw. O speake no more, for I can heare no more.
Rich. Tell on thy tale, for I will heare it all.
Mes. When as the noble Duke was put to flight,
And then pursu'de by Clifford and the Queene,
And manie souldiers moe, who all at once
Let driue at him and forst the Duke to yeeld:
And then they set him on a molehill there,
And crownd the gratious Duke in high despite,
Who then with teares began to waile his fall.
The ruthlesse Queene perceiuing he did weepe,
Gaue him a handkercher to wipe his eies,
Dipt in the bloud of sweet young Rutland
By rough Clifford slaine: who weeping tooke it vp.
Then through his brest they thrust their bloudy swordes,
Who like a lambe fell at the butchers feete.
Then on the gates of Yorke they set his head,
And there it doth remaine the piteous spectacle
That ere mine eies beheld.
Edw. Sweet Duke of Yorke our prop to leane vpon,
Now thou art gone there is no hope for vs:
Now my soules pallace is become a prison.
Oh would she breake from compasse of my breast,
For neuer shall I haue more ioie.
Rich. I cannot weepe, for all my breasts moisture

Scarse serues to quench my furnace burning hart:
I cannot ioie till this white rose be dide,
Euen in the hart bloud of the house of Lancaster.
Richard, I bare thy name, and Ile reuenge thy death,
Or die my selfe in seeking of reuenge.

Edw. His name that valiant Duke hath left with thee,
His chaire and Dukedome that remaines for me.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely Eagles bird,
Shew thy descent by gazing gainst the sunne.
For chaire, and dukedome, Throne and kingdome saie:
For either that is thine, or else thou wert not his?

Enter the Earle of WARWIKE, MONTAGUE, *with drum, ancient, and souldiers.*

War. How now faire Lords: what fare? what newes abroad?

Rich. Ah Warwike? should we report the balefull
Newes, and at each words deliuerance stab poinyardes
In our flesh till all were told, the words would adde
More anguish then the wounds.
Ah valiant Lord the Duke of Yorke is slaine.

Edw. Ah Warwike Warwike, that Plantagenet,
Which held thee deere: I, euen as his soules redemption,
Is by the sterne L. Clifford, done to death.

War. Ten daies a go I drownd those newes in teares.
And now to adde more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things since then befalne.
After the bloudie fraie at Wakefield fought,
Where your braue father breath'd his latest gaspe,
Tidings as swiftlie as the post could runne,
Was brought me of your losse, and his departure.
I then in London keeper of the King,
Mustred my souldiers, gathered flockes of friends,
And verie well appointed as I thought,
Marcht to saint Albons to intercept the Queene,

Bearing the King in my behalfe along,
For by my scoutes I was aduertised,
That she was comming, with a full intent
To dash your late decree in parliament,
Touching king Henries heires and your succession.
Short tale to make, we at Saint Albons met,
Our battels ioinde, and both sides fiercelie fought:
But whether twas the coldnesse of the king,
He lookt full gentlie on his warlike Queene,
That robde my souldiers of their heated spleene.
Or whether twas report of his successe,
Or more then common feare of Cliffords rigor,
Who thunders to his captaines bloud and death,
I cannot tell. But to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightnings went and came.
Our souldiers like the night Owles lasie flight,
Or like an idle thresher with a flaile,
Fel gentlie downe as if they smote their friends.
I cheerd them vp with iustice of the cause,
With promise of hie paie and great rewardes,
But all in vaine, they had no harts to fight,
Nor we in them no hope to win the daie,
So that We fled. The king vnto the Queene,
Lord George your brother, Norffolke, and my selfe,
In hast, poste hast, are come to ioine with you,
For in the marches here we heard you were,
Making another head to fight againe.

Edw. Thankes gentle Warwike.
How farre hence is the Duke with his power?
And when came George from Burgundie to England?

War. Some fiue miles off the Duke is with his power,
But as for your brother he was latelie sent
From your kind Aunt, Duches of Burgundie,
With aide of souldiers gainst this needfull warre.

Rich. Twas ods belike, when valiant Warwike fled.

Oft haue I heard thy praises in pursute,
But nere till now thy scandall of retire.
War. Nor now my scandall Richard dost thou heare,
For thou shalt know that this right hand of mine,
Can plucke the Diadem from faint Henries head,
And wring the awefull scepter from his fist:
Were he as famous and as bold in warre,
As he is famde for mildnesse, peace and praier.
Rich. I know it well Lord Warwike blame me not,
Twas loue I bare thy glories made me speake.
But in this troublous time, whats to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coates of steele,
And clad our bodies in blacke mourning gownes,
Numbring our *Auemaries* with our beades?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes,
Tell our deuotion with reuengefull armes?
If for the last, saie I, and to it Lords.
War. Why therefore Warwike came to find you out,
And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me Lords, the proud insulting Queene,
With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland,
And of their feather manie mo proud birdes,
Haue wrought the easie melting king like waxe.
He sware consent to your succession,
His oath inrolled in the Parliament.
But now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate his oath or what besides
May make against the house of Lancaster.
Their power I gesse them fifty thousand strong.
Now if the helpe of Norffolke and my selfe,
Can but amount to 48. thousand,
With all the friendes that thou braue earle of March,
Among the louing Welshmen canst procure,
Why via, To London will we march amaine,
And once againe bestride our foming steedes,

And once againe crie charge vpon the foe,
But neuer once againe turne backe and flie.
Rich. I, now me thinkes I heare great Warwike speake;
Nere maie he liue to see a sunshine daie,
That cries retire, when Warwike bids him stay.
Edw. Lord Warwike, on thy shoulder will I leane,
And when thou faints, must Edward fall:
Which perill heauen forefend.
War. No longer Earle of March, but Duke of Yorke,
The next degree, is Englands royall king:
And king of England shalt thou be proclaimde,
In euery burrough as we passe along:
And he that casts not vp his cap for ioie,
Shall for the offence make forfeit of his head.
King Edward, valiant Richard, Montague,
Stay we no longer dreaming of renowne,
But forward to effect these resolutions.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The Duke of Norffolke sends you word by me,
The Queene is comming with a puissant power,
And craues your companie for speedie councell.
War. Why then it sorts braue Lordes. Lets march away.
[*Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter the King and Queene, Prince EDWARD, *and the Northerne Earles, with drum and Souldiers.*

Quee. Welcome my Lord to this braue town of York.
Yonders the head of that ambitious enemie,
That sought to be impaled with your crowne.
Doth not the obiect please your eie my Lord?
King. Euen as the rockes please them that feare their wracke.
Withhold reuenge deare God, tis not my fault,
Nor wittinglie haue I infringde my vow.
Clif. My gratious Lord, this too much lenitie,
And harmefull pittie must be laid aside,

To whom do Lyons cast their gentle lookes?
Not to the beast that would vsurpe their den.
Whose hand is that the sauage Beare doth licke?
Not his that spoiles his young before his face
Who scapes the lurking serpentes mortall sting?
Not he that sets his foot vpon her backe.
The smallest worme will turne being troden on,
And Doues will pecke, in rescue of their broode.
Ambitious Yorke did leuell at thy Crowne,
Thou smiling, while he knit his angrie browes.
He but a Duke, would haue his sonne a king,
And raise his issue like a louing sire.
Thou being a king blest with a goodlie sonne,
Didst giue consent to disinherit him,
Which argude thee a most vnnaturall father.
Vnreasonable creatures feed their yong,
And though mans face be fearefull to their eies,
Yet in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seene them euen with those same wings
Which they haue sometime vsde in fearefull flight,
Make warre with him, that climes vnto their nest,
Offring their owne liues in their yongs defence?
For shame my Lord, make them your president,
Were it not pittie that this goodlie boy,
Should lose his birth right through his fathers fault?
And long hereafter saie vnto his child,
What my great grandfather and grandsire got,
My carelesse father fondlie gaue awaie?
Looke on the boy and let his manlie face,
Which promiseth successefull fortune to vs all,
Steele thy melting thoughtes,
To keepe thine owne, and leaue thine owne with him.

King. Full wel hath Clifford plaid the Orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
But tell me, didst thou neuer yet heare tell,

That things euill got had euer bad successe,
And happie euer was it for that sonne,
Whose father for his hoording went to hell?
I leaue my sonne my vertuous deedes behind,
And would my father had left me no more,
For all the rest is held at such a rate,
As askes a thousand times more care to keepe,
Then maie the present profit counteruaile.
Ah cosen Yorke, would thy best friendes did know,
How it doth greeue me that thy head stands there.

Quee. My Lord, this harmefull pittie makes your followers faint.
You promisde knighthood to your princelie sonne.
Vnsheath your sword and straight doe dub him knight.
Kneele downe Edward.

King. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight,
And learne this lesson boy, draw thy sword in right.

Prince. My gratious father by your kingly leaue,
Ile draw it as apparant to the crowne,
And in that quarrel vse it to the death.

Northum. Why that is spoken like a toward prince

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Royall commaunders be in readinesse,
For with a band of fiftie thousand men,
Comes Warwike backing of the Duke of Yorke.
And in the townes whereas they passe along,
Proclaimes him king, and manie flies to him,
Prepare your battels, for they be at hand.

Clif. I would your highnesse would depart the field,
The Queene hath best successe when you are absent.

Quee. Do good my Lord, and leaue vs to our fortunes.

King. Why thats my fortune, therefore Ile stay still.

Clif Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prince. Good father cheere these noble Lords,

Vnsheath your sword, sweet father crie Saint George.

Clif. Pitch we our battell heere, for hence wee will not moue.

Enter the house of Yorke.

Edward. Now periurde Henrie wilt thou yeelde thy crowne,
And kneele for mercie at thy soueraignes feete?

Queen. Go rate thy minions proud insulting boy,
Becomes it thee to be thus malepert,
Before thy king and lawfull soueraigne?

Edw. I am his king, and he should bend his knee,
I was adopted heire by his consent.

George. Since when he hath broke his oath.
For as we heare you that are king
Though he doe weare the Crowne,
Haue causde him by new act of Parlement
To blot our brother out, and put his owne son in.

Clif. And reason George. Who should succeede the father but the son?

Rich. Are you their butcher?

Clif. I Crookbacke, here I stand to answere thee, or any of your sort.

Rich. Twas you that kild yong Rutland, was it not?

Clif. Yes, and old Yorke too, and yet not satisfide.

Rich. For Gods sake Lords giue synald to the fight.

War. What saiest thou Henry? wilt thou yeelde thy crowne?

Queen. What, long tongde War. dare you speake?
When you and I met at saint Albones last,
Your legs did better seruice than your hands.

War. I, then twas my turne to flee, but now tis thine.

Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.

War. Twas not your valour Clifford, that droue mee thence.

Northum. No, nor your manhood Warwike, that could make you staie.

Rich. Northumberland, Northumberland, wee holde

Thee reuerentlie. Breake off the parlie, for scarse
I can refraine the execution of my big swolne
Hart, against that Clifford there, that
Cruell child-killer.
Clif. Why I kild thy father, calst thou him a child?
Rich. I like a villaine, and a trecherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland.
But ere sunne set Ile make thee curse the deed.
King. Haue doone with wordes great Lordes, and
Heare me speake.
Queen. Defie them then, or else hold close thy lips.
King. I prethe giue no limits to my tongue,
I am a king and priuiledge to speake.
Clif. My Lord the wound that bred this meeting here
Cannot be cru'd with words, therefore be still.
Rich. Then executioner vnsheath thy sword,
By him that made vs all I am resolu'de,
That Cliffords manhood hangs vpon his tongue.
Edw. What saist thou Henry, shall I haue my right
or no?
A thousand men haue broke their fast to daie,
That nere shall dine, vnlesse thou yeeld the crowne.
War. If thou denie their blouds be on thy head,
For Yorke in iustice puts his armour on.
Prin. If all be right that Warwike saies is right,
There is no wrong but all things must be right.
Rich. Whosoeuer got thee, there thy mother stands,
For well I wot thou hast thy mothers tongue.
Queen. But thou art neither like thy sire nor dam,
But like a foule mishapen stygmaticke
Markt by the destinies to be auoided,
As venome Todes, or Lizards fainting lookes.
Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with English gilt,
Thy father beares the title of a king,
As if a channell should be calde the Sea;

Shames thou not, knowing from whence thou art de-
Riu'de, to parlie thus with Englands lawfull heires?

Edw. A wispe of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
To make that shamelesse callet know her selfe,
Thy husbands father reueld in the hart of France,
And tam'de the French, and made the Dolphin stoope:
And had he matcht according to his state,
He might haue kept that glorie till this daie.
But when he tooke a begger to his bed,
And gracst thy poore sire with his bridall daie,
Then that sun-shine bred a showre for him
Which washt his fathers fortunes out of France,
And heapt seditions on his crowne at home.
For what hath mou'd these tumults but thy pride?
Hadst thou beene meeke, our title yet had slept?
And we in pittie of the gentle king,
Had slipt our claime vntill an other age.

George. But when we saw our summer brought the gaine,
And that the haruest brought vs no increase,
We set the axe to thy vsurping root,
And though the edge haue something hit our selues,
Yet know thou we will neuer cease to strike,
Till we haue hewne thee downe,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated blouds.

Edw. And in this resolution, I defie thee,
Not willing anie longer conference,
Since thou deniest the gentle king to speake.
Sound trumpets, let our bloudie colours waue,
And either victorie or else a graue.

Quee. Staie Edward staie.

Edw. Hence wrangling woman, Ile no longer staie,
Thy words will cost ten thousand liues to daie.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*